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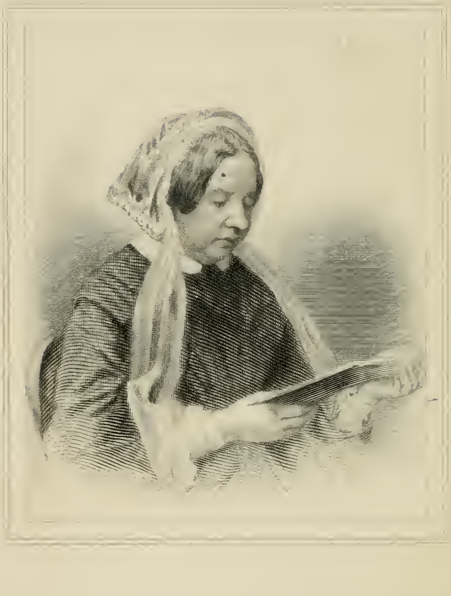

Maria Hare 1862

MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROME," ETC.

IN TWO VOLS.—II.

FIFTH EDITION.

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XIII.

FROM SUNSHINE INTO SHADE.

> "Death is the justification of all the ways of the Christian, the last end of all his sacrifices,—that touch of the great Master which completes the picture."—MADAME SWETCHINE.

> "Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
> Shining nowhere but in the dark,
> What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
> Could man outlook that mark!"
> HENRY VAUGHAN, 1690.

ON the 23rd October, the Augustus and Marcus Hares embarked together at Southampton in the *Camilla*, Julius watching them from the pier till they were out of sight, and the following morning they arrived at Havre, after a very stormy passage. Hence they began to post through France in their own two carriages; "the strange barbarity of the harness and dress of the postillions, and the miserable horses with their fiery eyes," striking them at first, as they did all foreign travellers in those days. By Rouen, Louviers, and Mantes they reached Paris, where they remained several days, and then by Fontainebleau, Sens, and Auxerre (with the picturesqueness of which they were greatly delighted), to Rouvray and Chalons. Hence they took the Saone steamer to Lyons.

M. H. *to* REV. O. LEYCESTER.

"*Lyons*, *Nov.* 12, 1833.—Augustus is better, though I never felt the cold sharper on Alton Downs than we have had it for the last week, and French houses are little calculated to contend against it, with their no carpets and many windows and doors. Our courier Belloud turns out so inefficient that if it is possible to do a thing wrong, or forget to do it at all, he excels in this ingenuity of stupidity. But Mary, without knowing a word of the language, always contrives to get us all we want, never has a difficulty, and—be the hour what it may—we have always fire to get up by, warm water to wash with, and dry sheets at night, all things which in this weather we feel the value of doubly."

"*Marseilles*, *Nov.* 20.—We had to wait many hours at Lyons on board the Saone steamer before it could leave on account of the fog—hours which made me full of fear for Augustus; but at length we were off, and gliding down the Rhone as fast as steam and stream could carry us, and very fast that is—too fast sometimes, I thought, when the scenery was especially beautiful. It was very luxurious sitting in one's carriage and being carried along so easily, with such a succession of pictures before and around me, and though there is not so great a profusion of fine castles, I think the scenery on the Rhone quite as fine as that on the Rhine. At sunset the glow was lovely as we approached Valence, and the little crescent moon and evening star in the midst of it. At Avignon the change to warmth was like that to summer. Between it and Nismes we saw the Pont du Gard, which is indeed beautiful, the old stone work of the great bridge harmonizing so well with the wild and picturesque situation. The leaves were still on the trees, and as the light fell through the great arches on the autumnal tints mixed with the dark olives, the effect was most exquisite. Here we have much enjoyed a row through the harbour and on the Mediterranean."

"*Nice*, *Nov.* 29.—We have greatly enjoyed being here, and a long stay at Nice would soon fill my sketch-book. We have engaged a Bolognese courier, Lorenzo, who is delighted at finding that one of his masters, Marcus, is a native of the same place as himself. We have not had anything of the Bise at present, and have found it quite too hot for a shawl in the boat going to Villafranca. The little bay with its fortifications and town rising out of the sea, the green covered mountains above, and the little vessels in the harbour, made the most perfect picture imaginable."

The travellers left Nice, Dec. 3, and after a delightful journey through the beauties of the Riviera, arrived at Genoa on the 7th.

A. W. H. (JOURNAL).

"*Lyons.*—We spoke to the wife of the doorkeeper at the Musée about the cholera. She said they had escaped owing to the good offices of Notre Dame de Fourvières. I said a few words about our attributing all such things to God or his Son. She said, 'Vous croyez donc au Fils, mais vous ne croyez pas à la Mère.'"

"*Valence.*—Truly a river is a very wilful thing, going as it will and where it will. It strikes me that the Rhone would go much more to the west if it had its own way, but for once *opposuit natura*—a chain of hills runs along its western bank, in places like a great rampart, and they keep it within bounds. There are many points of view up the valleys, but to me the great beauty is the river itself, with its broad lake-like bends and reaches."

"*Cujas.*—When we arrived here the postillion called out to a friend at the inn door that we were 'God damns, della premiera qualita.'"

"*Genoa, Dec.* 3.—Oh the beauty of the first half-day after leaving Nice! I had begun to suspect that my sense of beauty was dying away, but—unwell as I was all day—I felt the beauty of the country as vividly as I ever did before. Sometimes a rocky mountain facing us, sometimes an olive-valley stretching down beside us, sometimes a winding course through that gravest of things, an olive-wood, more than one snow-capped Alp in the distance, and on the right always the shining Mediterranean."

It was on the evening of the 7th of December that some matters connected with the dismissal of Belloud had to be arranged before the Court at Genoa. As Marcus was unable to speak either French or Italian, Augustus was obliged to go with him through a cold night air and to exert himself greatly. As soon as he returned to the Hotel of the Croce di Malta he went to bed, but the excitement and fatigue brought on an unusual fit of coughing, and, while Mary Lea was alone in the room with him, he burst a bloodvessel. For a long time he hovered between life and death, and his wife never left him, except for a daily walk on the ramparts, which she always afterwards associated with that period of anxiety when her happiness first seemed to be crumbling away.

M. H. (JOURNAL).

"There was a great expression of sternness in Augustus's countenance when we went to him after his attack. Dr. H. intimated one day that he had been 'alarmed about himself.' He looked very serious. 'There are other causes for dread besides the fear of death.' 'There are sufferings of mind to endure as well as of body.'

"The first thing he asked me to read was the fifty-first Psalm. 'No one knows what I have been going through,' he said to Lucy. The text 'without holiness,' &c., seemed to have struck him very strongly. He said how he had felt the circumstances of the evening he was taken ill. A file of newspapers had come from Mr. Le Mesurer, and he was busy reading them when the servants came to prayers. He said he had been impatient at the interruption, and did not pray willingly or heartily. In looking back over his past life it seemed to him so bad. 'God took me out of the world, and placed me in a little paradise, and hedged me round with blessings, and I have done nothing for him.' He lamented having done so little for the children at Alton, and expressed his strong sense of God's mercy in not taking him in that attack, but sparing him a little longer."

L. A. H. *to* MR. *and* MRS. O. LEYCESTER.

"*Genoa*, *Dec.* 16, 1833.—Maria has not spared herself a moment, and not had one good night's rest since Augustus was taken ill, but she has borne up wonderfully, and been so calm and serene, I trust she will not feel the effect *much* afterwards. Nothing, I believe, has so tended to his restoration as her perfect self-command and cheerful, quiet, unremitting watchfulness. It is indeed an example good for any one to see how she is hourly, almost minutely, in prayer, and striving that her will may be subdued to God's will. Once arrived at Rome, we may hope that his native air will restore him to some degree of health. I need not tell you how at this time I thankfully feel the blessing of being permitted to be near them both, and the best proof I can give you of my gratitude for all your past kindness is to watch over your dear Maria. May God help me to do so through life."

M. H. *to* Mr. *and* Mrs. O. Leycester.

"*Genoa*, *Dec.* 25, 1833.—I fear your Christmas will have been clouded by the sad tidings we have been forced to send you. Would you could see how favourably we are now going on. Each day he makes some little step. It is quite like May in the sun, and we have a little balcony, where Augustus can now sit out and enjoy the beautiful view of the harbour and one side of the town. It is only since he has been less ill that I feel what the illness has been to me, and you must not now wonder if I cannot write very steadily. The unspeakable mercy of having him better overwhelms me; and I do feel my own utter unworthiness to have such a blessing granted when I think how impossible I find it to resign my will to God's when His seems to be contrary to mine. The time here has completely swept away the remembrance of what went before, and I can scarcely even recall by what road we came to Genoa; it all seems like a dream. Oh, be thankful with me that it has pleased God to spare me this once, and implore earnestly for me strength to bear whatever He may in future think good to lay on me either of anxiety or trouble. . . .

"I delight in my daily walk of an hour on the ramparts, with the waves dashing up on one side, and so beautiful an inland view of Genoa. Mary has kept up wonderfully and been most invaluable in her attentions, and truly hers is a *willing* service, for she puts her whole heart into it, and is repaid for every fatigue when she sees any amendment in her master."

Mrs. Dashwood *to* Julius Hare.

"*Bodryddan*, *Dec.* 1833.—Your account of our beloved Augustus, my poor anxiously unhappy Jule, makes me truly miserable. If the vessel heals there is only weakness to fear, but that is an enemy much to be dreaded, if he is obliged to continue his journey. . . . . Poor, poor Maria! Oh, if she is but blest in seeing her husband recover, her watchfulness will do her no harm. Happiness and gratitude to God are never-failing averters of mischiefs. Oh, Jule, we will pray that it may be so, and *your* prayers, *her* prayers, will be heard. How many tears have I shed over the account: I could not read it to my aunt, they choked me. Oh, Jule, if God sees fit to take that blessed being to Himself, I know that it will be as if you were to lose a portion of yourself, and yet he is so fit company for the saints in heaven, so unfit for the unsaintliness of earth. We can only trust to God's mercy—not to him, but to the souls he was leading along the good path, and amongst whom he was a guiding star and rock of comfort."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Christmas Day*, 1833.—Your letter is a sad Christmas gift indeed. . . . . I feel, however, disposed to follow your example of looking only to the present, and leaving the future entirely at His disposal, who knows what is best . . . . but that this cup—this bitter cup—may pass from you, I do, and may most earnestly pray. As I read Lucy's letter to her mother, how I blessed the day that made her your sister, and gave her the right to be your support and comfort now and ever."

A. W. H. *to the* Miss Hares.

"*Croce di Malta*, *Genoa*, *Dec.* 30, 1833.—I am indeed much better, my dear Aunts, and picking up strength daily. When I was so ill every one had some peculiar merit which they brought into the common stock of nursing, and most thankful I am to them all for all they went through, and all they put up with on my account. . . . . On Christmas Day I walked out into the balcony and basked for a few minutes in the bright warmth of the softest sunshine. . . . . This must have been a very different Christmas to you from the last. May the future ones be brighter and happier, and may each of them—forgive a sick-man for concluding his letter seriously—find you both approaching nearer and nearer in heart and spirit to that heavenly kingdom, which God grant we may all attain through the merits of his Blessed Son. We start to-morrow for Pisa."

M. H. *to* MR. *and* MRS. O. LEYCESTER.

"*Pisa, Jan.* 3, 1834.—Most thankfully do I announce our prosperous arrival here. A more perfect May-day could not have been for Augustus to begin his journey on. . . . . We reached Chiavari at four: found Marcus and the waiter ready with a chair to carry the sick-man up—a good fire, warm room, and bed ready—and so ended the first day to which we had looked forward with the chief fear. . . . . The scenery for the next two days was most beautiful. I can scarcely say I *enjoyed* it, but I have never seen anything I *admired* more. There appears to be nothing to admire in the country round Pisa, but, as we came in, the brilliancy of the sky at sunset behind the Leaning Tower and the domes of the town was most beautiful. . . . . There seems nothing now to be done for Augustus, but to get him as quickly as we can to Rome, where his native air will do more than any medicines."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Pisa, Jan.* 6.— . . . . I almost wonder that Italy is recommended to delicate people, the changes of temperature are so sudden. To look out of the windows along the Lung' Arno, you would think by the men's dress you were in

Russia; all wrapped up in great cloaks, often lined with fur, and holding them up to their mouths as you see in pictures of winter. Look again at the women, and they are going past in lace veils over their heads, or with gold earrings hanging down on the neck, very like what our grandmothers used to wear from their watches, hanging from the belt.

"I have just seen the Leaning Tower, so associated in my mind with childish recollections; and it is one of the proofs I have often felt of how different a *seeing* impression is from a hearsay one. It does look very strange certainly, exactly as if some one was pushing it down, and it surprises one never to see it go any further. The Campo-Santo is most interesting, and Augustus tells me my education ought to begin there, as it contains the best specimens of Giotto, Orcagna, Gozzoli, &c. You would be intensely interested in Orcagna's frescoes, which are most Dantesque in conception and spirit. But my present recollections of art are all in favour of a beautiful dead head of Christ with the Madonna, by Michael Angelo, in the Albergo dei Poveri at Genoa, and two most exquisite pictures of Fra Bartolomeo at Lucca, which reach a degree of beauty beyond anything I ever saw."

M. H. (JOURNAL).

"*Jan.* 7.—We moved to Leghorn to be ready for the steamer."

"*Jan.* 14.—The packet *Sully* came in. We took a boat and went on board, just as our carriages were put in. It was a lovely warm day, and the view of the town and bay quite beautiful—the mountains tipped with snow shining in the sun. After looking at our berths, we took a further row round the moles of the town under the quarter where all the Jews live, and landed near the English cemetery, an enclosed ground, filled with tombs interspersed with cypresses."

"*Jan.* 15.—At twelve o'clock we were on board the *Sully:* the wind was cold and easterly, and I greatly feared for Augustus, but we got him down into the cabin, where to our joy we found only one lady and her maid as fellow-passengers. It soon appeared that she was on her way to Rome, to nurse a sick brother, whom they scarcely expected to find alive. No objection was made to Augustus remaining in our cabin, so he had my berth, and I lay on the sofa just below him, able to supply all his wants at a moment's notice, and certainly as free from anxiety as circumstances would admit of. The vessel rolled extremely, and the night wore tediously away. It was not till one P.M. that we reached Civita Vecchia. The sun was very hot, and my poor Augustus was quite knocked up, and with difficulty we got him into a boat amongst the crowd waiting to take us on shore. He was carried on a chair through the streets to the hotel, but it was several hours before we could get his bed made."

"*Jan.* 17.—It was ten o'clock before we were fairly on our way to Rome. The road kept near the sea for some miles, then turned across an uncultivated heathy country with little but bushes of myrtle and box, in patches here and there. The sun was extremely hot, and Augustus got very tired as we went along the tedious hills without stopping for three and a half posts, and then, after changing horses, on again till about sunset, when all at once he called out 'There is Rome!' and in two minutes after we spied Marcus's head above the britschka, pointing it out. Far to the right a dome was visible that one doubted not was St. Peter's. Augustus, in his anger at the postboy for not stopping to show us S. Pietro, would call out of the window and upbraid him, and thus my first sensations of delight were turned into those of fear. And truly the sight of Rome, associated as it was with the end of a perilous journey, did make one's heart full to overflowing in addition to all its own associations. It was not till long afterwards that we had passed the tedious hills, and descended into the plain, and reached a few houses and roads between walls, and soon we saw the dome again rising above them on one side of us. Scarcely had we entered the Porta Cavalleggieri, when, through some magnificent columns on one side, the colonnade of St. Peter's burst upon us, lighted up with the bright moonlight, and, as we drove on, not less striking were the Castle of St. Angelo, the Pantheon, and the Fountain of Trevi, as we passed each in succession in going to and from the custom-house."

M. H. *to* E. PENRHYN, ESQ.

"*Rome*, *Feb.* 1, 1834.—I write with but a sad heart, for I have little good to tell. We are at last settled in our lodgings, and are very comfortable as to rooms. Augustus and I have two, opening into each other, one of which has full morning sun, and is so warm we never need a fire till after sunset. It is very quiet, too, and looks out on the Church of the Trinità de' Monti. We have besides two sitting-rooms, and M. and L.'s bedroom and dressing-room with servants' rooms, for twenty-two louis a month, which at this time is considered very cheap. We moved into them last Tuesday, and feel all the comfort, after our long wanderings, of being at last stationary. I wish I could add that we had the comfort of seeing any amendment in my poor Augustus, but at present I fear there is none. . . . . For some days he went out for an hour at twelve o'clock on the Pincio or in the Borghese Gardens, and got out of the carriage for ten minutes to bask in the sun, but now he is not able." . . . .

"The only thing I have seen, except St. Peter's, is the view from Bunsen's house on the Capitol. . . . . He has lived here for seventeen years, and has a love for antiquities and art which will be most useful to us. But at present I not only grudge wasting such good things with a mind so little at ease, but I find that the strain upon my attention only makes me feel doubly the anxiety awaiting my return."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"On Thursday Marcus took me in a carriage up to the Capitol where Bunsen lives. Except that moonlight vision of grandeur in entering Rome, I had as yet seen nothing but the view from the Pincio over modern Rome. Think then of our delight, upon being shown into Bunsen's room, to look down upon all most interesting objects in the ancient city lying beneath us, with the mountains and the towns of Frascati and Albano lit up by the evening sun in the background. We were so occupied in looking out of the window as not to see Mrs. Bunsen come in, and could hardly turn away to speak to her. Soon after he came in: it is a square figure and round face, with a very German look expressive of benevolence, in which one finds out by degrees the lines of thought and intelligence. Then we asked to look again at the view, and he, with the utmost clearness, in English, pointed out to us the details. Having gone through them from the drawing-room windows, he took us through the salon to his own study, and thence, for the first time, we saw the Coliseum, the Temple of Peace, St. John Lateran, and, far beyond, the Sabine Hills. Having studied all that side, he took us to another window and balcony, which looked out on St. Peter's and the whole of modern Rome, the different views forming the most complete panorama. I felt at home with both Mr. and Mrs. Bunsen immediately, and five out of the nine children were running about with that sort of tact of well brought-up children that are never in the way, yet always of the party. They took us down into the garden, and showed us an Indian fig-tree they had planted seventeen years ago, on first coming, when they found neither doors nor windows in the house."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Jan.* 3, 1834.—How constantly you have been in my thoughts since I wrote last, I need not tell you. I feel that you see the case so exactly in its due proportions of hope and fear. I think that I do so myself;—the present progress, all one can desire, save in the one point of the cough, —the long-continued obstinacy of that;—the tendency to excited circulation,—the anxious, precarious uncertainty before you. Oh! what a merciful compensation and dispensation it is, that the same tenderness of nature which makes you so sensibly alive to smaller anxieties than this, also enables you to feel in its fullest sense that higher love which can alone be your support, and that perfect trust which can rest all in His hands. I cannot tell you how often it has occurred to me within the last fortnight to think of you, your present situation, your present feelings, with almost envy, certainly with comparative comfort, with peace; to hear all the littlenesses that occupy the unafflicted,—how health and outward and visible prosperity all fail, how entirely happiness is independent of all,—and if so now, what in the future?"

"*Feb.* 3.—How many people have burst into tears like you at the first sight of the dome of St. Peter's, but surely no one ever did it with such mingled emotions—the point of hope for so long—all associations lost in comparison with the one prime object; and yet not lost, for if it had been Lucca, Pisa, any other place that was to cure him, the sight would have been welcomed, yet not have affected you in the same way. . . . . If Augustus had not the self-denial to forbear letting down the window and scolding the postboy, how will he be kept from talking to Bunsen, &c. ?" . . . .

"*Feb.* 11.—I am obliged to repeat to myself very often, 'no amendment is to be expected under three weeks,' but it was impossible not to feel disappointed, that when the first fatigue of the journey was over the cough was the same, but the excitement of it is not over yet,—in short, we must rest in patience and hope. . . . . How I did feel that I went with you to Bunsen's salon! and I had been thinking, as you had probably, only of the pleasure of seeing Bunsen, and forgot the situation; and now if you were to see no more than those two views, would they not be worth a great deal—worth all that we could read, or fancy, or learn from every picture or plan that could be studied? I recur again and again to the comfort this place and these people will be to you when no other sight-seeing or people-seeing could have either interest or amusement; and what a comfort it is that Rome is not merely a statue, and picture, and inside-seeing place, that if you never enter a gallery you will still be seeing Rome."

M. H. *to* REV. R. KILVERT.

"*Feb.* 6, 1834.— . . . . I scarcely know how to write to you, and can only do so in forgetting our short acquaintance, and presuming on that kind interest you have expressed towards us, and on that sympathy which one Christian heart must feel for others on whom God lays his chastening hand. Mr. Hare makes no progress, and I have lately had the anguish of learning that his lungs are now decidedly affected. Under these circumstances I try in vain to be sanguine, and though all things are possible with God, I cannot blind myself to the persuasion that it is in

His eternal counsels that this His servant should be taken away from us. Augustus himself leaves all without fear and anxiety in a Father's hands, and speaks with the utmost calmness of the issue, mourning only over his own unworthiness in his Master's service. May that blessed Master, who chastens because He loves, strengthen his faith and mine, to increase his joy and hope in believing, and sustain me throughout the deep waters. He constantly says God gives him nothing to bear—gives him nothing but blessings, yet his cough is very bad and his weakness increases. Your prayers, I know, will be with us, and those of all our affectionate friends at Alton: and we will pray for them also that this and every other trial may lead them on more earnestly to seek that peace and rest which this sorrowing world can never give."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Feb.* 11, 1833.—As I feel a little calmer to-day than for some days past, I will write you a few lines. If I once give it up, the effort will grow stronger in trying to do it again, and though anything I can say must distress you, you will prefer it to your own imagination. I have always in the best moments looked to this, and felt that ours was too perfect happiness to last, but this does not make it the less bitter now it has come. If it *be* possible, consistent with His purpose, surely He will spare us; and yet I feel that in His eyes our earthly happiness is so like dust in the balance when compared with the spiritual good to be effected by His chastisements, that the more He loves the more will He look beyond the momentary to the eternal. I catch at the slightest shadow to rest on, but I feel at times that there is no hope. It was easy to write to you calmly from Genoa, when the fear was past, and hope predominant, but how different it is now! To see every day some little increased symptom of evil—some new token of what *the* evil is, and that one so hopeless. I feel how vain it is to try and blind one's self. He does not know the extent of what others think, though I never conceal my own fears from him. . . . . The last two days he has been, if anything, a little better; and yesterday he sat for some time with the window open in our sunny room, and it revived him. . . . . I can write to no one but you. Tell them at Stoke I will take all the care I can of my own health. Assure Mrs. Oswald I will not fail to consider money as nothing where his comfort is concerned; and I am sure that I shall only be fulfilling hers and my father's wishes in putting all thought of expense out of my head."

C. S. *to* REV. O. LEYCESTER.

"*Feb.* 24.—I heard from Julius yesterday. He has no curate, or he would have gone off; but the letter is a calmer one than I expected, and such a one as leads me to hope that he will be the best comforter she can have; but for the present truly, she says, God only can help her."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley*, *Feb.* 24, 1834.—When I sit down to write to you, I feel as if I had hardly the power of fathoming the depth and extent of your suffering; but still, understanding you as I do, knowing all that I do, no one but Lucy can feel as I do. I have been sanguine till the pulse remained obstinate—in short, till the last three letters. Now I see it all too plain. And now what I most earnestly desire to hear is, that you have been able to look forward *together* steadily to the change, convinced that as long as your mind is distracted by the anxiety of hope and fears and daily vicissitudes, it must be utterly impossible to attain anything like resignation to God's will. Oh ! that he may be spared long enough to allow of the possibility of this preparation, and that he may give you the comfort of seeing him in full possession of a Christian's trust and hope. I well understand how in the near prospect all past life rises up before one as one never saw it before—as white paper becomes dirty in comparison with the snow—and how the exquisiteness of his moral sense, being sharpened, makes the comparison with what ought to be almost unbearable. But this is past probably while I am writing, and he is now realising a Saviour's love and promises, and feeling all the more what it is, from this temporary—as it would seem—withdrawal.

"The coming spring may, perhaps, bring revival and amendment for a little while; but oh ! do not let it seduce you into turning away your eyes from the ultimate evil, but take the real advantage of it by turning more and more to the Eternal World, where all, even such affliction, will be counted light. I feel a sanguine hope that you will be supported better than I should have dared to look for some time ago. All the earthly alleviations which have crowded round you, are, I trust, but faint types of the spiritual ones awaiting you, which are the only ones to lean upon at last. I have written to Julius. I feel so drawn towards him—more than ever—as if he was indeed a brother."

L. A. H. *to* C. S.

"22, *Via S. Sebastianello*, *Rome*, *Feb.* 13, 1834.—I do earnestly hope the last bad accounts will have prepared you for what I am now about to write. May the same blessed Saviour whose hand is now supporting your beloved Maria through the deep, deep waters, and making almost bright to us all the Valley of the Shadow of Death, support you ; for both Maria and I feel how far more bitter the blow will be to you and Julius than it is to us, who are *cheered* and comforted by seeing the heavenly peace given to our dear Augustus. Up to Monday morning there seemed no cause for apprehension. Maria came to breakfast saying he had passed a better night, and she had had more sleep. But after he was dressed he was seized with a fainting fit. Mary ran to support him, and thought he would have died in her arms. She had just time to call Marcus, who fortunately was in the passage, and he likewise thought it was the end, his whole countenance became so changed. When I went in a few minutes after, he was lying in bed, supported by pillows, breathing with great difficulty. Marcus and Mary stood by the bed, and Maria, as well as her tears would allow, was reading to him verses from the Bible. . . . . All that day he lay very still in a sort of stupor, scarcely speaking, except when he wanted some change in his pillows, and once to thank Francis, who had scarcely been able to leave the house since he was taken ill No great change took place that night. The next day, Tuesday, he spoke more, dictated to Maria letters to Mr. Pile, Maslen, and Julius. He was able to speak very little, and was reserving all his strength to speak seriously to Francis, the thing he had most at heart. Maria was able to read to him in a clear firm voice whenever he wished it. She cried a great deal, but quietly; once or twice after any great self-command, she would go into the next room, bury her face almost convulsively in the bedclothes, and after an earnest prayer, return with a calm, cheerful face to his bedside. Wednesday—Ash Wednesday—he rallied, and became more like himself, still Thompson said his strength was failing, and amendment could only be temporary. We were all fully prepared for this being the last day, and a blessed day it was. His mind was quite clear, he looked and spoke like himself; there did not seem a shade or care to disturb his happiness. Mr. Burgess came and administered the Sacrament in his room. Augustus did not seem at all tired as we expected; it was indeed a foretaste of the Peaceful World he was about to enter. Maria knelt by his bedside, I next her, Francis and Marcus at the table, Mary and Dawson near the door. Augustus's face was lighted up with a joy and brightness I cannot describe; his spirit seemed to bound forward to meet the blessed words pronounced, and to take the bread and wine. When it was over we separated. Maria was perfectly calm throughout; but as soon as it was ended she went into the next room and buried her face in the bed; then, in a few instants, she was herself again at his bedside. He lay, looking so quiet, so peaceful. He had taken leave of Marcus the day before, of Francis that morning. After the Sacrament, he asked what book Francis had used. It was his own—the old one of Lady Jones. He wrote with his own hand, 'To my dearest brother Francis. Ash Wednesday: It is to be given by-and-by.' There now only remained his farewell to Maria, as he said to Marcus, the hardest task of all. She told me of it afterwards as calmly as I am now telling you. He gave her farewell messages to every one and all his last injunctions, made her tie the hair-chain she had given him before his marriage round his neck, to be buried with him, and said, 'I must press you once more to my heart,' which, she said, he did with all his own force. He then said, 'Now earth is passed away, I have nothing more to do with it,' and lay quite still. . . . . I look at Augustus, and cannot feel grief. That will come for ourselves when he is gone. It is not like watching the approach of Death; he is stripped of all his terrors. It is rather the feeling of the cry, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go thou forth to meet him.' . . . . It may be any hour now."

M. H.'s Journal.

"On Tuesday, Feb. 11, Mr. Burgess came and said a few comforting words to Augustus, who said that he felt now 'within the fold.' When Lucy came in, he took our hands and joined them together, saying, 'You must comfort each other;' he expressed a fear that he might not live to receive the Sacrament the next day, and on Lucy saying, 'Then you will not need it,' 'No,' he said, 'but it would be a comfort to all of you to receive it with me.' He repeatedly expressed the sense he felt of being forgiven. 'I feel I am reconciled to God through Christ. I have peace—perfect peace; but I have not joy.' He said he prayed for four things—for comfort and strength for me, for a death without much suffering, that his death might be edifying, that his successor at Alton might love his people.

"On the 12th, after Mr. Burgess was gone, he said, 'There is only one thing left now, that is, to take leave of *you*—when shall it be?' Fearful every hour might be the last, I said it had better be now. 'Then shut the door and give me the orangeade that I may have strength for it.' Having drank of it, he raised himself up with astonishing strength, and, embracing me, said, 'I must press you once more to my heart; you have been the dearest, tenderest, the most affectionate of wives;' and then he prayed that I might be strengthened and comforted. When I spoke of meeting again, he said, 'No, not for many years. You have too many on earth to love you.' Some time after, 'I did not say what I ought—the *truest* of wives; it has been that truth I so delighted in.' Then he gave me messages for all, and then said, " Everything in this world is now done; now let me be alone, I must go to sleep.' He begged me to put the locket on the chain to put round his neck, 'The first thing you ever gave me.' . . . .

"When a bad coughing fit came on, he thought it was the last, and, taking my hand in both his, he raised it up saying, 'Dearest Mia,' and lifted up his eyes to heaven, as if in prayer."

L. A. H. *to* C. S.

"*Feb.* 18, 1834.—The fever continued all Saturday and Sunday, his strength gradually sinking, but he still retained his quietness and perfect clearness of mind. When I went in at nine on Monday, I had no idea how much worse he was. Maria was sitting by his bedside with a look of resigned misery. He remained all day in a kind of lethargy. Francis seemed unable to leave the room. About five o'clock in the evening, Marcus brought in a letter from you and one from Mr. O. L., and just gave them to Maria as she stood by the bed, Augustus apparently insensible of everything. Maria gave them to me to put away. Two hours after, Augustus said to her. 'You had two letters, what were they? Was one from Kitty? You know I always like to hear what she says.' —A few moments after he had forgotten it all again. Mr. Oswald's letter told them of £200—how he will rejoice it came just in time. All night he was quiet, but when Dr. Thompson came in the morning, he said he was sinking and could not last beyond sunset. On Sunday morning he had offered up a prayer in his own words, so full of gratitude, saying that even the annoyances of his illness were almost turned to blessings by the comforts and luxuries around him. . . . . I have come now into the next room to write—Oh, the contrast between that dark silent chamber, and the glorious sun shining through the window on my paper! but at this moment I am not sad, I can think of nothing but the far brighter sun which will soon burst upon his sight."

BUNSEN *to* ARNOLD.

"*Feb.* 19. . . . Our dear Augustus Hare has left us. When this arrives, you will already have known that he expired yesterday, in a state of perfect bliss. He had given previous directions that he should be buried by the side of my children. I saw him twice, and loved him from the first moment. His thoughts were always with his friends, his country, his Church, but above all, and up to the last moment, with his Saviour. Requiescat in pace! His excellent wife has shown herself worthy of such a husband."*

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Feb.* 21, 1834.—I will write as I am able: I must not keep from you his parting words. On Wednesday, after taking leave of me, he said—'Tell Kitty I send her my dying blessing, and to all the dear children.' 'Tell your father and Mrs. Oswald how grateful I feel for all their kindness, and for all the assistance they have given us in this journey, though the object of it has failed. Give my kindest regards and love to E. Stanley and to Penrhyn and Charlotte;' then after an interval — 'You must give a kind message for me to Lou Clinton—give her my dear love—and I would send her a text if I could think of one to suit her'—and he afterwards gave me one—'In patience possess ye your souls.'

"He said, not long before his last attack, he had such a strong persuasion of Satan's agency, and that he felt as if he would make a last attack upon his faith; and he dreaded, lest if any great suffering came, he might dishonour his Christian character—' I do not suffer yet, but it must come;

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* This letter has already appeared in Bunsen's Life.

the separation of soul and body is too great not to require a great struggle.' Never was a fear less realised, nor was faith ever less tried. It seemed at last to be quite freed from all doubts. . . . . I cannot tell you how I was struck, as I sat by him all those days, when he asked me to read to him, with the utter inappropriateness of all those parts of Scripture which one is accustomed to find most useful for daily use—how entirely to a dying man the whole of the moral view seemed closed, and the spiritual only applicable : the work of repentance, too, one felt had long since been complete. He said, 'I think I *have* a contrite heart,' but he expressed his wish that he had earlier applied the promises to himself,—he saw they were to the Child of God. The verse he pointed out to me, I think on the Sunday before his last illness, was 1 Peter v. 10, and one Friday when I read to him Psalm xxx., he made me repeat the 5th verse—'Remember that, Mia.'

"I am hardly come down again from going up with him to a world of happiness and joy, and from feeling the release to his spirit from its earthly prison-house. The moment I look on myself it seems past bearing ; but oh ! I rejoice and bless God that he is spared this bitter anguish of parting, if one must be taken and one left, it is far best as it is. I have so many to comfort me, so many resources he would not have had. It was his particular desire that I should have a home of my own ; where, must be a matter of future consideration, but I feel it would be the greatest comfort to me. We shall stay here till the middle of April —as long as the house is taken for—then go straight home I hope. Marcus and Lucy will perhaps go with me to Alton, and you will come there after a little. I think I shall go first to Julius afterwards. My dearest K., how many things I have to say to you, but I cannot say them now. . . . .

"Lucy was to have finished this, but she is ill. All is over now. Marcus is just come back. When I think of Augustus now rejoicing, I forget myself, I forget what this is. When I turn downwards, though I know and feel it is the will of God, and therefore bow beneath it, I writhe under the blow. And yet the very perfect happiness that has been, should be a cause of added thankfulness, not of added grief. That we have had five years of love so perfect, and union so entire, is a blessing vouchsafed to so few; I would bless and praise God for having *lent* it to me so long; and tenfold heavier as this trial is than the last, I feel how great a difference the sweetness of the recollections mingles with it. How I have gone through it, but by the strength God has given me, I know not, but for the last fortnight my life has been one of constant prayer. I cannot tell you what Marcus is to me, the tenderest and the most thoughtful of brothers. What blessings I have left in your affection, and that of so many: may I be grateful for these, and may that faith which I feel is now supporting me, continue to do so in the trying future."

M. H. *to* Rev. O. Leycester.

"*Rome, Feb.*, 1834.—The hand of God has touched me; and you, my dearest father, who know how devotedly we loved each other, will know how deeply. . . . He dictated three letters, to Pile, to Maslen, and to Mr. Sloper—all, as you may suppose, in the hope of doing good. I never saw more affection than Francis showed—never leaving the house, and scarcely the room, during the whole week, and so happy if he could do him any little service when Marcus was out of the way. All Augustus's expressions were those of thankfulness from first to last—'God gives me nothing to bear, I have no suffering.' 'I ought to thank God for every moment of ease I enjoy.' . . . About himself, ever since his attack at Genoa, he had felt the deepest contrition, and the sense of his unworthiness pressed him down greatly; but in the last week he repeatedly said he hoped he was *in the fold;* that he believed Christ had put him there; that he felt at perfect peace. He said he had been for two months looking the moral eye of God's justice in the face, and he felt that if it were not for his faith in Christ all his hope of heaven would sink under him. . . . I have not at present suffered from all the deep waters I have gone through, and the air here agrees with me so well, I trust I may be enabled to return to you without any material suffering; for, believe me, I do not forget how many God has left still to love and care for me, to how many I may still give pleasure, and because He has taken away the one idol that He lent me for a time, shall I repine? Let me rather bless Him that I have had him so long, and that five years have been allowed me of such perfect earthly happiness."

M. H. *to* MISS MILLER.

"*Rome*, *Feb.* 27.—How shall I write to you, my dear friend? . . . You know what our happiness was, and that I always rejoiced in trembling. I knew it could not last long, but yet so buoyant is one's nature that till the last fortnight I was not awakened to a sense how soon it was to end. . . . Till two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the spirit was struggling for its departure, and when at last its hour was come, God in His mercy took it gently away. There was not a shadow of pain or struggle; but my beloved Augustus was taken far above earthly suffering to rejoice in glory, to have all his hunger and thirst after righteousness fully satisfied, and bitter, bitter as that moment was, one could not but feel that to him it was one of unspeakable gain. It was on Tuesday, in the intervals of coughing, and rousing himself with a great effort from a lethargy, that he said, 'Tell Miss Miller I cannot write to her, but she does not need anything I can say to her, and I leave her my dying blessing.'

. . . . "My Gourd has been taken away, but it has been transplanted a Tree of Righteousness into the Father's kingdom, and I desire to bless and praise him who, for nearly five blessed years, has lent me this precious treasure. He has taken away my earthly idol. He takes from me the home I so delighted in, but it is to draw me nearer to Himself, and I can only adore the love which chastens. My dear friend, you too, and our dear people, will need comfort. May God in his infinite mercy give it, and grant one of the last prayers of your minister, that 'he who is to come after may love his people.' Heart-breaking as it is, I *must* come to you once again. If I can bear it, I shall stay with you as long as I can, and you must be sure that neither you nor my other Alton friends will ever be lost sight of. As far as can be, my strongest remaining wish on earth will be to comfort you in a loss that I feel can scarcely be repaired. But God's ways are not our ways, He will never forsake those who seek after Him; He can raise up friends when they think not of it, and when the poor and needy seek water He will hear them, and give them the fountains of Life."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Feb.* 27.— . . . Just near the end, his anxiety seemed chiefly that I should not see him suffer, I therefore drew a little of the curtain that he might not see me. Oh, what a feeling it is, watching the departing spirit, and feeling that any moment may be the one when it takes its flight! And yet, scarcely then could self be felt—scarcely could I turn to myself, or think of anything but his release; and still, now, when a whole week has past, when every trace of him outwardly is gone, I hardly feel it so personally. We talk of him as if he were here. I have him with me so vividly, it scarcely seems possible that we are so divided: there was something in his freshness and elasticity of spirit to the very last which to a singular degree prevents one's feeling that he *is not.* My dearest, dearest Augustus, it does at times come over me that I shall have him no more—that his ever bright mind is to cheer me no longer; that the perfection of earthly love is passed away; and then, when the sense of it is too strong to bear, I turn to my God—my Saviour. I feel that this world is passing, that it is but a pilgrimage, and that *the* home, that home where he is now rejoicing in glory, is the one we shall have for *ever;* and then I feel that along my path here, desolate as it now seems, there are many blessings scattered on every side to lighten and cheer it, and I may yet be able to do my Master service. There are still the poor left for me to minister to, still mourners to be comforted, many to love and to be loved by; and when my heart is very sad, if I only ask it urgently enough, I shall still have the strength given and comfort vouchsafed, that I have had in the last few weeks of extreme need. I have a feeling that I should like my cottage to be at Hurstmonceaux. To be near Julius, and with his people (my natural inheritance), seems to me will be to be nearer to Augustus than in any other spot on earth, when Alton is taken away. The great struggle will be leaving Rome, and then Alton! But with that soft alleviating mercy which seems to have been shed over the severity of this trial, I shall by the reviving influence of this climate be strengthened in body to bear all there is to come. How I felt the first going out, and looking on God's blue heaven, and feeling there was no change there,—all was unclouded and bright as when my Augustus was here, and now he is taken up far above to a brighter light. The first day I could see nothing else; but to-day I put up my veil, and tried to look boldly on that lovely view which I have now seen in three different stages,—when first alarmed, when without hope, and now. The Gardens of the French Academy are close to us, at the top of the hill that leads from our door; it is as quiet as your garden at Alderley, and there are walks and seats where I can go unseen."

Last letter of JULIUS *to* AUGUSTUS.

"*Hurstmonceaux*, *Feb.* 24, 1833.—Dearest, dearest Augustus, 'Shall I ever see you again?' You say in your holy letter from Genoa, 'Beware of being too hopeful till we have been at least a month in Rome.' Have I then been too hopeful? Is it not to be? Am I never to see you again? God's will be done. How great has His goodness been to me, in giving me such a brother as you have been, in allowing us to live together with such perfect love for each other, such perfect confidence in each other, as we have done for the last twenty years! My thoughts during these last days have been wandering over the whole of that period, and I have been thinking of everything that you have been to me, and done for me, and said to me; and while I remembered numberless marks of the sincerest and most generous affection, I cannot call to mind one single instance in which you ever allowed yourself even to utter a hasty word at variance with it. Alas! how different has my conduct to you been. Never have you caused me a moment's pain, unless it was for my good; and even then you have endeavoured to soften the pain as much as you could. Of a truth your love for me has been 'wonderful, passing the love of women.' And what do I owe you? that I am where I am; that I have the means, so far as they can be bestowed by another, of enjoying every earthly happiness; that I am placed in a situation where the faithful discharge of my duty to Christ is become likewise my great earthly duty. Nor is this more than a part, a small part, of what I owe you. Yet I wished, fervently wished, to make this debt still greater, among other things by learning from your example how to walk in the path where you have set me.

"How shall I ever be able to walk there by myself? It seems to have been by a kind of prophetic instinct that I was so anxious about your coming here before you left England. Alas! that I should have to live in a house which has never been blest by your presence. There has been that sympathy between our hearts and minds that for so many years, whenever I have heard a beautiful thought or story, or seen any beautiful object, one of my first thoughts has always been, how Augustus would like it! and this bred the wish to tell you of it, or to show it you. Until I had done this, my own enjoyment seemed but half complete. And now what is the worth of all the beautiful objects by which I am surrounded if you are never to see them? I wanted to see you in my pew, too, which now will ever remain empty: I wanted to see you, to hear you, in my pulpit. We were to have set up a coach between Alton and Hurstmonceaux. I have often amused myself with writing imaginary letters 'from the rector of Hurstmonceaux to the rector of Alton, greeting.' And now is all the future to be a blank? Not quite, my Augustus! As our heavenly-minded comforter—our dear Lucy—says most truly, 'I shall be more blest in walking through the rest of life with the memory of such a brother than most persons are in the possession of living ones.' Oh that that memory may prove a lively motive to me to walk worthily of it. I am so weak, I want human motives, I want human counsel and help.

But that is to be taken from me. Pray for me before you go, pray that I may become worthy of meeting you again hereafter. I am writing despondingly, Augustus, but not as I wrote on Christmas Day. I am grown much calmer, more resigned to the blow that appears to threaten us: I can bless God for the inestimable blessing He has given us, which will continue an inestimable blessing even after He has taken it away. But still I cannot help feeling that the loss will be the greatest that can ever befall me, that the pain will be the bitterest. Will it befall me? O what a blessing it would be if you were to be given back to us, snatched out of the very jaws of Death by Him who is the lord over Death! But Maria and Lucy's two letters show me that the danger is great, that there is more ground for fear than hope. They reached me yesterday and the Sunday before: indeed, most of your letters since you have been abroad have arrived on a Sunday; Elphick usually brings them to the vestry after morning service, and I read them on my way home. Of the former, which reawakened my fears after the account of your recovery at Genoa and of your journey to Pisa and Rome had made me perhaps unwarrantably sanguine, I seemed to have a kind of second-sight while I was preaching. My sermon had been an admirable one of Arnold's, from whom I often take my morning sermon; they are so full of sense and sincerity, so devoid of everything like pulpit conventional slang, you see he means every word that he says, they only seem to me to want to be made rather more rhetorical in manner. That was on the text, 'The Egyptians, whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see no more for ever.' In the latter part, after speaking of the vain hopes with which people comfort themselves in speaking of their departed relations, he adds: 'But there are others—and happy are those who have many such among their friends and relations—in whom the heavenward bent of their minds, and the heavenly character of their actions, is visible while they are here below, whom we have seen in their youth and health treading firmly and steadily in that path which, when they are gone, we may say and feel assured, has brought them to their eternal rest. For such there can be no uneasiness; nor can the boldest hope half come up to those unutterable joys with which their Master now blesses them.' I know not how, when writing this over, it did not strike me how singularly I was one of those *happy* persons. But in the pulpit this rose up before me so forcibly, and I saw such a bright vision of my Augustus in bliss, that for a few moments I quite forgot my audience, and, when I opened the letter from Rome, I found that the fulfilment of my vision might perhaps be much nearer than I had anticipated. Among other things I have been thinking what memorial I should like to have of you. Will you leave me your Sacrament cup, that which you carry about to the cottages? so may I, when I am carrying it for the same purpose, be strengthened by the recollection of him who bore it before me. God bless you, and, if it may be, restore you to us; if not, may he render your passage into happiness as easy as possible. God bless you, dear dear Augustus, I cannot give up all hope of seeing you again. Were Sterling in Orders you would see me at Rome, and even as it is, if I can manage it, I shall set off to spend a couple of days with you. You need not my assurance that I will always cherish your Maria as a dear beloved sister, beloved for her own sake, and still more so for yours. Again, God bless you! How can I bring myself to say, when it may perchance be for the last time, God bless you!"

L. A. H. *to the* MISS HARES.

"*Rome, Feb.* 26, 1834.— . . . Augustus did not feel much joy. He was oftener in deep self-abasement before God than in any other frame, before we got to Rome. He often said, ‘I feel assured that I shall be saved at last, but there seems so much yet to be perfected in me, so much to purify. I dread so much that if I were to get well, I might not serve Him better.’ He has constantly read his Bible; it has been his never-failing companion for the last two months, and latterly as his strength failed he has called upon Maria to read to him. The last few days he could only bear a few verses at a time. The Olney hymns have been a great comfort to him; the last I ever read to him was on the last Sunday evening—the one beginning, ‘Why should I fear the darkest hour’—he said, ‘Beautiful’ at one verse, and then shut his eyes and lay quite quiet. . . . He said very little the last few days, but the few words he did say showed his hope grew brighter and brighter. . . . For the last hour we all stood round the bed. Marcus took poor Maria away just before the very last, and I followed. He was not conscious then. Marcus mingled his tears with hers, and comforted her—how, I need not tell you.

“Of dear Maria I know not what to say. I trembled at the thought of how she would suffer, for never had happiness been greater than hers, or husband more beloved—more idolised; but she has been living on prayer during the last two months, and is now reaping the answer, for no one can doubt what and who it is so visibly upholding her. She is in great grief—it cannot be otherwise—but it is a grief so resigned, so cheerful. She blesses the hand which strikes, and does not turn away from comfort. The very first words which she uttered in the first burst of agony, when she leant against the bed after it was all over, were, ‘Blessed be God who has taken him to Himself and spared him all suffering; oh, may we be sanctified to meet him; let me not forget all the happiness which has been given to us for so many years.’ And she has said several times, ‘The language of praise in the 103rd and the 118th Psalm suit my feelings even now better than any other.' "

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*March* 1.— . . . The very thing which many will perhaps say is a happy thing—the having no child—I feel is perhaps almost the bitterest drop in the whole. Had I a child of his to bring up, to trace out a likeness in, it would have been such a comfort; but I should have loved it far too much, and made it, as I did him, into an idol, so that it would have been taken away. All is best as it is. My earthly affections are too strong; it seems to me as if the union of husband and wife, when perfect, is too near and too strong for this world, where one may be taken and not the other; but so it is that God prevents our *resting* here, and *forces* us to come to Him in the extremity of suffering, and brings home to us the reality of a life, *hidden* and clouded indeed here, but to be manifested hereafter. I do feel this reality—the brightness of the Light that came to lighten our darkness, and how when brought low, even to the ground before Him, all one's hardness of heart is broken down and the softening influence of His Spirit melts it into love—when I am tempted to look on and feel what it is at thirty-five to do so, I send away the thought quickly, for of all things I know by experience the vainest is to dwell on *future* evils. Life itself is so doubtful, and it may not be a long future though it appears so, and—if it be, doubtless He who has so blest me hitherto will give me all the blessings good for me to cheer my path.

"There seems no doubt now the blood-vessel broken at Genoa was on the lungs, but,—what signifies the means? We did all we could to save him, but it was God's will he should not rest longer here; and there, where he is now, there is no mourning for sin, no weariness of body; he has the fulness of beauty and goodness ever before him. It is only for his poor, poor Mia you must mourn, and pray that the comfort her Saviour has poured upon her hitherto may mercifully be continued and strengthened."

M. H. *to* Mrs. O. Leycester.

"*March* 8, 1834.— . . . God has bestowed on me every earthly alleviation my sorrow can have, and for the loss itself nothing but the strong persuasion that He who is love has so ordered it, that it must be best in His eyes, can give me any comfort. And shall I not rest all my cares upon Him, who in human form has borne our sorrows, and bless Him for all the happiness He has lent me for a time, to be recalled because He sees it good to do so? When my heart is quite sinking within me, I go to Him in earnest prayer, and He has never yet failed to give me comfort. But there is much that will be very trying to come, and I feel that I have not yet drunk half the bitterness of the cup before me. I have scarcely yet looked into this world's blank; and in thinking of the joy my beloved husband is now enjoying, I can in my little sunny room, with no companion but my Bible or Lucy, forget the depth of my own loss.

"For the last few days, however, I have roused myself to take several drives. . . . The interest of Rome is now painfully deep, but the remembrance of the things seen under such circumstances will be so valuable that I would not forego it, though it costs me something now. I felt almost afraid of seeing the Coliseum; but no print can give the beauty of that soft colouring, or the blue sky seen through those arches, and the height of that magnificent building, rising up as it were into the sky. No sermon that was ever preached could speak so forcibly of the instability of worldly grandeur as the Palace of the Cæsars does; and I know not there could be scenes in such accordance with my present feelings as these, where every step reminds one of the passing away of earthly things, and urges one to look on to that 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' On everything I seem to see the name 'Augustus' engraved as large as life.

"One day we drove to the Villa Pamfili Doria, and there I wandered about alone among the pines, with a carpet of anemones and violets beneath my feet, as retired from observation as I could desire. We returned by the Fontana Paolina to see the view of Rome at sunset, and gloriously it was lit up; the haze obscured the mountains, but the town, ancient and modern, lay stretched before us, with every house and tower and dome as clear as an evening sun could make them. . . . One spot there was—one group of trees—that I could not take my eyes from, near the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. Oh, with what a feeling do I look upon that spot, and wonder I can bear to look upon it. Rome, with all its associations of the past, is interesting beyond all other places; its ruins are filled with all that is most beautiful and most attractive, but to me—now—I feel I must love it too well, and when the time comes for taking leave of it, how entirely I shall feel it is leaving him too; yet he, blessed Augustus, will still be ever near me, rejoicing in the light that knows no darkness.

"We came into the town through the Porta Cavalleggieri, the same by which we first entered Rome—with what different feelings then!—so full of hope that here we should find health and regain happiness; and though with much of present anxiety, little of future fear, at least not realised to one's self. Those noble columns again struck me as the grandest works of art as we passed close by them, but were I to see them every day that first impression never could be lost seen through the moonlight, nearly the only object in

Rome worth seeing that it was permitted me to see with him.

"Being thus out every day makes me feel stronger. My faithful Mary retained her presence of mind to fulfil the last office for her dear master, and has since found her comfort in ministering to my wants, though they are but few; and the same cheerfulness of spirit and tenderness of feeling make her attentions to me no less valuable than they were to him. Nearly at the end, when he gave thanks to God for having given me to him, he gave thanks for all that she had been also. May I be able to lead her on to follow him; it is the only way I can repay her past services.

"I feel that Julius and I shall be the fittest companions for one another for some time, and I shall therefore put off coming to you, and go first to him at Hurstmonceaux. But there will be another place to go to before this. . . . I dare not think of it now. The last Sunday before we left home, Augustus preached on St. Paul's words to the Ephesians, in Acts xx. 32. Had they known then what was to be, those affectionate people would, like the Ephesians, 'have sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more.' How mercifully it is ordered that we do not know beforehand all that is likely to befall us."

REV. O. LEYCESTER *to* M. H.

"It is scarcely possible to say how thankful we are for the accounts of you—both body and mind. I could not wish that you felt less—I would not that you felt more; all is just as it should be: and the principle which dictates all you do and think, is one which will remain with you through life, and be a comforter under all circumstances. You have certainly, in all of us, friends who will do all in their power to alleviate your sorrow, and make your interests their own. I had an indifferent account last night of my dear brother:

that we have preserved him so long is a cause of great gratitude to us all. When he goes, I shall be the last remaining branch of that generation. How long it may please God to continue to me this blessing of health, I know not. I pray neither for life nor for death, but submit myself with the most entire resignation to His wisdom and mercy. His mercies I have enjoyed most abundantly through life. I wish I had been more worthy of them; but, like you, I rely only on the atonement made for me by my blessed Saviour."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*March* 12.—On Saturday I went with Marcus to the grave, taking Mary Lea with me. It is three miles off, but just within the walls, and, oh, such a beautiful quiet spot. Immediately behind the enclosure are the Pyramid of Caius Cestius and the ruined turrets of the old walls; in front is a large flat meadow with trees, and beyond it the green mound of Monte Testaccio, with one end of the town and St. Peter's at the extremity of the hill. There are a few trees and shrubs and aloes round some of the graves. You may think what it was to stand by that new-raised earth. ..... Bunsen's children have a little hedge of roses round; I begged to have the same: and on the stone I have desired, after the dates, to have that verse out of the Galatians—one of his favourites—'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance.' To my mind no memorial could be truer, and though in England none would be needed, here it is well to have a few words that may speak what he was.

"I still look to Hurstmonceaux as my earthly home. Elsewhere I could have no right in any of the people; the poor are his legacy, and with them I shall feel nearest to Alton happiness."

M. H.'s JOURNAL.

"*March* 5.—Bunsen called. The last time he was here my Augustus was lying on the sofa, able to talk to him, and ask him questions. He showed, as I knew he would, the deepest sympathy with my grief, and seemed so deeply touched with my 'allowing' him to come, one might have thought *he* was to be the gainer. . . . . After some other conversation, I asked what he thought about the abode of the spirit when it leaves the body. 'We must keep to what God's word says—it is never safe in these matters to leave it. Our Saviour said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." And we are elsewhere told the souls of the faithful shall be with God; so that we may safely conclude them to be in bliss, though the full consummation of that bliss is reserved to the end when God shall be all in all. Your Church, as I think, beautifully prays for the accomplishment of the number of the elect, and I have introduced it into our service. What may be the nature of their employment there, we have no means of knowing; and fully do I believe that it is in mercy that God has not vouchsafed to reveal more, as it is in mercy that he has revealed so much. He but lifts up the veil so high as to encourage us on,—what more is to be known will be hereafter. We may be sure there is spiritual activity in heaven—there can be no idleness there; and what will be the joy of those eternal praises sung to God by the saints in glory!' I am not sure of the last few words, but it was to this effect. Speaking of a hymn used by Hugo Grotius on his death-bed, and of the superiority of the ancient compositions over the modern ones—'They were written by persons who had endured great afflictions, who had lived in perilous times: it does very well in prosperity and happiness to go on with lower views, but in fear of death and in suffering there is but one rock to stay on, the merits and love of Christ.' He seemed pleased that I had begun to go out again. 'I have always found in affliction that the works of God are the most soothing of all; and here in Rome you may be so much alone. The word of God and prayer are the first things no doubt, but next to those, His works are the best comforters we can have.' Then he spoke of the first bursting forth of spring: 'It is the revival of all things—a type of the revival of the spirit after death.' He rejoiced that Augustus was laid beside his own two dear children. There was not a word that did not speak the meek, humble, and loving Christian, and never did I talk with one who I could feel was capable of deeper sympathy."

"*March* 7.—The Baths of Caracalla are immense in extent and space—give one an idea of what their luxury and magnificence must have been, and there is a wild loneliness about the deserted ruins, with the grass and wild flowers filling up all the courts and halls which were once so splendid, that is very striking. Two picturesque-looking men watching a flock of goats were at the entrance. There are the niches for the statues, bits of old mosaic work and broken pieces of marble and capitals of columns lying about, as signs of what has been. I walked about and felt *what* it would have been . . . . . . that is the ever-prevailing feeling that casts over all the beauty and all the interest one deep shade."

"*March* 21.—A visit from Mrs. Bunsen. Speaking of the different opinions, she said how every year made her feel more tolerant of them, more sure that God only could know what was within. She spoke of the difficulties a minister must experience in feeling his own liability to error, and having to assume authority. In the same way as a mother, she often felt it a struggle to pretend to an infallibility she could not feel. . . . .

"*March* 29.—In the Pamfili Doria. I never felt so strongly before how the works of God *praise* him, as in looking at those pines. They lift up their heads to the heavens so completely as if adoring Him who made them. I thought pines were mentioned among the natural objects that unite in praise, but I do not find them, only cedars."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*March*, 14.—I feel so strongly how the anxiety at and since Genoa has been a preparation most useful; for though I never could till the last fortnight bring myself to look Death steadily in the face, of course the fear of it was latent, and even for the *present* I felt it was only by constant casting of my care upon my Heavenly Father that I could bear up; and truly I have since felt how it is by *knocking* again and again that one does at length find an answer. I have always felt there was a *something* between me and God; that there was a barrier I had no power over, which did seem to stop as it were my communication with Him—to hide Him from me; and when I attempted to pray it was often with a feeling—'When shall I find Him?'—a sort of vagueness about the whole thought of Him. Still, I felt I had a certain degree of Faith; and I now am aware I did not *believe* in the *reality* of any deeper feeling. During the last week before his illness, in my misery, when often I cried the whole night, nothing but prayer could calm me. Sometimes I got out of bed to kneel down and implore God's mercy. I used to pick out a few verses before I went to bed, and repeat them during the night and turn them into prayer. During the last week, you know how I was supported and kept up. Since that the struggle has been at times great. At first it was only between my confiding knowledge and faith in the loving-kindness and far-sighted wisdom of God and my own exceeding loss; but during the last week I have felt the struggle between that inward self-will and the real love of *Christ*,—not as God a Judge, but as God a loving Saviour full of mercy and love. I cannot describe it to you, but it seemed to me as if I saw myself so much clearer than before, as if I felt for the first time that I had a *soul*. I have often tried to put myself in Augustus's place, and to realise the feeling of leaving the body. I never could. Now, it is but faint, yet I *have* a *feeling* within—it is not a thought, a belief, but a *feeling*, sometimes of exceeding mortification in turning to self, and seeing, as I seem to do in a glass, all the vanity and pride attaching themselves to my best actions. I look to myself so ugly in the past that I wonder any one could love me; and when I read in my Bible, every word seems as if it applied to me personally—words that were before an empty sound, seem to pierce through me, and to have acquired a singular fitness and propriety. Then, when I look up, I feel as if I had all along been deceiving myself by thinking I rested on Christ for my dependence, as if I had not known Him except so *generally*—not as having anything to do with *me*. I never did enter into the feeling of having an *interest* in Him. Now I begin to feel it as the difference one should feel if some great king that one looked up to and admired greatly was to single one out and inquire into one's wants, and interest himself personally in all one's smallest concerns, from the same man looking at one and bowing to one amidst a crowd of others. I feel what it is—in me certainly the love of self (fostered probably by long indulgence)—that keeps one at a distance from God and prevents one's uniting one's heart and desires all to His; and I feel the utter impossibility myself of removing or softening this barrier, this hardness; and that only the fixing one's thoughts and affections more on Christ as a personal friend, and asking more earnestly for the influence of his Spirit, can do it. I have felt several times now such an indescribable feeling come over me, when praying, of His immediate presence, and a glow going quite through me that gives me hope and confidence that all or at least the great part of the uncomfortable, the depressing feeling will be melted away, and that God has in store for me something of that spiritual joy I have long desired to have, but never yet tasted freely. . . . . I have such a sense of all my previous religious impressions having left the *root* of the matter hitherto untouched, and that the extremity of this suffering has roused it;—indeed, I felt so strong a persuasion of the need there was of this, that far more than anything else it made me think it probable he would be taken from me; and how, though we served God together, and though he taught me much, I still made him the idol of real worship. How many bitter tears have I shed in the feeling, 'I don't deserve this happiness, it must be taken from me,' and now it is the bitterest drop that mixes in the cup. But I am sure I am being *drawn* to God, and having no doubts to contend with, being able to receive as a child what He says, I have a confiding hope and trust in His power to subdue the evil and purify the dross, and that He will lift me up to rest wholly on His promises and taste His peace. I have no need of teaching what it *should* be. Could I only devote myself as faithfully, as unreservedly, to Him as I did to Augustus, there would be no question of what one should do here or there; and I feel that so far from contracting, it would heighten and enlarge every enjoyment that I can have or desire. Instead of feeling this world one of misery, I feel it one full of riches; but then, when my heart is most full of love and thankfulness for what is given me, I do feel acutely that he is gone—that my enjoyment must be henceforth *alone: that* unreserve never can be with any other human being, that complete oneness; and though I can here in my quiet room calm down and soften every grief by thinking of his unspeakable joy, I know the future will be very trying."

"*March* 15.—I have felt so strongly all you say: what yet remains both of comfort and of *work* in this world, and how this trial of one's faith may, if indeed blest, be a means of glorifying Him who with the conflict sends the armour and the shield to fight with. My dearest Augustus, perhaps he was not fitted to do his Master's work so effectually in life as he may now do it in death; and as you have so truly said, all temporal mercies have been but types of the spiritual ones granted. My whole feeling has been one of praise and thanksgiving; and now that He has given me that spiritual sense of His presence, that exceeding love to Him I told you of last week, I do feel indeed that He has *loaded* me with benefits. . . . . I feel quite fearful lest the *delicacy* of the feeling should be hurt or injured or damped. It is certainly very mysterious. I feel a constant wonder at myself at what I am sure is no delusion, and yet is so distinct from any previous impression. It is not a difference in *degree*—a strengthening of what was before weak: it is an awakening to life of what before seemed *dormant*, a removing of what before seemed between me and God, as if He was hid from my eyes. I assure you I have two or three times felt quite the sensation one has on hearing some piece of good news, and thinking it was too good to be true. And when I feel such a longing for Augustus to tell my feelings to—such a sense of *what* the happiness would have been had we shared them together—I comfort myself by the certainty that he is rejoicing in the full enjoyment which I have only in part; by the thought that unfitted as his bodily frame seemed to be to stand even the workings of his *mind*, far less could it have borne those of the *spirit* too, and so, when the sanctification here was complete, God in love gave him a sense of peace, and took him for the joy to a world where his spirit might rejoice without limits. Do not you feel with me as if one could realise *his* joy more than one can that of others in Heaven? one feels almost as if one saw his adoration and ecstasy of love;—the meeting with the spirits of just men made perfect to him will only be the perfection and fulness of what was his delight on earth, and those spiritual desires which were not granted here of more perfect communion with the Father and the Lamb, are now the crown of his rejoicing. You will easily conceive the unwillingness I have to leave this sacred room, and that it will seem like leaving Heaven to descend again upon earth, for even my drives here hardly seem to break the charm—the beauty that meets one's eye, the air and loveliness altogether, give such a distinct character to this over every other place. Surely never was such an overflow of attendant blessings heaped on any one. Nothing here to be *done* to take off one's thoughts or lower them; and the extreme quiet giving one all that precious leisure for laying in for the time to come a store of heavenly strength, that I feel will be so much needed. I should fear for myself, fear lest I could not keep that anchor I now rest on, were it not for the strong confidence I have obtained in the answer to prayer, and that, when I most need, the help will be given: if I am weak, He is strong."

While the shadow of death was resting upon the upper chamber of the Via S. Sebastianello, and the widow of Augustus seemed in spirit to have followed him into the unseen, his eldest brother Francis was established with his family in the Villa Strozzi, a solitary house standing in an old-fashioned garden decorated with grottoes and sumach-trees, just on the edge of the Viminal, where the Negroni gardens break away to the slopes of the Esquiline. Francis Hare had for so many years lived entirely abroad, that he had adopted all the habits of foreign life. Familiarly acquainted with every variety of Italian dialect, and deeply versed in classical learning, the history and literature of Italy were as familiar to him as his own. He was eagerly sought as a cicerone and adviser by visitors to Rome, but his own preference was for Italian society, of which he always saw the most interesting and the best. He had already three children—a fourth was born on the 13th of March succeeding his brother's death, from whom it was desired that he should inherit the name of Augustus, while his widowed aunt was invited to become his godmother.

M. H. *to* Mrs. Hare.

"I feel greatly obliged by your kindness, my dear Anne, in thinking of me as godmother to your little babe. It is a serious office to take upon one's self, and before I can quite make up my mind to do so, I should like very much to know whether I may be allowed to have any influence over him. You know my notions of what a Christian should be are not after the fashion of the world; and I could not pronounce those solemn promises regarding the future life of a child without intending and hoping to have the power, as far as in me lies, of leading him in the path that leads to life, and endeavouring to supply him with that armour of faith whereby he may 'fight under Christ's banner as his faithful soldier.' I am sure you will forgive my speaking thus plainly, and will tell me candidly whether you or Francis are likely to dislike my interfering at all in the bringing up of this little boy."

M. H. *to* Rev. O. Leycester.

"*Rome, March* 31, 1834.—. . . . You all seem so much disposed to consult only my inclination, that I feel assured you will none of you be inclined to think it is from any lack of affection that I wish to go in the first instance to Julius from Alton. It was my dear Augustus's wish that I should have a home of my own, and it is strongly my own desire that it should be so. It need never interfere with my being with you whenever you wish me to be so, and paying you as long visits as I should like to do; but it would break in less upon the habits of the last few years than any other plan could do, and in every way I feel it would be best for me. . . . . To-morrow I shall have rather a trying day in the christening at Villa Strozzi. . . . . I can hardly describe to you—from living entirely in one room, when I go out seeing no one I ever saw before, and usually walking in beautiful gardens, with views unassociated with any former recollections, and quite alone—how little I feel in the same world with others. My own future life rarely comes across me, and when I do turn to it, the real pang of separation seems felt anew. . . . . I do indeed feel as if my mind was full to overflowing of all I have learnt from Augustus, and as if all we have thought and felt together was only beginning to come forth."

From L. A. H.

"*March.*—Maria has much enjoyed walking in the Villa Wolkonski. She does not say more than a few words, but she looks at everything, and has a sad, but never miserable, expression; she now and then wipes away some tears, but one could almost think she was, wherever she goes, accompanied by the spirit of her own blessed Augustus comforting her. . . . . Bunsen is like no one I ever met with. One has seen pious men, and learned men, and admirable men, but he unites them all. In going with him through the museum of the Capitol, and over the site of the ancient temples, you saw all the accuracy of research of the antiquarian and scholar, which he explained with all the simplicity of a child. But even from the dying gladiator, or barbarian warrior, as Bunsen says he is, I felt it a relief to turn to a window looking out forth upon the Coliseum and all the surrounding ruins lighted up by that Roman sun which Augustus used to say was to cure him if anything could. I was glad when Bunsen proposed to go down to the Temples and Forum, where we found Maria just returned from her drive; and she got out and accompanied us, Bunsen giving her his arm."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*March* 12, 1834.— . . . . The more I think of the future, the more I feel how very peculiarly rich (for a person without children) your situation is in the resources and interests remaining. There is so much that connects itself with him, so much that one could almost hear his approbation of, his delight in, first and foremost,—Julius. I had such pleasure in writing to him that you meant to come first to him. His earnest desire to be something to you is restrained by such a beautiful humility; and what will you be, and what will you *not* be to him! I quite see all the advantages of your independent home, and what a blessing you will find it. To return to anything like your former life would be impossible. Now in the new life you have to begin I can see so much power of usefulness, so much opportunity of keeping in exercise all those thoughts and feelings which have been developed in the last six years; I can imagine how the happiness you have had may still stretch out its influence to gild the rest of your life, though it has set to the mortal eye; and you are so free from the self-reproach which usually attends any loss, you can feel that you have indeed enjoyed to the utmost, made advantage to the utmost, of the treasure that has been lent you; in short, your grief is so pure from any other mixture, no one thing to embitter; and when I sit in my arm-chair, as I do, you may think how often, looking at your picture, I can hope that I may yet again see that cheerful expression. Just as you probably have been too entirely occupied with him to think of yourself, so that all the consequences are but now coming before you, so I have been so entirely occupied with you, that what relates to our own personal loss comes by degrees.

"I shall be ready to meet you either at Alton or Hurstmonceaux—you will easily believe that you cannot give me a greater happiness or comfort than in giving me something to do for you. . . . . In going to Alton, as in so many other cases, you will feel yourself his representative—feel yourself fulfilling his will, finishing his work; and may we not hope that though it seems to mortal sight like taking away from them what they had just learnt to value at the very moment when most future good might be looked to, yet it is one of the strong instances in which God's ways are not our ways, and it may be putting the seal upon what has been sown. C. D. says she never saw a person who seemed to hold to this earth so exclusively by his affections, and to walk so much above its care and pettinesses, without cant or enthusiasm. And what a rare blessing it is that this spirit she describes will still surround you—that still you will live in a world within the world."

"*Stoke Rectory, March* 19.—I was anxious to come here before my father and Mrs. Oswald had made up their minds further than the first idea of your returning here, feeling that the more plans they tried the greater the disappointment would be. I believe it was a disappointment to my father's hopes and wishes to be told you were not likely to make this a home; but he is too full of real kindness not to be anxious *only* for your doing that which is best for you. You may think how eagerly I welcomed your idea about Hurstmonceaux. How and when may be uncertain; but that your eventual lot will be cast there, I feel persuaded, and it is something to rest upon which does one good to think of. Oh, what a beautiful path I see so clearly marked out for you, how free from the choking thorns of life, how your trials are indeed those of the refiner's fire purging and clearing the gold, how even in this life they are to be preferred in all their sharpness and anguish to the deadening entanglements and hopeless difficulties of a different class of trials. How many, counted happy, ought to, nay, would envy you your affliction and all that belongs to it.

"How all you say of your own feelings shows me that every circumstance was fitted to the purpose of lessening the violence of the blow; that reprieve, which I so earnestly wished prolonged, I now see would have tried you beyond your strength. And then his apprehension of suffering makes one feel his exemption from it so very strongly. There never was a more striking instance of what is sown in weakness to be raised in power. How entirely the body was a clog and incumbrance. What a reality of force and body of meaning must have been given in your mind to words which one has known till they lose their effect almost. I trust we also may still keep him amongst us, as you now feel him. You may easily imagine how difficult *I* find it to realise his being gone. Then again I recognise the alleviating mercy of your situation; he is *not* gone yet to you, and the longer you remain quiet as you are, the more gradual the preparation and the withdrawing. The word Rome, if any one uses it, makes me start, gives me such an indescribable thrill; it is such a mingled emotion with which I think of it, the interest increased tenfold, and so I trust it will be with you, that all that glorious sun, that lovely sky, those memorials of magnificence, will be hallowed by their association with what you are feeling, what you have felt, and that even what will be a painful effort to turn your eyes upon *now*, will be almost a pleasure to look back upon some time hence."

"*Alderley*, *March* 30.—Your last letters have been such a comfort to me on one point. I have suffered so much from a painful misgiving of my power to sympathise, to be of the least real comfort to you, of whether you could or would find it possible to open yourself entirely to me. Think then how I rejoice in your appreciating so exactly what I can and do feel, and, above all, in the proofs your letters afford of how many points there are on which our minds do go together more than any others do—how I was sure to know better than anybody, almost prophetically, how it would be with you. . . . . Now that you are about to return to us, I do feel it so invaluable that you should first have felt the *want* of our sympathy, and then the comfort of it, and certainly, so far as it is possible, you have it in the fullest extent. . . . . One of the first remarks has been, 'Oh, if she had a child.' But, as you say most truly, it would have been a most fearful treasure, a severe, more difficult trial, I do believe, than the resignation to having none. And it is in the light of having something belonging to him, and like him, that I think of the brothers each in their way. You will not have to come out of his world; for you will still have your chief dealings with the same unworldliness, simplicity, singleness, noble-mindedness; you will still be as far removed from all the littlenesses. I already love Hurstmonceaux. The more I think of it, the more I see in it all that is most necessary for you, and will it not confirm and strengthen all your ideas of it as a home, to find how it had occurred simultaneously to Julius, to you, and to me.

. . . . "How all your first days of grief are embalmed in all that is most precious on earth as well as heaven. How extraordinary it seems to me to think of you so peacefully, so hopefully, so unpainfully, as I now do; when I look back upon some six months ago, when I turned away from the most distant idea of such a possibility as not to be borne, I could not look at it. But I am not unreasonable; I do not expect this continuance; I know all that is to come. I grudge every day that goes by as bringing you nearer to the end of Rome; perhaps the very day you get this may be the one before you make that first step into the bitterness of reality—the getting into your carriage alone. But I rejoice in your having now been so much alone; that is a never-failing resource; and as that beautiful Bunsen says, 'God's works must be amongst your comforters.' And in all that you will see alone, there is this further to be thought of and felt, that those *extreme* points of beauty, which come up to all one's imagination ever could conceive, are but faint shadows of what *he* is now dwelling in, are but helps to our dulled senses to arrive at anything like the idea of the beauty of which *he* is in full enjoyment, and they should rather lead our associations upwards to him, than suggest even a wish to draw him back to us. This is certainly the feeling with which one would look at a miniature likeness here of some far-distant and far more beautiful country to which any one loved was gone. In this way, I trust, you may be able to look without the agony you at first described, at all that will be before you for the next two months. It is a most beneficial interval between Rome and England. I was longing to hear you had been at the Pyramid. Every desire I ever had to see Rome, as you may well suppose, has increased tenfold. I shall direct this letter with a sigh to think that it is my last there. Just what you say of Rome realising history, is what your letters and feelings do to so many passages in the Bible which have passed unnoticed from their very familiarity. For instance, I thought of you so much on Good Friday, from the four first verses of the 40th Psalm."

"*April* 8.—I am grudging every day of this week as it passes. How I shall think of you on Monday, and by the time this reaches you, that return to common life which I have always looked upon as the most trying part of any grief is begun with you. . . . . Of the differences between one individual case and another, as Mrs. Bunsen says most truly, 'God only can judge.' Every day's observation and experience forces that more strongly upon one's conviction; but this should not, ought not, need not, hinder one's understanding and being deeply interested in what one cannot personally enter into, and so I trust you and I shall find it. I look forward to Alton with a mixture of fear, of pain, of intense interest.

"Julius writes to me of the happiness it would be to him and his parish if Maria could make Hurstmonceaux her home, 'if she could bear the contrast of the brothers.'

"*April* 19.—I think I have never felt more for you than at the idea of the christening—yet, now that it is over, I am glad of it, probably you are too, certainly you *will* be: it will give you a power of doing good in that family nothing else could, and it will invest that poor little child with a sacred interest in your eyes which I would fain hope and trust may not be disappointed—and one should think it would be a perpetual memento to Francis. I feel that your coming to England will bring about a great change both ways. I look to your next resting-place being in *duties*. . . . . but all has been so for the best hitherto, that it would be ungrateful indeed not to trust that it will continue to be."

M. H. *to* REV. R. KILVERT.

"*Rome, April* 5, 1834.— . . . . All Augustus's desires and thirsting after holiness—his longing after spiritual joys—are now fully satisfied; and I am persuaded you will enter into the feeling of almost happiness that is mingled with my own most severe sorrow, by the certainty that he is now one of the blessed company who sing 'Worthy the Lamb that is slain,' and that his spirit is freed from its earthly tabernacle, and rejoicing in glory unspeakable. For myself, I can only praise God who, in this great sorrow, has poured upon me so much spiritual consolation. He has shown me all the *need-be* of this heavy chastening, and the light of his countenance has so shone upon me, that unutterable love and gratitude are my only feelings. How light, how exceedingly light, do all trials here appear when we fix our gaze steadfastly on that heavenly Zion which is to be our *home*, and to which our journey is constantly tending. *Most* faithful, indeed, have I found Him who promised."

REV. R. KILVERT *to* M. H.

"*Alton, April*, 1834.— . . . . How delightful is the persuasion that there is not a shadow of cloud resting on the last days of your now sainted husband. We look upon the path his spirit has trod, and behold it, like the shining light, increasing more and more into that perfect day in which it has terminated. To us his sun has gone down, and even while it was yet day, yet *so* gone down as to leave behind not merely a promise and prospect, but a precious assurance of an infinitely brighter rising again. May we so die, relying in simple faith on Him who has abolished death for His people, and live for evermore. I desire never to forget, whilst I discharge the office of my ministry in this place, *whom* I am personating. *He* speaks by me who was the instrument in placing me here. I see that I am surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses, and *one* there is among the innumerable throng peculiarly the witness of how I run the race, especially the ministerial course, in this place so dear to him."

JULIUS *to* FRANCIS HARE.

"*Hurstmonceaux*, *March* 6, 1834.—It is very, very long since I wrote to you. I began a letter to you indeed this day two months, but I could not finish it. All other feelings of late have been swallowed up in anxiety about Augustus, and I have scarcely written to any one except about him, and to those who could give me the most accurate details. To-day, however, when I have learnt that we have lost him for ever in this world, I feel a longing to tighten the tie with those brothers who are still left to me; and while I have been thinking over all I had, and all I have lost, in him, I have also called to mind what I still have in my other brothers. How much, dearest Francis, do I owe to you. How much have I owed you ever since my earliest years. How patient you were with me; how indulgent; what pains you took with me; how you gave up your time to me! What unvarying, unmerited kindness have you shown me all my life long. And though we have been so much separated by circumstances of late years, and though my negligence has often let a very long period pass without any communication between us, the fault has been entirely on my side, and I found last year at Naples that your affection was still as strong as ever. Such, indeed, has always been my situation, that I have constantly been the receiver of kindnesses from all my brothers, and have hardly ever been able to do anything in return. I can merely acknowledge and feel grateful for them. And to-day has re-enlivened my gratitude to you, and makes me anxious to assure you that all your goodness has not been thrown away on one who is utterly unmindful of it. I want, too, to thank you for all your kindness and attention to Augustus. Alas, that I could do nothing for him! But you and Marcus have fulfilled my share of his nursing as well as your own, and nothing in this respect seems to have been wanting. Still I can hardly bring myself to believe that our brotherhood has lost its heavenliest flower. It seemed to be such an essential part of one's self. I could never conceive myself as living without my three brothers, and almost fancied that time could have no power over a bond so strong in affection. God grant that the same bond which has existed here on earth, and which has now begun to dissolve, may hereafter be united again in still stronger affection in heaven!"

M. H.'s JOURNAL.

"*April* 10.—Mrs. Bunsen spoke of some German writer, Schelling, I think, who said that every one in the course of life is called upon, like Abraham, to sacrifice his Isaac. She spoke of how often men of genius forget to choose a *friend* in their wife—how often the man was consequently vulgarised, degraded, by his marriage—how difficult in society it is for a man to understand what a woman really is. Her last words to me were—'The hand of God has touched you, the same hand can heal you.'

"*April* 11.—St. Peter's: my last view. On earth, God has no temple like this, and yet in every believer's heart is a truer, a more living temple to His glory. May mine become so!—may the prayer breathed in that glorious House of Prayer be heard and answered, and Rome, dear Rome, the scene of saddest sorrow, be the foundation of deep joy and everlasting gladness, in that lively hope here vouchsafed of an inheritance in the heavenly city, where, with my beloved

Augustus, there will be no more sorrow or weeping, but where we shall enjoy together the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

M. H. *to* MRS. O. LEYCESTER.

"*Florence, April*, 21, 1834.—You will rejoice to hear of us thus far on our journey, and one of the bitterest drops in my cup over—that of leaving Rome. I knew it would be a great struggle; but till the time came I hardly could have believed how much I clung to the rooms where I had watched and prayed by him to the last, nor how much I felt to have him with me whilst I remained there; and then there was the return to the carriage, the associations of the inns, and the feeling that I was setting out homewards *alone*. It seemed like a fresh beginning of life, without him. For the first two or three days I felt truly 'so troubled I could not speak;' but when the great weight was a little lifted up, and I could again pray—again read those words which speak of our pilgrimage here and of the country we seek above,—the load by degrees was lightened and peace came across my sorrow." . . . .

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Florence, April* 23.—The Saturday before we left Rome, Lucy and I went, for the last time, to the Pyramid. The monument was put up and the roses planted round, and Lucy thought, as I did, that there never was a place so perfect. I need not tell you what it was to stand there for the last time. We feel that henceforth it can only live in one's memory, and there truly that spot will be nearly as bright, nearly as vividly present, as if it were reality.

"The final parting was so overwhelming that all still swims before me, and I have never yet been able to see clearly on looking back on Rome : it is all confusion—I lived there in a dream, a happy dream almost, and waked to the sharpness of reality, when I tore myself away from those rooms and found myself in the carriage with Mary alone. . . . . Terni, with its extreme beauty, first roused me ; it was impossible to be insensible to the influence of such soothing and reviving loveliness."

M. H., NOTE-BOOK (in travelling).

"When we compare Christians of this day with those of the first ages of Christianity, their meagre and blighted feelings and half-grown fruits, are as the foliage, flowers, and fruits of England compared with those of Italy. They have all the same root, but those of Italy are rich and full and perfect in their beauty, those of England look as if withered by want of sun to ripen and perfect them. We seem to shrink from being too perfect, and to be afraid of appropriating to ourselves all the fulness of apostolic joy—else why do not the same truth, the same words, send us on our way rejoicing with gladness and singleness of heart?"

"In searching into the hidden things of God how we forget that we know *in part*."

"One difference between God's word and man's is, that while we may reach the highest standard set before us by the one, we find the more we advance towards the other, the more it seems to pass on before us and rise above our utmost efforts."

"Men of the world often like to talk of *Religion* and *Christianity;* the man of God delights to talk of *God* and *Christ.*"

"There is a one-sided view in religion, as in everything else, and those who dwell solely on the one half of the Bible and leave the other untouched must fall into the errors either of Antinomianism or Legality. The truth is a *whole* perfect in all its parts, and only to be found in all its fulness in God's word taken as a *whole,* and not one part disjointed from the rest. If by Antinomianism is meant a belief in Christ uninfluencing the life, many of those who use the term in abuse of others are entitled to it. What can be nearer to it than the *profession* made of resting on a Saviour's merits by those who never by act, word, or thought show love to that Saviour, and who rest satisfied with the *form* of godliness without the *power?*"

"The Gospels are first instruments in convincing a man of sin by showing him all the breadth and spirituality of Christ's law. The sinner who is by them awakened to his own shortcomings in holiness by looking at Christ's model then comes to St. Paul, and learns from him where to find relief; and having through faith in a crucified Saviour and access to the Father through Christ found peace, he then returns to the Gospels, and finds them lit up by a new light, that shines more and more unto the perfect day."

"How true it is of the renewed mind, that it finds 'Sermons in stones and good in everything.'"

"There is only one kind of hatred the fruit of which is peace—the hatred of self."

* * *

"The eastern imagery of the Bible is the dress in which the essential Truth is wrapped up; it is peculiar to the language of the country whence it came, but the feeling it expresses is universal, and quite as fully shared by every spiritually minded believer now as it was in the days of David or Isaiah."

* * *

The travellers crossed the Mont St. Gothard on mules—a terribly fatiguing and anxious journey through the deep snow, one of their carriages, as they followed them, being overturned three times, and the other twice, on the way.

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Zurich*, *May* 15.—The St. Gothard was indeed an anxious journey, but I went on, only feeling thankfulness all the way that we had not attempted crossing the Alps last winter, and thinking what misery it would have been to me were he with me now, even in improved health. . . . . The sublimity and grandeur of the mountain scenery, though lifting one up indeed above this world, was lifting one up to a God of power and majesty, not of love, and gave me a deep and painfully oppressive feeling very unlike the soothing effect of Italian beauty. Yesterday I felt it was quite a relief to look only on green pastures and green hills as we came here, although some parts of the road were too like England not to pain me in another way. I miss the sky of Italy greatly, and that peculiar beauty everything has there, but the domestic character of the villages and people and quiet *bonhommie* of their manners are much more congenial than the godless, noisy Italians. You may imagine how in seeing some of the places again I have been carried back to what seems like the beginning of life, so entirely does my *real* life seem to have been comprised in these sixteen years since I last saw them. All rose up before me, and, except in my admiration of the scenery, I hardly felt as if my present identity were the same; and how predominant was the feeling of thankfulness, how strong the conviction of the mercy and love that had even through many sorrows been with me throughout: the great happiness that has been granted to me, and now, when that is taken away for ever, the inward peace and comfort which can make me really *enjoy* every blessing left to me with double the feeling I then had. It seems to me as if I was then so completely at the mercy of every passing event and circumstance of life, as if now I had an anchor of hope so sure and firm to rest on, that, let what winds will blow, I still must weather all. Oh! I trust and hope I shall keep firmly to that confidence, but I feel as if there would be quite a new and different trial of my faith when I have to *act* and not to think, and when the reality of this life and all its present interests comes more strongly before me. And then in my loss it is not as in minor ones, where the first shock is the great suffering, and every day that succeeds softens and lessens it; with me every day seems to add and make it grow larger, and the resignation of yesterday does not supply to-day's need. The daily burden needs daily fresh strength and fresh help to meet it, and were that to be omitted would become too heavy to bear. I feel so strongly how it is that affliction when yielded to, or stoically submitted to, fails in its effect as a corrective—how entirely *the* cross to one's self-will is the bringing one's *heart* to receive it without a murmur."

M. H. *to* REV. R. KILVERT.

"*Cologne, June* 1, 1834. . . . . My illness kept us at Baden, but this delay turned out a very timely one, for through its means we fell in with Mr. Fosbery, and I cannot describe the pleasure and comfort it was to me after the first pain of meeting was over, to talk to him and receive his counsel and encouragement. It seemed truly as if God had sent him to meet me on my way, and give me renewed strength to go on with, and to lift up my drooping spirit; and in pouring out to him all the overflowing of my heart, in telling of the mercies of my God, it seemed to revive in all their freshness the spiritual joy and comfort I felt so fully at Rome. He too entered no less deeply into my grief than into my consolation, and it is a remark I have lately had frequent occasion to make, how much more fully those sympathise in the depth of earthly sorrow who have tasted the richness of the consolation; and indeed it could not be otherwise. Those who partake most of the mind of Christ must share most that tenderness of sympathy which to a mourner forms so touching a characteristic of his human nature, and so brings the love of God home to our very hearts. Besides, they know who have felt it, how much closer the bonds of earthly affection are drawn where the tie of united devotion to our Master has hallowed them, and they know how faint and weary our hearts are apt to be under the chastening hand of God, even with the fullest persuasion of His almighty power to save. It is indeed strange that with the sure promise of such a *rest* at the end of our pilgrimage we should ever feel discouraged by the way, and yet more when we daily experience the faithfulness of Him who says He will never fail or forsake us. Sometimes I feel truly as if, in comparison of the weight of glory to come, even my burden became lighter, and as if I could rejoice in being allowed to suffer, if by so doing I may glorify my Saviour and my Lord, who has done and suffered so much for me. If I could tell you how He does lift me up when I am most cast down, how He does show the light of His countenance and make me feel how unspeakably precious He is, you would feel what cause I have for praise and adoration.

"Your account of some of your flock is most encouraging, and gladdens my heart. Some little foretaste of the joy of the angels in heaven seems to be granted to one in hearing of the turning of souls to God—that awakening of the heart to its only true peace; and I do bless Him for making you so blessed an instrument in leading some out of our little fold into the right way. May He give a full increase, and may the seed now sown never be thrown away or choked up. How can we tell that even should one hereafter be set over them who may not have been taught of God, those very cottagers may not be the means employed in God's mercy to bring their future minister to the full knowledge of the truth. I am sure such a thought will at least give a fresh impulse to your zeal in winning each individual soul to Christ.

"Many at Alton will, I am sure, feel and pray for me to-morrow, June 2—a day for five years so sacred, so precious, now almost too trying to bear but in the strength of the Lord my God."

The thought of the Hurstmonceaux home, which Julius dwelt upon for her, was indeed that which brought most consolation to his widowed sister-in-law as she drew near England. She crossed from Ostend with the Marcus Hares, and, landing at Broadstairs, went first to her brother's house at East Sheen, whither her father, Mrs. O. Leycester, and Mrs. Stanley had come to meet her. There also she first saw Julius, who had already written.

"God be praised, dearest Maria, that you are arrived safe in your own, your Augustus's country! May He support you through all the trials that await you in the course of the next month. Why is it that a meeting with those whom we love, after a time of bitter affliction, is so painful, when a stranger produces no sort of emotion? Is it that they rouse us out of our torpor, and by awakening the heart make it feel that its fountain is dried up? I long to have you safe lodged at Hurstmonceaux. Till then you will have no calm, no repose."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*June* 20, 1834, *East Sheen.*—The time draws very near of our meeting, my dear friend, but my heart shrinks less from the thought of it than it did. God has so mercifully sustained me throughout every past trial, He has so graciously heard my earnest prayer to be strengthened to undertake what at one time I almost feared I should be unequal to, that I feel assured He will lighten the pressure when it must weigh heaviest, and lift my sorrowing heart in thankfulness for all the past. In the midst of all I shall find at Alton to pain and grieve me, I know that it will give me the greatest pleasure I can find on earth to feel myself among fellow-mourners, and to know that all share my sorrow and value him who is gone. My present constant feeling is of his presence with me, and I shall doubtless be enabled to preserve this communion in spirit even still more closely where all I have to do or say will be in his place. But this alone could not bear me up. It is the Comforter himself who gives that strength we should in vain look for in ourselves. He is most faithful; it is we only who, by leaning on ourselves instead of Him, fail often to receive that comfort and joy which He so freely offers to those who love Him. I long to urge you on, my dear friend, in the path you have entered, and encourage you to press forward to the prize of our high calling, for when we can keep our eyes steadfastly fixed on the crown of life before us, and feel that not the greatest sinner need despair of reaching it, if he only endures to the end, it does make every present burden appear light in comparison of the weight of glory to come. . . . . And now you must look forward without dread to seeing me, and bear in mind that though on earth we shall see his face no more we are all one in union with Him whom he sees in all His glory, and we only through a glass darkly; but the time will come when we shall be permitted to join in singing praises together to the Lamb who was slain."

After Mrs. Hare had passed a week with her family, her sister went with her to Alton, where the three weeks which alone were permitted them, passed all too quickly in sad partings and preparations.

In after years Mrs. Stanley often described the arrival at Alton—how at first her sister lay for some time upon the sofa without daring to open her eyes to look round; then she asked her to read the 116th Psalm, and in a short time said, "Now I am quite easy." After the first two or three days she gradually went about to some of the people every day, and was greatly comforted by the cheerful simple way in which they bid her look forward to another world. All the cottagers in the parish subscribed to put up a monument of affectionate and grateful remembrance in the church; every one put on black; those who had nothing else put black strings to their caps.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Alton, June* 28, 1834.—If my dearest Luce could have seen me half an hour ago seated between the two dear old men, William Perry and William King, she would have felt her brightest anticipations of my return to Alton realised. I could feel nothing but joy as I talked with them, and received their simple comfort, 'He will never come to *we* no more, but we may go to *he;* and through the blessed Saviour we shall all meet, where there will be no more sorrow.' So they left me with these words, after a conversation in which their thankfulness for all their trials, their simple trust in God's mercy, and the hope of rest to come, made one forget this world was one of suffering in looking on to the one to come. Truly, such comforters as these do one's heart good. How I do thank and bless my God that He strengthened me to come here. Every day brings with it such testimonies of affection and gratitude as are most precious; and in the two cottages I have been in this morning the change and *growth* I find is most delightful—thankfulness and content where there was murmuring, conviction of sin, and longing after righteousness, where there was indifference; but it does seem, indeed, as if God had been sending a great increase upon both these parishes. Though it is now harvest-time, and in all other places the evening lectures are given up, they cling so here to Mr. Kilvert's last words, that he has a full attendance in the church every Wednesday evening. Yesterday I saw Mr. Majendie, who was touched as if he was a brother with the sense of his own loss, and it seems he has been quite overwhelmed whenever he has come over to this church."

"*June* 29, *Sunday Evening.*—You know I never hoped to have been able to go to church at all here ; but this morning I felt as if I *could* do it—my heart did long after 'the courts of my God'—I thirsted after that comfort I had been so long deprived of, and I resolved to go. I went before the people were all in, so got a little accustomed to the seat before service began. And then, though sad, very sad recollections did come over me at times, and the singing brought many tears, they were soft and gentle tears, and great was the peace and comfort given by the appropriate words of the different hymns Mr. Kilvert had chosen. Then the sermon, or rather—for it was from the desk—the exposition, of the words in John xiii., 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,' were, indeed, fitted to calm a troubled mind. Oh, how I wish you could have heard him. He dwelt on St. Peter's Day, brought all the passages of his life forward with practical application to every different state of mind, urging those who had faith and love to remember it was not a little faith we must rest content with ; those who had not that little to seek for it, and not look on it as a wonder, a mystery only ; and warning the ungodly of the awakening that *must* come. But the chief, the most touching part, was quite addressed to me, showing how the trials which we are now exercised with, would hereafter be clear to us in all their mercy and goodness, bringing various Scripture passages of *waiting* on the Lord in patience, and the example of the prophets, martyrs, and, lastly, at some length, of our great High Priest himself and his sufferings, so that we might count our present trials small in comparison with theirs. Then urging in the most practical way, as the only weapon, prayer—prayer, the health of the soul. I do so rejoice I went, because, having had the first pain over, I can now go again, and it is such a refreshment. I never once looked up, so I did not see anybody there, and when I did think of him who so loved that house of prayer, it was only to feel that his sabbath is an eternal one, his worship freed from weariness of body or of mind, and that he was rejoicing in the same Saviour whose presence was cheering me.

"This afternoon I sent for five of the girls, and heard them repeat part of that chapter, John xiv., I had sent them to learn. They cried very much indeed. . . . . When I look at the people and think of the school children, my heart does indeed sink, and I am forced to remember that the *Chief* Shepherd will be ever with them when their faithful ministers are gone. But all I hear is so encouraging of the present state, that I hope, as I pray, that the good seed may not be thrown away.

"You, my dearest Luce, may think, for you know what an Alton Sunday *was*, what it has been to-day walking alone in the fields where the sermon or lessons were talked over after church, seeing an empty study, a dinner of Sunday fare without that most beloved companion to share it. If any think I could have borne it as I have in my own strength, that I could have felt such peace in the midst of such sorrow, they are indeed blind, and know little of Him who can take out the sting of grief and make us count all afflictions light for the excellency of the knowledge of Himself."

"*July* 1.—I am just come in from a drive, from seeing the beautiful corn waving in the wind, which reminded me of the plains of Lombardy, and feeling the wind, that in its soft balmy breath gave the outward visible emblem of that inward breath by which our souls live and grow, though their life has its lights and shades, its sunshine and clouds, no less than the waving corn. I wish I could tell you the comfort I have had this morning in seeing a poor young woman who is in a consumption. She was sitting on her poor pallet on the ground, and so void of all those comforts that in such a sickness I so well know the value of; but there was no murmuring, and such a humble, touching expression of mourning for sin on her face as went to one's heart, and made the reading and talking to her like teaching a little child. She was just in that state when one feels there was nothing to be done, but to bid her look away from self to Jesus, her friend, her Saviour, and to tell her to cast all her burden on Him; and you may well think the joy I felt in pouring the riches of His comfort into her willing ear, and how it seemed as if all trouble, all sorrow, was taken out of one's own weak heart, in trying to encourage one who is so soon about to enter, I trust, the same blessed rest where he, my Augustus, is. There was the deep cough, the shortness of breath, the wasted form; but they did not pain me. I saw the meek child-like spirit of Christ's own sheep in her, and came away rejoicing in spirit to think her struggles and toils will be so short. I hope I may be able to go often to her, it may be a comfort to her; I am sure it is one to me. Then, next door, one of my dear old men, William King, I found very poorly; but he and his wife were so glad to see me, so sympathising, that the 103rd Psalm was the only fitting thing I could read to him. She said, 'Many, many tears have been shed for *he*, but many more for you; it is you ma'am we grieve for, and it is a hard trial; but the Lord has been with you, and He will make all light.' The great thing they dwell upon is, how *he* went on more and more in power; and how every Sunday he seemed stronger and stronger in spirit, and to go more on the Scriptures. 'When they heard he was a little better, they *heartened* up a little,' said another old man, Stephen King; but then came the worse news, and it was all bad after. Dear little old Hannah Baillie cried very much yesterday evening when I went to her. 'Oh that was a sad day when the servants came into church in their mourning, and I thought I should have sunk down when you came in last Sunday bent down so. You have lost a dear friend, there's never a woman on earth has lost a dearer;' and then, as with all, her own loss seemed to press heavily. It is quite striking how with all I have talked to, and those by no means what could be called 'saints,' the great and chief feeling of loss is for what he did for their souls. 'Ah,' said Stephen King, 'Mr. Hare took care of our bodies, and provided for them: but that was not what I looked to so much, it was the care and thought he took for our souls'—and others say the same.

"*Wednesday.*—Last night I came out of the cottages rejoicing and praising God for His mercy to these people. Truly, had we returned it would have been a paradise on earth—too blest for a state of trial such as this life. The change wrought is quite marvellous. Jane Jenning's humility, sorrow for sin, and single desire of serving God is most touching. Speaking of *his* anxiety for them, 'Oh,' she said, 'I do think, if he could, Mr. Hare would have carried us all up to heaven with him in his bosom.'"

"*July* 5.—It is quite impossible to tell what the love is I feel for this place and these people, and I shall have need of the most earnest prayer to bear me up in leaving it. . . . Yesterday, when wearied with the necessary packing, &c., I went to Elizabeth Hailstone, the sick girl, and read and talked to her of her friend and Saviour, and tried to lift up her desponding heart to His love and His promises, which refreshed and comforted me, and made all seem light. What a blessed thing it is that God's service is one of such freedom, such happiness, that when we are trying to glorify Him, He returns it upon ourselves with such a plentiful increase of peace and comfort, and that let our service be as poor and imperfect as it may."

"*Monday.*—I cannot tell you, but you will know, what I feel in the church now, and think how *he* would rejoice to see such numbers there hungering and thirsting for food, and how he would bless God for having been the instrument with so many of awakening the desire. The soothing, comforting thoughts I have of Alton now that will never die, seem to overpower the heavy sense of parting; yet it does tear my heart in pieces to feel that I am leaving the scene of all our happiness, the rooms we have shared together, and where, soulless as they now feel, I still seem in a sense to have him with me. The joy of finding and leaving so many truly and devotedly serving and loving God, is, however, of itself enough to fill me with thankfulness; and though my pilgrimage will henceforth be a solitary one, he with whom it was shared is spared the sorrows and pains of life here, and has the fulness of joy in his Saviour's presence, so why should I grieve? All is done now; so the last two days I shall have for the dear people and those prayers which alone can bear me through the trial. . . . I look round on all, and feel it has passed away. All has passed away but that hope which will, I trust, grow brighter and brighter of the unfading life that endureth without sorrow or tears. May we all press on to it more and more, looking to Him who can smooth and clear the way thither, be it ever so thorny or so gloomy. God be with you, my Luce."

One subject which occupied Augustus Hare's widow during her short stay in her old home was sending to their destinations the different letters which he had dictated, and which she had hurriedly written down beside his deathbed. Among these was the following:—

A. W. H. *to* LADY BLESSINGTON.

"*Rome, but from a Roman deathbed.*—Pray, dear Lady Blessington, accept the accompanying volume of sermons, and for God's sake preserve them, and read them as the words of a dying man. It is now above two months that I have been looking death in the face, and every hour of that time has made me feel more and more that Christianity is the great remedial measure : but for Christ I could not have borne to have had the great moral eye of God's justice fixed on me. If there are any things in the volume which seem strange to you, do not throw them aside without considering whether, though strange, they may not be true. Oh, Lady Blessington, if you knew how much I wish I could hope I was sure of meeting you in the place to which God is taking me. Can I hope this?

"Your most gratefully,

"AUGUSTUS W. HARE."

The little monument which was erected to Augustus Hare by his poor friends at Alton bore the inscription :—

"Sacred to the memory of the REV. AUGUSTUS W. HARE, M.A., sometime Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Rector for five years of this Parish, who, having gone to Italy for the restoration of his health, died at Rome, Feb. 18, 1834, aged 41.

"The Parishioners of Alton-Barnes and Alton-Priors, sorrowing deeply for his loss, have placed this tablet in thankfulness to God who gave and spared him to them a little while, and in affectionate remembrance of the love wherewith he loved and tended the flock of Christ committed to his charge."

The monument which the four brothers had already arranged to erect in Hurstmonceaux Church, with a bas-relief representing their mother's death, by Kessels, was now placed there, in the chancel, inscribed :—

"To GEORGIANA, fourth Daughter of Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph,
And wife of Francis Hare-Naylor of Hurstmonceaux Place,
Who died at Lausanne in Switzerland on Easter Sunday, 1806,
Giving up her soul to Him who on that day overcame Death.
Her life was one of dutiful love :
And her memory, after a separation of twenty-eight years,
Is still blest and revered by her children :

Also to her eldest sister, ANNA MARIA, widow of Sir William Jones,
In whom they found a second mother ;
A monitress wise and loving, both in encouragement and reproof,
Forgetting her own age and infirmities, even on her deathbed,
In her zeal for their good :
Her first care was to bring them up in the nurture of the Lord.

The youngest of them, ANNA MARIA CLEMENTINA,
Was taken away before she could fulfil
The bright promise of her childhood.

Her four Brothers erect this Monument of their Love,
To their Mother, their Aunt, and their Sister,
Hoping that they may all hereafter be reunited in Christ.

This hope had scarcely been expressed,
When he among the four Brothers who was the ripest for Heaven,
AUGUSTUS WILLIAM, Rector of Alton-Barnes,
Went to rejoin his kindred among the Blessed,
Leaving a void in the hearts of the others,
Which nothing on earth can ever fill up."

With the church which held this memorial, with the parish in which so many of the earlier generations of his family had their home, the life of Augustus Hare's widow was henceforward to be connected. Most tenderly, with the most reverential love, was she welcomed to the home and heart of Julius, with whom, more than any other, she could hold constant communion concerning him whose invisible presence and influence were equally felt by both—him of whom Julius wrote :—

"He is gone. But is he lost to me? Oh no! He whose heart was ever pouring forth a stream of love, the purity and inexhaustibleness of which betokened its heavenly origin, as he was ever striving to lift me above myself, he is still at my side pointing my gaze upward. Only the love, which was then hidden within him, has now overflowed and transfigured his whole being; and his earthly form is turned into that of an angel of light.

Thou takest not away, O Death!
Thou strikest; absence perisheth;
  Indifference is no more.
The future brightens on the sight;
For on the past has fallen a light,
  That tempts us to adore."

XIV.

HURSTMONCEAUX RECTORY.

"Nothing is lost that is loved in God, since in Him all things are saved to us."—S. BERNARDINO OF SIENA.

"He alone never loseth what is dear to him, to whom all things are dear in Him who is never lost."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

IN all in which two quiet phases of life can be totally different from each other, did that which was opening at Hurstmonceaux differ from that which had closed at Alton. First, there was the variety of outward scene—the exchange of a limited oasis of green fields, stranded like an island in the great Wiltshire plain, which, though filled with waving corn in summer, was but a ploughed desert through the winter months, for the wooded uplands of Sussex, the richly cultivated fields, and the leafy lanes of Hurstmonceaux,—the wild deserted deer-park with its ferny glades, its stagheaded chestnuts, and its ruined castle,—the fine old church with its ancestral associations, and the wide view over a campagna-like level which repeats every cloud in its varying fluctuations of light and shadow, to the sparkling silver line of sea. Then, instead of the farmhouse-like rectory in which Augustus had lived, the home of Julius was, even externally, quite different to the ordinary type of country rectories, but rather like a good country house, well placed in grounds of considerable extent.

"The rectory," wrote Arthur Stanley, "stood far removed from church, and castle, and village. . . . . Of all the peculiarities of English life, none perhaps is so unique as an English parsonage. But how peculiar even amongst English parsonages was the rectory of Hurstmonceaux. The very first glance at the entrance-hall revealed the character of its master. It was not merely a house with a good library—the whole house was a library. The vast nucleus which he brought with him from Cambridge grew year by year, till not only study, and drawing-room, and dining-room, but passage, and antechamber, and bedrooms were overrun with the ever advancing and crowded bookshelves. At the time of his death it had reached the number of more than twelve thousand volumes; and it must be further remembered that these volumes were of no ordinary kind. Of all libraries which it has been our lot to traverse, we never saw any equal to this in the combined excellence of quantity and quality; none in which there were so few worthless, so many valuable works. Its original basis was classical, and philological; but of later years the historical, philosophical, and theological elements outgrew all the rest. The peculiarity which distinguished the collection probably from any other, private or public, in the kingdom, was the preponderance of German literature. No work, no pamphlet of any note in the teeming catalogues of German booksellers escaped his notice; and with his knowledge of the subjects, and of the probable elucidation which they would receive from this or that quarter, they formed themselves in natural and harmonious groups round what already existed, so as to give to the library both the appearance and reality, not of a mere accumulation of parts, but of an organic and self-multiplying whole. And what, perhaps, was yet more remarkable was the manner in which the centre of this whole was himself. Without a catalogue, without assistance, he knew where every book was to be found, for what it was valuable, what relation it bore to the rest. The library was like a magnificent tree which he had himself planted, of which he had nurtured the growth, which spread its branches far and wide over his dwelling, and in the shade of which he delighted, even if he was prevented for the moment from gathering its fruits, or pruning its luxuriant foliage.

"In the few spaces which this tapestry of literature left unoccupied were hung the noble pictures which he had brought with him from Italy. To him they were more than mere works of art; they were companions and guests; and they were the more remarkable from their contrast with the general plainness and simplicity of the house and household, so unlike the usual accompaniments of luxury and grandeur, in which we should usually seek and find works of such costly beauty.

"In this home,—now hard at work with his myriad volumes around him at his student's desk,—now wandering to and fro, book in hand, between the various rooms, or up and down the long garden walk overlooking the distant Level with its shifting lights and shades,—he went on year by year extending the range and superstructure of that vast knowledge of which the solid basis had been laid in the classical studies of his beloved university, or correcting, with an elaborate minuteness which to the bystanders was at times almost wearisome to behold, the long succession of proofs which, during the later years of his life, were hardly ever out of his hands." *

Great also was the change from the quiet life of monotonous seclusion, only rendered interesting by the spirit of love which made all the village joys and sorrows her own, to the ever-varying circle of literary interests and of intellectual society, by which Julius was surrounded.

"For round him gathered such a band of friends
As the world knows but few, the noblest names
In the great host of truth's advancing ranks :
The full-orbed sage who spake of all things well;
The friend of early years, of equal aims,
With passionless calm insight, tracing out
The tale of Hellas old, and mastering all
The Teuton guess'd of great Rome's cradled youth;
The seer who through the Tuscan artist's tube
Called all the stars by name ; the wayward moods
Of him who bade the dead to speak once more
In fancy's drama ; and the genial heart
That from the flinty rocks he loved, drew forth
The milk of kindness ; one well skill'd to trace
The deep thoughts lying hid in homely words,
The secret treasure of the Word divine;
And one, the pale ascetic, swift to speak
The thoughts that burn, who since in alien creeds,
Those hot thoughts driving on, has sought for peace;
The man of lordly brow, and lordlier soul,
The myriad-minded marvel of our age,
Friend of all arts, and counsellor of kings
Threading all mazes of the tongues of earth,

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* Article by A. P. Stanley in the *Quarterly Review*, cxciii.

Gathering all treasures of the songs of Heaven,
With bold yet loving hand adventuring still
To bridge the yawning chasms of our time,
Now failing, now succeeding; last of all
(For time would fail to tell the goodly list,
The workers and the thinkers of the land),
The bold young Luther of our later days,
With power to clothe high thoughts in glorious words,
To bid the buried past come back to life,
To bring earth's holiest scenes in vision bright
Before our wistful eyes, in outline clear
As though the sun did paint them."*

. . . . .

But most of all was the change great to Maria Hare in the companion of her daily life, from the loving character of Augustus, who was equally gentle with all, who never manifested his antipathy for any one, however distasteful they might be,—to the ardent, impulsive, enthusiastic, demonstrative nature of Julius, equally manifest in love or antipathy, vehement in language, unable to conceal a feeling of any kind, and constantly doing battle of some sort for his friends if not for himself;—from Augustus, who was wholly absorbed in his Master's work, and who lived only for the simple villagers by whom he was surrounded,—to Julius, who mingled so many other interests and occupations with his parochial and ministerial duties, and who was personally unknown to the greater proportion of his parishioners. If only the one companion was considered, it was like the change from a moonlight calm to a storm at midday.

But perhaps in this very change she found what was best for her at this time. Her absorbing grief, her hidden life of prayer, might have made her existence too purely contemplative, but for the eager stirring spirit at her side. And in Julius, who was tender and chivalrous to all women, pitiful and sympathising to all in sorrow, his brother's widow found a tenderness of more than fraternal love,—a watchful care, a gentle reverence, which was almost amazing to those who saw them together. He looked upon her coming into his lonely home, as the dawn of a new, a better, and a happier life ; and as the greatest blessing which God could have given him, he honoured and cherished her. He confided in her every anxiety, he consulted her on every duty, he talked with her of all he read, he read to her all he wrote,—he considered nothing worth having in which she had no share.

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* Rev. E. Plumptre.

Vividly still, through the mist of many years, there comes back to those who shared their home, the beautiful vision of his great love for his "Mia," as he always called her,—the touching remembrance of his manner in speaking of her, of the glow upon his face, of the glistening in his eye,—the recollection of the intensity of tenderness, of respect, and of blessing, which was poured forth for her in his morning and evening greeting. And she was truly in his home as "an angel in the house," linking on her present to her past life, taking up all her former duties, but with her soul purified and enlightened by the furnace of sorrow through which she had passed, receiving God's poor as a legacy to watch and cherish ;—not morbid in grief, but accepting all the consolations which were left to her; not narrow in religion, and prone to refuse God's other gifts, but joyfully receiving all,—books, art, music, and, above all, the beauties and pleasures of nature,—as helps, not hindrances, in her path. And thus it came to be, that in her after years, which to many seemed so desolate, as one friend after another passed beyond the veil, while strangers thought her course must indeed be leading her through a thorny and a stony wilderness, it was rather the ascending step by step of a ladder, lighted by an unfailing glow of celestial sunshine, and upon which figures of angels were ascending and descending—forms often well-known and loved—ministering spirits from God.

Well remembered by the few still remaining who shared them, are the peculiar habits of the life in these years at Hurstmonceaux rectory—the late breakfast in the sunny book-lined room, with the scent of the orange-trees and geraniums wafted in through the open doors of the conservatory, the eager discussions over the letters, the vehement declamations over the newspaper, the frequent interpolation of a reading from Coleridge or Wordsworth, the constant interruption from the host of beggars who knew only too well that they were never sent away empty-handed, and who were discovered to have left a secret notice for one another at the entrance-gate that it was not a house to pass by Then Julius Hare would seize his straw hat, and, while composing and meditating, would pace rapidly up and down his favourite walk between the oak-trees, whence he could look across the Level to the sea, against the shining line of which the grey stunted spire of the hill-set church would stand out as if embossed; or sometimes he would saunter leisurely, with his Mia by his side, and visit each growing shrub or opening flower with familiar and fond affection.

Then would come the many hours of writing in his library, ending only as the sun began to set, when he would go forth in the evening dews upon a distant parish walk, returning to dinner at any hour, utterly oblivious of time; and the evenings, filled with interest, in which he would pace the drawing-room in eager talk, snatching a volume every now and then from the bookcase to illustrate what he was saying, or would sit down and translate some German author into fluent English as he read.

"An active parish priest, in the proper sense of the word, Julius Hare never was; not so much, perhaps, by reason of his literary pursuits as of his desultory habits. Constant, regular, vigilant ministrations to the poor, were not his wont, perhaps they were not his call. Nor can he be said, as a general rule, to have accommodated his teaching to his parishioners. Compared with the short and homely addresses of his brother Augustus to the poor of Alton, his long and elaborate discourses will hardly hold their place as models of parochial exhortation, even to more enlightened congregations than those of Hurstmonceaux. But it would be a great mistake to measure his influence on his parish, or his interest in it, by these indications. Coming to Hurstmonceaux as he did—to the scene of his own early years, remembered as a child by the old inhabitants, honoured as the representative of a family long known amongst them—he was, from the first, bound to them and they to him by a link which years always rivet with a strength of which both parties are often unconscious till it is rent asunder. His own knowledge of their history, of their abodes, of their characters, perhaps in great measure from the same cause, was very remarkable; and although his visits to them might be comparatively few, yet theirs to the rectory were constant, the more so because they were always sure to receive a ready welcome. Whatever might be the work in which he was employed, he at once laid it aside at the call of the humblest parishioner, to advise, console, listen, assist. There was that, too, in his manner, in his words, in his voice and countenance, which would not fail to impress even the dullest with a sense of truth, of determination, of uprightness, yet more, with a sense of deep religious feeling, of abhorrence of sin, of love of goodness, of humble dependence on God. Such a feeling transpired in his ordinary conversation with them; it transpired still more in the deep devotion with which he went through the various services of the church. 'If you have never heard Julius Hare read the Communion service,' was the expression of one who had been much struck, as indeed all were, by his mode of reading this especial portion of the Liturgy, 'you do not know what the words of that service contain.' And in his sermons, needlessly long and provokingly inappropriate as they sometimes were, there were from time to time passages so beautiful in themselves, so congenial to the time and place, that Hurstmonceaux may well be proud, as it may well be thankful, to have its name, its scenery, its people associated with thought and language so just and so noble. Who is there that ever has seen the old church of Hurstmonceaux, with its yew-tree and churchyard and view over sea and land, and will not feel that it has received a memorial for ever in the touching allusions to the death of Phillis Hoad, to the grave of Lina Deimling, to the ancient church on the hill-top? Who that has ever heard or read the striking introduction of the stories of Hooker's death, and of the warning of St. Philip Neri, in the sermons on the 'Chariots of God' and on the 'Close of the Year,' will not feel the power and life given to the pastor of the humblest flock by his command of the varied treasures of things new and old, instead of the commonplaces which fill up so many vacant pages of the sermons of an ordinary preacher. Not seldom, thus, a passage of Scripture or an event of sacred history was explained and brought home to the apprehension of his most unlettered hearers, when it seemed to those who listened as if the windows of heaven were opened for a flood of light to come down; and when the purest and most practical lessons of morality were educed with surprising force and attractiveness."*

The spirit by which Julius Hare's ordinary life was animated was essentially a joyous spirit, perhaps it was the very energy of his character which made it so. "His family devotions," wrote his friend Mr. Elliott, "were always large in thanksgiving. He never prayed without thanksgiving; nor without the Lord's Prayer. And it was perhaps that spirit, so abundant in thanksgiving, which gave a charm and a joyousness, an uplifted heart and a kindling eye to the general character of his social life; and which made him so ready to love, and wherever he was known, so beloved."

And this joyousness went forth to nothing so much as to the works of Nature, especially to her smaller works, to the shrubs of his shrubbery, the flowers of his garden, the view from his window. The thoughts which occurred to him here in his home-garden, as he was pacing its walks, were often reflected in his sermons. Thus, in the sermon on the Contagion of Evil:—

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* *Quarterly Review*, cxciii.

"We are utterly unable to bring forth anything, whether in thought or deed, that shall be perfect in the sight of God—as unable as we are to build up a sky with our hands, and to launch a fleet of stars across it. Hereby we betray a secret corruption of our nature, the taint of which spreads through our whole lives. We betray that we have touched the dead body of Sin. Think what an enormous difference there is, in consequence of this fatal touch, between man and the other parts of creation. When a tree is healthy, what a number of leaves does it bring forth, each one perfect in its kind—unless there be some blight, or some nipping blasts, something not in itself, but from without, to injure them. Now, man is made to be lord over the trees; and the lord should of right be better than that he rules. Yet, when will man bring forth good thoughts, and good words, and good deeds, as abundantly as the tree brings forth its leaves? Whereas if man's nature were sound and healthy, surely the lord of the earth, he who was made in the image of God, and was endowed with the mighty, teeming powers of thought and speech, and desire, and affection, and action, ought not to be thus surpassed by creatures without thought or feeling. Or think, again, of the beautiful flowers, each perfect in its kind, which a garden brings forth in spring and summer; and then tell me, where are your flowers which God appointed you to bring forth? Where is their sweetness? Where are the living seeds in them? Nay, what flowers, how many, my brethren, have you brought forth during the last summer? Think well, have you done anything to which you can give so fair a name? If not, can it be right that you alone in the universe should utterly fail in fulfilling God's purpose. Again, what rich ears of corn has this autumn ripened! how full they have been! how heavy the grain! Have our deeds during the last autumn been like those ears of corn? Alas no! none of us can say this of himself. Surely, then, we must all be unclean; for everything we do has a rotting taint of uncleanness."

From the way in which Julius Hare's habits of thought all had their source in what he read, and his constant hourly outpouring of all his opinions and feelings thereon, the great authors both of England and Germany seemed almost more familiar as household inmates during the first years which Maria Hare spent with her brother-in-law, than the persons among whom they visibly dwelt. For Coleridge and Wordsworth especially, his admiration was almost unbounded. Coleridge he had known intimately in his Cambridge life, though after his removal to Hurstmonceaux he scarcely saw him again; but his interest in the man, as well as in his works, was kept up through the medium of his friend John Sterling, and the visits which the latter paid to the poet in his retreat at Highgate. In 1835 he showed his gratitude for all that he considered he had learnt from Coleridge, in a "Vindication," which he published in the *British Magazine*, against accusations which had been brought against both his private and philosophic character; this being the first of a series of vindications which afterwards flowed from his pen. In 1846 his "Mission of the Comforter" was inscribed "To the honoured Memory of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the Christian philosopher, who, through dark and winding paths of speculation was led to the light, in order that others, by his guidance, might reach that light without passing through the darkness, these sermons on the work of the Spirit are dedicated with deep thankfulness and reverence by one of the many pupils whom his writings have helped to discern the sacred concord and unity of human and divine truth."

Even in his sermons, Julius Hare frequently drew his illustrations from the works of Coleridge. Such, in the sermon on "The Shaking of the Nations," is the allusion to the Ancient Mariner.

> "There is a beautiful poem, in which a mariner, having committed a grievous sin, is visited with a terrible punishment; and whereas most poets in such cases would represent the offender as being overtaken with a violent storm, even as Jonah was when he fled from the presence of the Lord, the punishment of the mariner consists in his being becalmed in the midst of the sea, under 'a hot and copper sky,' where no breath was, or motion, until the very sea did rot, and slimy things crawled about upon the slimy sea. This punishment of the mariner is a sort of type of what the state of the world would be, if God did not from time to time shake it."

In the writings of Coleridge, his friend especially honoured the carrying out of what was, in fact, the principle of his own writings, that "there should be a reason not only for every word, but for the position of every word."

"A man," wrote Julius Hare in the "Guesses at Truth," "should love and venerate his native language as the awakener and stirrer of all his thoughts, the frame and mould of his spiritual being, as the great bond and medium of intercourse with his fellows, as the mirror in which he sees his own nature, and without which he could not commune with himself, as the image in which the wisdom of God has chosen to reveal itself to him. He who thus thinks of his native language will never touch it without reverence. Yet his reverence will not withhold, but rather encourage him to do what he can to purify and improve it. Of this duty no Englishman in our times has shown himself so well aware as Coleridge, which is a proof that he possessed some of the most important elements of the philosophical mind." Of the death of Coleridge he wrote :—"The light of his eye is quenched; none shall listen any more to the sweet music of his voice; none shall feel their souls teem and burst, as beneath the breath of spring, while the life-giving words of the poet-philosopher flow over them."

With Wordsworth, "above all men the poet of nature," who had been equally honoured by his brother Augustus, Julius Hare preserved through life an intimate friendship and an occasional correspondence, and to him he dedicated the second edition of the "Guesses at Truth." A copy of his works, old and worn with much reading, was never permitted to be put up in his shelves, but always lay upon the ledge of the book-case, near the door which opened towards the garden, to be snatched up and read in the open-air in any stray moment of refreshment. More than any other author, also, would he read Wordsworth aloud in the evening, his voice telling how his heart followed each line of the poem.

"Wordsworth and Coleridge," he wrote, "came forward in a shallow, hard, and worldly age—an age alien and almost averse from the higher and more strenuous exercises of imagination and thought, as the purifiers and regenerators of poetry and philosophy. It was a great aim, and greatly they both wrought for its accomplishment. Many who are now amongst England's best hope and stay will respond to my thankful acknowledgment of the benefits my heart and mind have received from them both. Many will echo my wish, for the benefit of my country, that their influence may be more and more widely diffused. Many will join in my prayer, that health and strength of mind and body may be granted to them, to complete the noble works which they have in store, so that men may learn more worthily to understand and appreciate what a glorious gift God bestows on a nation, when he gives them a poet."

It was on receiving an unpublished poem of Wordsworth from the hands of Julius Hare, at Hurstmonceaux Rectory, that Landor wrote the lines :—

"Derwent! Winander! your twin poets come
Star-crown'd along with you, nor stand apart.
Wordsworth comes hither, hither Southey comes,
His friend and mine, and every man's who lives,
Or who shall live when days far off have risen.
Here are they with me yet again, here dwell
Among the sages of antiquity,
Under his hospitable roof whose life
Surpasses theirs in strong serenity,
Whose genius walks more humbly, stooping down
From the same heights to cheer the weak of soul
And guide the erring from the tortuous way.
Hail, ye departed! hail, thou later friend,
Julius! but never by my voice invoked
With such an invocation . . . . *hail, and live!*"

In the same month which brought his sister-in-law to live with him, John Sterling came to Julius Hare as a curate, and the next six months were passed by the three in constant intercourse and intimate friendship. "Of that which it was to me personally to have such a fellow-labourer," wrote the rector, "to live constantly in the freest communion with such a friend, I cannot speak. He came to me at a time of heavy affliction, just after I had heard that the brother who had been the sharer of all my thoughts and feelings from my childhood had bid farewell to his earthly life at Rome; and thus he seemed given to me to make up in some sort for him whom I had lost. Almost daily did I look out at his usual hour for coming to me, and watch his tall slender form walking rapidly across the hill in front of my window, with the assurance that he was coming to cheer and brighten, to rouse and stir me, to call me up to some height of feeling, or down into some depths of thought. His lively spirit responding instantaneously to every impulse of nature or of art, his generous ardour in behalf of whatever is noble and true, his scorn of all meanness, of all false pretences and conventional beliefs, softened as it was by compassion for the victims of those besetting sins of a cultivated age, his never-flagging impetuosity in pushing onward to some unattained point of duty or of knowledge, along with his gentle, almost reverential affectionateness towards his former tutor, rendered my intercourse with him an unspeakable blessing; and time after time has it seemed to me that his visit had been like a shower of rain, bringing down freshness and brightness on a dusty roadside hedge. By him, too, the recollection of these our daily meetings was cherished to the last. In a letter to his eldest boy, who was at school, and to whom he used to write daily, about two months before his death, after speaking of various flowers in his garden, especially of some gum-cistuses, he says: 'I think I like them chiefly because I remember a large bush of the kind, close to the greenhouse through which one passed into Mr. Hare's library. The ground used to be all white with the fallen flowers. I have so often stood near it, talking to him, and looking away over the Pevensey Level to the huge old Roman castle, and the sea, and Beachy Head beyond. The thought of the happy hours I have so spent in talking with him is and always will be very pleasant. It is long since I saw him. I have been too ill, and have too much besides upon me to keep up latterly almost any correspondence; but I know that if we meet to-morrow, or to-morrow come a hundred years, it would be as of old, like brothers.'" *

The pleasure with which Sterling's visits were welcomed at the rectory was of short duration. In the following year the failure of his health compelled him to leave Hurstmonceaux, and though he long kept up a correspondence with his friends, especially with Mrs. Hare, they seldom met afterwards.

So few events marked the peaceful first ten years of Maria Hare's widowed life, that it is unnecessary to give any consecutive account of them. The summers were all passed in the quiet of Hurstmonceaux, in devotion to the spiritual and temporal interests of its poor; the winters were spent

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* Life of John Sterling, affixed to his "Essays."

at Stoke Rectory with her father, now in a most patriarchal old age. The impress of the thoughts and interests by which she was surrounded is left in the following gleanings from letters and journals of this time:—

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, July* 16, 1834.—Am I really here? Is this place I look upon—I write from—really Hurstmonceaux? I hardly yet feel it. The shock of leaving Alton, of coming here first, is not yet passed away enough to leave me free to think or know where I am. My Luce, I never yet felt anything like the dead melancholy of my present sense that Alton and its beautiful happiness have passed away for ever. I cannot tell you what the feeling was on arriving here yesterday to know that the seal was set to it, that there remains no more of the past, that all is become new. . . . . Yet I feel strongly how good it is for me to be taken away from such smooth paths, how far too pleasant and self-indulgent a life it would have been to deal with such affectionate and simple people as those, to have had such tender love and gratitude. No; God loves me far too well to endanger keeping my self-loving heart from its onward path, by allowing such earthly happiness, and yet He scatters such blessings around me as may safely be permitted elsewhere.

"On Sunday I gave all the Bibles, covered with black cloth, and made, though with much difficulty, a little exhortation to the Alton children with so precious a gift. I printed in the first page, 'From her dear minister, Rev. A. H.,' and 2 Tim. iii. 14, 15. In the evening, Mr. Kilvert preached in the little church on 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' It was a very striking sermon, and the animating thoughts which it aroused, lifted up my poor drooping spirit from the very, very sad feeling of never again being in that most blessed church—my Augustus's church, and with his people—to the time when the redeemed of the Lord will meet to sing together the praises of the Lamb in the church on high. . . . . In the morning came the leaving the scene of so much love and peace and joy. It was leaving a part of Augustus to leave the rooms we have shared together, that dear garden-walk, those peaceful fields; and though earth has many sorrows, I cannot imagine one heavier than this has been at the time. It is indeed, blessed be God, alleviated mercifully in various ways, or how could one bear it? but the pang is no less there. There is a peace which will never leave me: I have many yet left to love and be loved by, but you know how a severing like this can never be altogether softened down, and now begins the real experience of its painfulness. The first day, I was so worn down I could only, like a wearied child, lie in my Father's hands ready to do or suffer all His will, but yesterday I was able to enjoy part of the journey through a very beautiful country. All the way here from Brighton is ugly enough. . . . . This house is indeed beautiful inside as books, pictures, and busts can make it, and there is a pretty greenhouse. It is not so exposed as I expected; the trees and shrubs are grown up very much. From my window, where I now sit, I look on the church spire, at the top of a bank running in a straight line along the horizon; and on each side of the church, behind it, I see a blue line of sea with a dark speck which I suppose is a ship. It is a view without any picturesque beauty, but one to grow fond of, and, being open, it gives one's eye space to range over. There seem to be some little woody dells near the house that I shall like to explore, and the lawn and flowers are much nicer than I expected. Hereafter how differently I shall look on all this—when time has wearied down the sense of what I have left."

"*July* 29.—I daily feel more and more how exactly this place is suited to me—how fitted at present to restore my inward peace. There is so much time alone, and so much interest of a kind which will take me out of self; and of Julius I cannot tell you all the gentleness and tender affection. I have been for two days with the Penrhyns at Eastbourne, which is the quietest place possible, no smart people, and a magnificent sea. As I sat on the beach till near dark, and watched the waves rolling up and the vessels sailing on in the evening sunlight, how I did think of that bright sun that lights our fragile vessels through a sea often troubled, and will as surely lead them to a haven of peace and rest—that haven where he, my beloved Augustus, is now safe from every storm and wave!"

"Julius's delight at my return was the nearest approach to that affection I so miss, of anything I have met with. I found him in great sorrow at the news of Coleridge's death. I feel too the public loss, as you would if you had read the MSS. I have lately been reading of his—such a rare combination of the highest intellectual and deepest spiritual truth as one seldom sees; but I can only now feel that he is truly one that *never dies*, and think of the joy to his spirit to be set free. There are some letters on the inspiration of Scripture which Mr. Sterling lent me, showing strongly the mischief done to many minds by insisting on the *verbal* inspiration of the historical Scriptures, and making a distinction I never saw before between the revealing word that spoke in the law and by the prophets, from the *assisting Spirit* that kept the other sacred writers from all essential error in their narratives; but with all this there is mingled such a deep spiritual feeling of the *depth* of God's word, such beautiful application of it, and sense of its life and spirit, as only one could have who had drunk deep of the well of living water. This needed not the corroboration afforded me yesterday by a letter Julius showed me written to Anna, who has been most kind in supplying his temporal wants. He expresses in it his thanks for her liberality with the real humility of a Christian, and after describing his bodily infirmities and inward peace, speaks of his deep inward sense of sin against God, and the comfort he could alone find in being able 'to rest *exclusively* on the all-perfect righteousness of his Redeemer and Saviour.' These are his own words, and everything in his letter shows that they are not *words* alone. Mr. Sterling, who feels towards him as towards a father, is gone to attend his funeral."

"*July* 21.—K. is gone now; and you may suppose I feel a loneliness, after having had either her or you with me for so long, in being left alone; but far greater is my sense of thankfulness in having such a comforter as Julius to be my companion and friend. That heavy weight I had on first coming here, has in the last few days been lightened so as to enable me to look once again on the sunny side, and see through the clouds of the present time that ever bright rainbow of promise that can make even this wilderness appear like Eden. Did you think of me as you read that verse on *my* last dear Sunday, and hope that I should fulfil it by 'seeking Him further in the wild, who can turn earth's worst and least into a conqueror's royal feast?' He who has borne me up hitherto will, I doubt not, graciously smooth the rough way and make even the wayside rich in blessings. So at least He seems to purpose for me, and why I should be so crowned with daily mercies I know not."

"*July* 22.—This house is quite perfect, not at all too grand for a parsonage-house, though outside it looks more like a small squire's than a rector's. . . . . Yesterday for the first time I went out with Julius in his new carriage, and saw the old castle, which is very grand and picturesque, and the churchyard, which is one I long to go and sit in, having a magnificent old yew-tree, and a view all around over a great open expanse, bounded on one side by the sea; just where you and I shall love to spend hours together reading and talking over all those heavenly joys on the *other* side of the grave, that many of those sleeping beneath the sod are now enjoying. The lanes leading to the church are very pretty. But my greatest pleasure has been in looking at the many cottages, and thinking how much work there would be for me, and hoping that, amidst all the people, there would be some found who would rejoice in hearing the glad tidings. I like this rectory more daily, and the peep at the sea is a great delight to me. When it is blue, very blue, it reminds me so of the dear Mediterranean, and I do so wish there was no France between, that it rolled on straight from here to Italy. The little specks of white glittering in the sun are a constant interest, and last night a silver moon was reflected along the whole line.

"*August* 18.—I have been reading, and with quite a new delight, the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I love to think that like Christiana I am treading along the same path my Christian has trod before, and it cheers many a weary hour to think of the shining ones awaiting on the other side of the river, ready at the King's call to lead one through the same gate. As my bodily health declines, for it does decline, and as time goes on, I feel more strongly how entirely *crushed* my this world's happiness is. I can scarcely bear to think of Rome, dear Rome, and my dear precious Alton is indeed now become a paradise not of this world. I hear people talk of *summer*, and wonder what they mean, it is so unlike any summer I ever lived through before. Even when it is hottest and brightest, all looks to me dead and cheerless, and everything wears an aspect so utterly changed, that I can hardly believe, it is quite an effort of the reason which tells me, that it is the same earth which twelve months ago was so full of life and enjoyment to me.

"Julius's and Mr. Sterling's tenderness are enough to spoil one. Mr. Sterling has brought me a most exquisite little book of Peter Sterry—'The Kingdom of God in the Soul of Man;'.... but there are many days when nothing but the *one* Book will satisfy, and I get on very slowly with anything else. I feel persuaded the more we leave that as our chief food, the more we become unspiritualised, and perhaps this is the reason so many real Christians in these days of religious books are so little spiritual."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*July*, 1834.—No one can now keep side by side with you through every pang and recollection as I can. I cannot tell you how constantly I feel, and the more now I am a member of his family, that his absence leaves a gap which no one else can fill—as peacemaker, as one whom all (however they might disagree in other things) agreed in loving. My own Mia, I am very sure you are more blessed in the memory of such a husband and companion than any one, even the happiest one could name..... I now feel as if Alton had passed away, but shall always have the picture of it in my mind, just as it was. I look upon you now, my Mia, with a very peculiar feeling, as if a portion of your being were dwelling with him, in the world whither he is gone, and yet another portion were left among us, to cheer and encourage, to animate us on our way. If he whom I so dearly loved has left a vacancy in my life, which I feel *nothing* can ever fill up, you, whom I have equally loved, have added a joy such as I have never felt. When I think of *you*, it is like an Amen to the Bible, to the truth and certainty of all its blessed promises—as your strength has

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been, so I dare to hope mine would be, for in every hour that passes, my heart's true expression is, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee?'"

"*July* 22, 1834.—You know too well how I rejoiced in your happiness not to know *how* I sorrow with you, but I strive now, with, and for you, to look onward; from the moment you left Alton I felt this. You are no longer indeed to work in that blessed spot, but God has yet *other* work for you to do, and though He has taken to Himself the one beloved companion, and sent you forth into the world alone, the same Saviour and Comforter is watching over *both*, and not in your best happiness at Alton did I think of you as *one* so restingly, so surely, so for eternity united as now. You have indeed suffered, but it has been, it is, but for *awhile*, the branch has been purged, but it is only that it may bring forth more fruit; if the blessedness of this life has been denied to you, it has been but to unveil more clearly the far higher joys of the one where you and he are to serve your God for ever. Yet a very little while, my own Mia, and we shall all be there, and this world can never be joyless as long as our eye is fixed on *Him*."

"*August* 12, 1834.—One of the Guesses which has lately been much in my thoughts is, 'A man does harm to others by his *actions*, to himself by his *thoughts*.' How often at the close of a day, all outwardly fair and harmless, those around might say, 'how good;' one's own heart, 'how bad:' the Christian life is so very tender, a thought, a bad feeling only momentarily let in, lonely moments neglected, prayers put off, human praise delighted in, self promoted while apparently kept down. 'To walk with God' is a mystery, a mere form of words, to the, as yet, unfighting Christian, but when once the warfare is begun, the unending conflict here between grace and sin commenced, how clear, how expressive they are; we cannot walk with *Him* if there is a single point at variance, our will must be *His*, our spirit *His*."

"*Corsley*, *Aug.* 13.—Sometimes when I am looking on these soft downs, and walking with Marcus round this lovely spot, I seem as in a dream, and I think, 'Is it to me that this is given?' I have a very peculiar feeling, I cannot describe it to you, as if my earthly happiness had risen out of the ashes of yours. . . . . How the corn-fields always bring Alton to my mind."

"*Sept.* 24.—I need not tell you the chastened, mingled feelings of this day, or how near I have felt to you throughout it. When Marcus was recounting over the mercies of the past year, those kinds of mercies and loving-kindnesses which do seem to make the heart overflow, a tear fell down his face, as he half whispered, I was thinking of the dear, dear Aug., and we both felt how so vast a *something* seemed wanting in the absence and silence of that warm angel-sympathy which would have made that day so doubly blessed had Alton been what it was. Still the mutual feeling was, dearest Mia, or poor, poor Mia, as Marcus always says when feeling most what you have lost, but happy, *most* happy Augustus."

M. H. *to* L. A. H. (on the first anniversary of her marriage).

"*Hurstmonceaux*, *Sept.* 24, 1834.—Shall such a day as this pass unnoticed, dearest Luce? Do I not too well know what the 2nd of June was; do I not too deeply feel what thankfulness I owe my Father in heaven for the blessing He gave me on this day to let it go by without an outward expression to you, no less than a fervent prayer to Him of all I feel and think. Oh! may the union thus begun be one not for time but for eternity; as your affection one towards the other grows and deepens, may your earthly marriage be but the type of that heavenly one, when clothed, not in your own garments, but in the fine linen of Christ's spotless righteousness, and adorned in the bridal jewels of love and holiness, you may both, at your several calls to meet the Bridegroom, be found ready with oil in your lamps, and the water which filled your frail earthly vessels turned into wine by the Saviour's power and love. Oh! how deep will be your thankfulness this day, and how your joy will be mixed with awful seriousness in the feeling that he who so richly shared your last year's happiness, to whom this day was a consummation so earnestly desired of earthly wishes, is now transferred from grace to glory, and, in the kingdom of the blessed Jesus, is amid the saints rejoicing tenfold in the hope that the joy he is now realising, may, through your means, be brought home to others. There are moments when 'the sweetness of the stream' does give me such a foretaste of what 'the fountain' must be, that I can only adore and bless my God that my beloved is now tasting all the joy and bliss unsullied by the alloy inseparable from earthly weakness and infirmity; and the thought of his former presence and my present solitude is insufficient to chill the thankfulness of my heart. Dearest Luce, our lots through life have been strangely interwoven, and this day which made your earthly happiness, gave me my earthly comforters. We are so apt to take as our natural portion that which God in his infinite loving-kindness pours down upon us, that I do not now, nor shall I perhaps ever till faith is changed into sight, know all that I have owed of blessing and comfort to you and Marcus. . . . We are travelling on together through the same wilderness, and yet the promised land is even now open to us: the desert is even now turned into the garden of Eden; the rose blossoms even though its thorns are not all yet broken off, and the ransomed can even now find joy

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and gladness although all sorrow and all sighing is not yet at an end."

M. H. (MS. NOTE-BOOK).

"*July*, 1834.—O Lord God Almighty, Father of Mercies and God of all Comfort, look down, I pray Thee, upon thine unworthy servant, who is weary and heavy laden, and pour upon her the riches of Thy consolation. Thou canst heal the broken-hearted, Thou canst comfort those who mourn; be with me, my Lord and my God, to uphold and strengthen me. Give me patience to run the race Thou hast set before me, and faith to look upon the joys unseen, that I may count this my sorrow light, when compared with the glory to come. O Lord Jesus, Thou didst leave Thy home of glory, and take our nature, and become a Man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, that we might live with Thee: conform me to Thy likeness, that having suffered with Thee here, I may be with Thee for ever. Thou hast redeemed us from the punishment of sin, oh redeem my soul from its bondage, that I may be free to live henceforth, not for myself but for Thee: that I may daily crucify my own will, and give up my whole heart, my whole mind and soul and strength to Thy service and Thy glory. Help me to put away self, and to remember that this life is not given for my ease, my enjoyment. It is a schooling time for the eternal home Thou hast prepared for those who love Thee. Keep my eye steadily fixed on that haven of rest and peace, that I may not faint nor be weary from the length of the way, but may strive to walk worthy of my high calling in all meekness and lowliness of heart, continually pressing on in faith and love to greater fruits of holiness, that Thou mayst be glorified. I desire to bless, to adore, to magnify Thy name for all the great benefits Thou heapest on me daily, for all the riches of Thy grace which Thou hast made known to me, and for all the comfort with which Thou hast comforted me. I am unworthy of the least of these mercies, but Thou knowest our frame, that though the spirit be willing, the flesh is weak, and Thou wilt mercifully renew my strength, that I mount up as with eagle's wings, and Thou wilt fill my cruse of oil, that so to the end I may hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope. O Lord, my earthly home has passed away, the joy of my heart is removed from sight. I have it may be a long pilgrimage before me; but in Thy sight a thousand years are but as one day, and Thou canst so fill my soul with an abiding sense of Thy presence and longing for Thy glory that I can feel length of years as a passing shadow, if I may but do Thy will and promote Thy glory. And after that I have suffered awhile, when I am strengthened, stablished, settled in Thy love, when I have done all the work Thou hast for me to do, do Thou, O gracious God, be with me to guide me through the valley of the shadow of death, and in Thine own good time free me from this earthly tabernacle, and take me to dwell with Thee, O Holy Father, Son and Holy Ghost, with all the company of angels and archangels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, that with him I have loved on earth I may join in singing eternal hallelujahs to the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, July* 11, 1834.— . . . *You* know too well my exceeding love for Alton, the very bright and beautiful happiness God granted me for five years in that home of peace and love, not to enter into the wrench it has been to be severed for ever from a place endeared by such recollections. It did indeed seem as if the last tie on earth was rooted up, and all connection with him I loved better than life torn away, when I drove away from that most beloved spot; and now that I am arrived here, and feel a seal as it were put upon the reality that former things are passed away and all things become new, it does weigh me down very heavily at times with the sense of my changed life. I would not have you think of me as better than I am, and look on my faith as other than it is, often weak and sensitive to outward hindrances. I *know* in whom I trust; and it is a special comfort to be *sure*, as every Christian may, that though our Father may see fit that His children should be at times left without the support of His countenance, and feel all the weight of earthly sorrow, it is only for a time, and to give a deeper sense of dependence on that love which will assuredly be poured out on all who seek it, and which can make the wilderness of this world like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. It was not the excitement of the moment, it was an enduring reality—that which I felt so strongly in that dear church on Sunday evening, when in the overpowering sense of parting for ever with that house of God where *he* had delivered the good tidings, where we had knelt together Sunday after Sunday in the congregation of our affectionate people, and where we had shared together the food of heaven—it was not, blessed be God, only the effect of Mr. Kilvert's words that lifted me up from God's earthly tabernacle,—then one could not hope to feel the same when the means are taken away,—but it is to the loving-kindness of Him who wept over the grave of Lazarus, that the poor widow looks and knows the time will come, when those who have loved their Saviour and joined in communion with Him in His house of prayer on earth, will with 'His redeemed return and come with singing unto Zion, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.' If there were no other words of comfort in the whole Bible, surely these *ought* to make all suffering seem light, with the additional promise that not only sorrow shall be done away, but everlasting joy shall be on our heads. If a thousand years in God's eyes seem nothing compared with this weight of glory, why is it that we count ten, twenty, thirty years so endless a time? Rather let us feel how all too short it is for us to show our sense of His boundless love towards us, if by enduring all things in the strength that He Himself gives, we can in any—even the least way—prove our love to Him. You, my dear friend, may never, I trust, be called upon to bear a cross so heavy as mine; but a cross you must bear if you would be Christ's disciple, and the cross of daily self-denial, of daily forbearance towards others, of daily sacrifice of your own pleasure, your own ease, even your own desire of doing your Master's work, will come back to your own soul, be assured, with tenfold greater blessing than the best sermon you ever hear, or the kindest friends, or the most useful books. There must first be *life* in the soul as well as in the limbs, but when that is awakened, it is exercise that will invigorate the graces of the one, as it does the power of the other, and the more trial there is, the more you will be drawn into conformity to Him who was perfected through suffering.

"I am fully sensible myself of the love God has shown to my soul by every trial He has sent, and I trust that from the present weight of sorrow I may with thankfulness yield that fruit He meaneth to draw from the branch he has purged. . . . I have much to say to my dear friends, but it must wait till I write again, I will only now send my kindest love to all who ask after me, and bid them not forget to pray that God will hear the cry of those in tears, and give them peace and comfort."

M. H. *to* REV. R. KILVERT.

"*Hurstmonceaux, August* 15, 1834.—I am so weak I have been forced to give up visiting my only two poor acquaintances here. I regret it very much for one of them whose days are numbered. She suffers greatly and with much patience, and it has been a great delight to me to speak to her of the glad tidings, and now He who has in some degree opened her heart, can open it still further, and pour in the balm without my feeble help. The last time I went I asked what she would say if in prison and condemned to death, I came and said I would die for her, and the Judge would pardon her. Her eyes filled with tears, 'Oh, ma'am, what should I do?'—'I will tell you, you would feel such love and thankfulness you could not do enough for me.'—'Oh, that I should indeed.' It was easy to see how she believed what I said, because she saw and heard me, and that she did not believe what Jesus said, because she did not see and hear Him. And is it not wonderful that we should *not* believe? I sometimes think it *is* passing belief that the Lord of Heaven and earth should come down and become a carpenter's son, without a home, and be mocked and scourged, and crucified for *me*. A thousand years of life could not show my thankfulness; and yet, when I am very weak, a glow of pleasure comes over me to think that in a few years perhaps this poor cage will be worn out and the day's toil be over, so impatient is my weak heart under His will. And yet I long too to live and help others on, so far as lies in my power, to like *precious* faith."

The one drop wanting in the cup of married happiness at Alton had been that no child had been given, and as his earthly life was fading, Augustus Hare had grieved that his Mia should not have this interest left to comfort and solace her. In the solitary hours of her long return journey it had occurred to her as just possible that her brother-in-law Francis and his wife might be induced to give up their youngest child, Augustus, born at the Villa Strozzi, in the first weeks of her sorrow, and to whom she had been godmother. When she was established at Hurstmonceaux rectory, she determined to make the attempt, and was almost as much surprised as rejoiced by the glad acquiescence her proposal met with. She stipulated that the child should henceforward be hers and hers only, in every sense of the word, and that it should be brought up to consider all her family as its relations, as near—or nearer than those who were related to it by blood. But no opposition was made to her wishes, and it was promised that the child should be sent to her in the following summer, when it would be fifteen months old.

How happy this adopted relationship of mother and son became in after years—how close their union, how filled with every blessing to the child who in heart was more than her own, who shared her every interest, her every thought—none but those who had a part in their daily life can tell.

M. H. *to* Mrs. Hare.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, July* 22, 1834.— . . . . I have had much to go through since we returned to England, and the last and heaviest pang of all, that of returning to the dear home I loved so much, and of leaving it for ever, has been very difficult to bear. God, however, has strengthened me through this suffering, and in many ways it has been softened to me. Especially comforting was the affectionate sympathy of all our poor people at Alton. They have all united to put up a tablet in the church expressive of their love and gratitude, and neither the poorest nor the youngest person in the parish would be excluded from offering his mite—one old man came two hours before the time appointed, with his sixpence, for fear of being too late. My sister was with me all the time of my stay, and came with me here last week. She is now returned into Cheshire, and I have taken up my abode here for three or four months. Julius's kind and gentle attentions are most soothing to me, and, when I am strong enough, the helping him in his parish duties will be the greatest interest I can find. He seems to have got an admirable curate in Mr. Sterling, but as they are both quite inexperienced in such matters, I hope even my little mite of experience may sometimes be of use. This house is most comfortable, and, by the kindness of his friends, Julius has been enabled to furnish it very well and suitably. In books and pictures he is very rich. . . . . And now, my dear Anne, I have a great request to make, and one that if you think it very unreasonable you must forgive. Do you think that I could prevail upon you and Francis to consent to part with your little Augustus, and to give him up to me? I am aware that it is a bold petition, and if you had not so many to provide for, I should not think of making it; but, as it is, I have thought that if you could be induced to such a sacrifice, it would be such a very great delight and interest to me, to have that little child to rear up and love, that life would again seem to be worth having in its prospect. . . . . All I ask is, that you will take my proposition into consideration, and give it a patient hearing. Should you be disposed to accede to it, my own earnest request would be to have your little babe as soon after it is weaned as it could bear the journey, and as any opportunity should occur of its coming to England. I think that you would thus feel less in parting with it, and that it would become doubly endeared to me by having the care of its childhood."

"*Sept.* 30.—It gave me more pleasure than anything else in this world could give me, to hear that you and Francis were favourably disposed toward my request, and that I might look forward to having your little Augustus for my own. Your wishes that I should reconsider the desire I had expressed are very kind and considerate, and in many cases there would be justice in them: in my case I feel there is a difference—which you who knew us comparatively little could hardly be expected to enter into—from common separations of the same kind; and though in the course of time the acutenesss of the pain will no doubt be worn down, the severing of a bond so very close can never be otherwise than deeply felt, till the time comes when the separation will end, and though he cannot return to me, I may, through the mercy of God, be permitted to rejoin him. In looking forward to that time, and pressing on in the way he went, I have constant peace and comfort, and the hope of having a dear little child to share my otherwise solitary home, makes the future look far less dreary than it would naturally do. I rejoice to hear that you are likely to be in Switzerland, and that I may hope to have my precious charge sent to me next summer, when I shall hope to be established in a house of my own in this parish, and to become a *deaconess* under Julius and Mr. Sterling."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Sept.* 1.—I had not much fear of what Mrs. Hare's answer would be, but am glad indeed it is so decisive of their feelings. Julius and I had already looked forward to the possible destiny of that little child, altogether forming such a beautiful link in the chain of interest at Hurstmonceaux, such an additional tie there; and if not for that, there is the more certain future to bring him up to and for, and it does make me think with far greater pleasure of the cottage, that almost as soon as you are settled he will come, that he will begin his new life there with you.

"Your description of your own state of mind seems to me the very thing that one looks to as *the* state in another world—*the* sort of enjoyment of knowledge, beauty, everything; such it must be in species, however inferior in degree. I believe the best thing for you just now would be, if you had bodily strength, to do some mechanical work, which would a little take off the ferment of thought you speak of—doing nothing you *cannot*. The simplest and easiest mechanical occupation would hinder the machine inside from going too fast."

M. H. *to* REV. R. KILVERT.

"*Sept.* 25, 1834.—Your meditation on the offices of the Redeemer came peculiarly home to me, as I had been not long before thinking a good deal on the type of His High Priesthood in Melchizedek: the *tithes* offered to him in the name of the faithful by Abraham seeming to present an especially useful lesson for all believers, as also the bread and wine with which he refreshed and blest his servant affords much spiritual comfort in the sure and certain hope of such nourishment being derived from our blessed High Priest in the Sacrament of His supper. . . . . But when I particularise this source of comfort, I feel I am doing injustice to those varied and hidden riches of secret places that day by day are springing up and furnishing me with fresh consolation and encouragement—opening new glimpses of the mercy of my God and Saviour, and urging me on with new zeal to help forward others in a way of such exceeding gladness. Though much tried by pain and the irritability of great physical nervousness, I have been constantly blest in the inner man, and can most truly testify to the truth of Cowper's words, 'Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love, she communes with her God.' And this most graciously permitted foretaste of Heaven does lead one from 'the sweetness of the stream' to think so highly of the 'Fountain,' that scarcely a regret can at such times be felt—let me rather say it is changed into a thankful joy—in thinking of those who are now freed from earthly weakness and infirmity, and rejoicing with the Lamb that was slain. Happy it is for us, for us poor, weak mortals, that sin and self are opened to our view at the same time with heavenly hopes, or we should soon learn to fancy some self-earned merit in the free and undeserved bounties of our God."

M. H.'s NOTE-BOOK.

"*Sept.*, 1834.—It often seems to me as if my own spiritual experience afforded a clue to the varying opinions and theories of others; formed as they usually are on *one* state of feeling, and not on the many states through which a Christian has to pass.

"At Rome, when I had so felt the real weight of sin, that I could not hope for eternal happiness from any good works of my own, and had sought and obtained peace through faith in Christ's all-sufficient sacrifice and merits, then followed a complete renunciation of self into God's hands. It seemed for a time as if self was swallowed up in the contemplation of eternity and the assurance of the inheritance bought for me by Jesus. All the rubbish of earthly-mindedness seemed swept away, and I lay, as it were, quite passive for the actings of God's spirit. Thoughts of God were the first to spring up in the morning; my heart waited not for my head to teach it how to pray, but was lifted up unconsciously and without effort in words of prayer and praise. The looking to Jesus as my Saviour, though before the all-prevailing and influential source of love and gratitude, seemed now for a season to be lost in the adoration of God Himself, and the operation of His Spirit on my soul, sometimes felt almost sensibly in an indescribable communion with Him who is '*in us* all," became more exclusively the object of my thoughts. In prayer I felt most strongly that God was *in me*, that I no longer had to search for Him out of self; His temple was my heart. I knew nothing then of mysticism; I had never read a word of that school of theology: but I sometimes thought within myself this must be very much what the *Quakers* feel. There was then no temptation to try me; I was abstracted from the world, lived in a complete atmosphere of spiritual and heavenly thoughts, and sin seemed to be completely dead. But this was not to last—my peaceful, uninterrupted heaven on earth—my Roman solitude—ended. The journey, with all its trials of fatigue, illness, sorrow, the having again to do with my fellows, soon showed me that sin, though lulled asleep for awhile, was not dead, and, of course, the near view of heavenly things I had obtained, quickened the mind to detect the least falling away from the perfect union of my will with God's, that for a time seemed to have been allowed. Then frequent, painful experience of the continued, though subdued power, that self retained, brought me again to feel the blessedness of the Saviour's love and righteousness, to feel the comfort of the forgiveness He had bought, and the sure dependence I might place on *His* perfect goodness in the sight of God, as a rock never to be moved, while my sanctification must ever be imperfect, and if the sole ground of hope for justification, must be unstable.

"So, as it seems to me, is it that there is a *germ* of truth contained in Quakerism, Mysticism, and even the enlarged Unitarian notion of the Godhead. . . . but all equally fail in not being adapted to the corruption of the outward world, wherein, without becoming hermits, temptation to evil is unavoidable, and corruption in the heart—which, though rendered in the regenerate *subordinate* to the love of

God—is not rooted out. So that without continual beholding of God in Jesus Christ, we shall grow cold in love; without looking to Him as our justification, we shall become faint in hope; and without making Him our example, we shall come short in holiness."

"*Nov.* 1.—When from outward circumstances or inward temperament, the Bible is the main food of my mind through the day, and all other supply of intellectual nourishment is only the garnish, as it were, to this chief dish; or, to borrow an image from music, when God's word is the air, and man's word only the accompaniment, my soul is kept in perfect peace; it feels as if all were in its right place and fitting proportion. When, on the contrary, from hindrances from without or within, this is not so, and the wisdom of man is most prominently brought before me, and that of God thrown into the distance, I feel ill at ease, and my mind seems tossed to and fro without stay or peace.

"Nervous sympathy with others greatly adds to the difficulty of maintaining a firm position when with those who feel differently; but perhaps this too may, by prayer and watching and self-denial, be conquered through His power, who is able to *subdue* all things to Himself. I have not yet *resisted unto blood.* What must have been the struggle, the fight of the divine against the human nature which went thus far!"

"To the natural man, Time is the substance, Eternity the shadow; to the spiritual man, Eternity is the substance, Time the shadow."

"The difference of touch between a sensitive and nervous woman and a rough ploughboy, is much that which there is in being with or without a thick gardening glove. Many people seem to have a glove upon their minds, and to feel nothing but the broadest and most general outlines of a thing."

"It would be as unwholesome for the mind to feed only on Scripture, as it would be for the body to be restricted entirely to bread or to meat. There are diseases of the body which require for a time the simple diet of *one* kind of food; and so the mind, under peculiar trials or temptations, needs only divine truths to nourish and strengthen it, and would not be able to digest other spiritual food. But this is not the healthy and healthful state of either body or mind. The variety of powers in both require a variety of nourishment, that no one power may go without its fitting support, and that all may be invigorated and strengthened together."

"The worldling's motto is Self-indulgence; the Christian's is Self-denial."

"In God's kingdom we cannot remain on neutral ground; those who are not *for* are *against*. But there are many who appear to man's eyes to stand neutral, because he cannot discern whether the seed within is ripening into life, or withering away to death."

"The soul that has once enjoyed the light of God's countenance could no more disbelieve, though it were never to be permitted to see it again, than the existence of the sun could be doubted, though perpetual clouds were to obscure it."

"Gleams of sunshine often light up the distant landscape, while the sky over our heads is covered with clouds: so is the reflected light of Christ's righteousness often seen in the members of His body, while the Sun of glory Himself is hid from view; and by those who have never beheld His face, the light which beams on His servants is ascribed to their own nature, and not recognised as a borrowed light."

"When the new man is 'put on,' the old man is not, alas, put *off;* it is only put *under.*"

"No anthropomorphism in the New Testament? Is not the very essence of it contained in the manifestation of the Incarnate God in the form of a servant—the Word made flesh—seen—heard—handled—carried up into heaven—there sitting at the right hand of God the Father?

"The Trinity in Unity is revealed in the Old Testament; the division of persons in the New.

"They follow two lines—Theology as a *science,* and Religion as a personal way to salvation."

"The natural conscience can discern a difference between right and wrong abstractedly, but when unrenewed by divine grace, there is no struggle against the wrong when evil is present to the mind; whereas the new man feels the sin warring within him at the time of its greatest influence, and strives to overcome it and gain the victory."

"Christ tells us that the way of life is narrow, and that few find it. But we are commonly told that it is very uncharitable to suppose that any but decided malefactors will not enter heaven. How wide, then, must be the way, and how many find it!"

"The man of the world comes to me and talks of the comfort I must find in *Religion:* that God will strengthen me, perhaps. It is an abstract assertion, quite true indeed, but could give me no comfort in itself. The Christian talks to me of God's love in Christ, and we dwell on the Saviour's love till our hearts burn within us, and till the full depth of present suffering seems light in comparison of the glory to come. The one looks as a spectator on a scene in which he bears no part, the other as a fellow-actor in a reality of which he is sharing both the joy and the trials."

"'We walk by faith, not by sight.' In these days we walk by *sight*, not by *faith*. In all our dealings with each other this is evidently the case: a reason must be given, a proof shown of every act and every opinion; it must be *demonstrated* to us that our friend is right in a tangible form, by some actual experience, before we will take it for granted. Again, in education, the appeal is made to the senses, not to the reasoning powers: a child is taught numbers not by an act of the mind, but by perception of the eye."

"We feel opprest when kindness after kindness is poured in upon us by man, and no opportunity presents itself of rendering any return. Would that we were equally moved by receiving benefits from God, and yielding him no token of thanks."

"The poor copies of Christ's life which are presented to us even in the lives of the most sincere Christians, resemble the copies of good pictures made by little children. The proportions are all faulty, and the colours do not blend together. There is a likeness, but so imperfect a one, that we must not take pattern by the copy, but ascend up to the original and study its every feature, there, where alone it is perfect."

"It is much easier to catch hold of and imitate the infirmities attendant on the virtues of others, than to follow the simple grace itself; and often the two are so closely associated in our minds that we cannot distinguish them."

"The same pencil is hard upon one paper, and soft upon another. How is this? Does the pencil change? We see clearly here how the effect varies according to the substance on which the pencil acts. And equally certain is it that the seed, which is the Word of God, though unchangeable in its own nature, produces different results, according to the soil of the heart into which it falls. Yet many seem to think only one impression can be produced, and that all others must be wholly false.

"It is as if one ray of the sun alone were the real one, and all other rays a delusion. Truly, God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts. How wondrous are the riches and variety of His works and ways."

"I should like to add a word to one of the petitions in the Litany, saying, 'Forgive us our sins, negligences, ignorances, and *prejudices*.' How many wrong thoughts of others, false estimates of things, and self-delusions, are the result of prejudices formed hastily, or from some bias of feeling, from drawing conclusions on insufficient knowledge, or too great confidence in our own judgment."

"Some good people seem to think that because self-sacrifice is a noble thing, everything in which self is sacrificed must be good and right. But our views of sacrifice, like all others, are often dim and confused. Sometimes self is sacrificed most where it may appear to be giving up least, and sacrificed least when it seems to be giving up most."

"In the Prayer Book we speak to God, in the Bible God speaks to us; yet in these days how many exalt the one to an equality with the other, who would cry out if accused of making the voice of man of equal authority with that of God."

"In old days there was a simple and plain notion of *duty* which was instilled into children, and acted on by men. Nowadays every such act is considered in the light of a sacrifice, and acquires thereby insensibly the garb of a merit, so that if it is not fully recognised, or is fruitless, there is disappointment and a feeling of having made the sacrifice in vain.

"Those who make these sacrifices are held up to admiration and praise, while such as do not appear thus to give up anything for others are looked upon as selfish and worldly. But in this, as in all other things, Satan is busy to intermeddle and deceive. Often, in the unobserved, silent performance of duty, which is felt to be the natural and proper element of life, where no thought of a self to be given up has place, and no alternative of self-pleasing comes into the mind, more of the real spirit of Christ dwells, and the fruit of peace is more visible, where nothing is expected, no disappointment felt."

M. H. *to* MISS MILLER.

"*Hurstmonceaux*, *August* 5, 1834.— . . . I feel ambitious for you, my friend, that you should become *altogether* a Christian, and if, through means of my own experience, I can help you on, I shall be very grateful. There are many things I should like to say to you, because I know well there are many in which you may, out of the very warmth of your heart and earnestness to do right, need counsel. One of these is that in these days when there is much profession, and a great *talk* of godliness, one should bear in mind that, as far as others are concerned, *consistency* is the great and most prevailing means in our power of showing forth that there is *truth* in what we believe. The great scandal and offence of the cross of Christ is not *always* to be attributed to its own self-denying principle, though *that* is doubtless the chief stumbling-block, but often the faithful and zealous servants of Christ add their own offence by showing forth only a *part* of their Master's doctrine. Many, who have a full and a true view of what Christ has done for them, rest satisfied with love to the *Crucified*, without seeking to follow the *example*. It is in this way, I think, Dissenters often err, and that I feel our own Church follows more closely what is Christian truth; that without dwelling on one part to the exclusion of another, without bringing one doctrine forward and keeping others back, it takes that full and complete view of the whole that one meets with so perfectly in God's word, and so seldom in man's. It is that union of the principle of utter self-abasement and dependence on Christ alone, and the fruits of that principle shown forth by sanctification of the inner man growing more and more as the believer goes on from strength to strength. . . . And do not turn from the supposition that you may be of use to others. Remember our Lord's disciples had but five loaves and two fishes, and yet His blessing converted those small means into food for four thousand people; and so will He bless all, even the very least of our services, if consecrated to His glory, and not as, alas! they so often are, to *our own*. You, in your class of life, just as effectually as I in mine, may render to the Lord your humble attempts to win others to His service. Do not look for means of serving him *out* of the situation He has placed you in, but look for them *in it*, and you will not be at a loss to find plenty of occasions to prove that you are desirous of being indeed counted His child. . . . If you are in any difficulty, think of Christian's Roll—there he found his guide, and you will find yours, and the same weapon of *All-prayer* which he used, must be yours too. . . . . I can only, in conclusion, commend you to His almighty care, who can sanctify you, body, soul, and spirit, and make you a temple fit for Himself. Lean on him and not on yourself, and look from your own imperfect and spotted holiness to the blessed Jesus, till you become likened to His image, and conformed to the mind that was in Him. To Him let every thought and word and deed be consecrated, and He will pour upon you of His peace and consolation."

L. A. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*Hurstmonceaux, Nov.* 25, 1834.—You will be as glad to hear from me from this place as I am to write to you from it. I am more satisfied about Maria since I came. She is very weak, but she looks so well, so bright, so cheerful, I cannot think there is anything materially wrong; but we must wait for time to restore strength to a frame which has been so much shaken. She lies on the sofa all day, and Julius watches over her with the tender care of a mother over a darling child. You may guess how much we talk, how happy we are again together. It is like a dream being here, the spot which in our earlier visions was to be the *Alton*. It is a bleak-looking country, but not ugly even at this season; and there is something very beautiful and peaceful in the church and churchyard standing on the hill overlooking the wide campagna, with the sea beyond. I have been over the castle, and been shown the scenes of many of Marcus's early plays and recollections. This house is beautiful with books and pictures, and the bright conservatory communicating with the drawing-room and study. Maria lies in the former, with Bunsen's perfect bust opposite, and *the* Raphael on her right. I have driven past her home that is to be; it stands very conveniently f e-
church and school, and many cottages near, and or my
good open fields and walks to the back, and a w d in His
view. Julius and Mr. Sterling have been v me such a
lishing a Sunday-school, and you would ha for me, to do
to see the teachers—all grown men, labor faithful in His
ng His glory and

giving their whole hearts to the work; they come voluntarily, for no pay, and attend regularly."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Stoke, Dec.* 15, 1834.—Here I am once more in my father's house. The first two days I seemed to see Augustus's vacant chair, and hear his voice in every room. When I open my Bible I can hardly turn to any part but those chapters of St. John we read in Greek together. When I look out on the well-known view I can hardly give you any idea of the degree in which it appears to me as a *picture* of past days, a scene seen through a glass, with which I have no connection, and which has no reality. It gives me no pain; and I look on Hodnet Rectory and the Hawkestone Woods with a deadened feeling of consciousness that all has passed away that once gave them life, but with scarcely any feeling that I am a sufferer by it. . . . . The prevailing feeling I have at present is always not how much I have suffered, but what shall I render to God for all the exceeding mercies with which he has loaded me."

"*Jan.* 17, 1835.—My dear Luce, this was the day we reached Rome: how different from this one! I look out now on a snowy world, and feel myself within a poor and solitary Mia, whose happiness would be for ever gone had not God of his exceeding mercy given me to prefer Jerusalem above my chief joy—yes, even above my Augustus—my Alton. Then, how I suffered from the heat, from the anxiety, hourly increasing anxiety; but the end and hope of urney was before us. At the extremity of the plain St. Peter's, and recollections of the eternal city ed up in the sight of Augustus's birthplace, in restoration—alas! in how little anticipation flight. Every day, every hour of the next before me as vividly as if it were yester-

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day; but it is only to make me bow with deeper thankfulness, and more entire submission to Him who has so led me through the deep waters without allowing them to overwhelm me. You will easily guess that now, when we are the original Stoke trio once more, when I have no outward thing to hide from me the bare reality of *his* absence, I feel more sensibly than I have ever yet done that on this earth I am alone; and yet never did I feel more truly that I am *not* alone, since Emmanuel himself, 'God with us,' has been made known to me in all His power."

"*Feb.* 21.—'In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the *angel of His presence* saved them: in His *love* and His *pity* He redeemed them, and bare them all the days of old.' These words were my comforters on the 18th, the words with which I strove to cast off the strong and painful recollection of the last struggles of a departing spirit, and look up to Him who then in that hour of first desolation, no less than through a whole widowed year, has 'looked down on me and had compassion.' . . . . It is so blessed a privilege to *roll* all one's cares over on God, to know that He will watch over those that love Him, that not one drop will be added to the cup beyond what is good and wholesome. My song of praise on that first morning of my widowhood (Ps. cxviii. 14 to the end) has been truly mine through this year. May I be graciously permitted to sing it with increasing earnestness, to feel the 'Head Stone of the corner' more and more truly my refuge and dependence, till I may sing it in the heavenly Jerusalem with him who is now rejoicing in all the fulness of joy. You need not fear for my health: I am creeping on by very slow degrees, and in His own good time my Heavenly Father will give me such a portion of ease and comfort as He sees good for me, to do the work He has for me. May I only be faithful in His service, and count all loss but the furthering His glory and being conformed to his image. I know now how *little* I believe, how weak is my faith, how much I lack of humility and Christian love; and I know that I can no more rest on myself for one moment than the tottering babe can let go of its mother's hand. But I am ambitious! I do desire to advance far along the road I have now only entered, and to draw many along with me. Still the flesh is weak though the spirit is willing, and at present I can only suffer and endure."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Dec.* 27, 1834.—How truly in thinking of you this Christmas, my Mia, do I feel the contrasted feelings of the two lives a Christian lives; all the sadness of the natural heart, which, if this life were all, or the larger part, would make one feel what a mockery it were to wish you a *happy* Christmas, remembering *what* your Christmas *was*, and what it is *now*. But the less one is able to look to earth, the more do I delight to think how I can rejoice with you even more than I could do perhaps on any former Christmas. In thinking of your sorrows, my heart bounds forward more eagerly to meet and welcome *Him* who gave Himself for our sins, that we might be *delivered* from the present evil world; and I can think of the change to him, your beloved Augustus, how this time last year he was 'grieved and wearied with the burden of sin,' scarcely able to believe his salvation secured,—and now he is saying Glory to God, in the midst of the heavenly host, and is rejoicing in God his Saviour.

"On Christmas Day I thought of our dinner last year at Genoa, and that solemn ending to it,* which almost startled one at the time. Of you I thought with no feeling but thankfulness. I feel as if with this life's sorrows you have *done*, as if its emotions of joy or pain could never ruffle your spirit for more than a moment. A little longer, a little more work to be done perhaps in the service of the Heavenly Master, and then you also will *enter in*. In the latter part of the angel's song, Peace and good-will to man, you could and did most fully join at Alton; but oh! how far brighter and purer will be the Day never to end, when you shall find yourself with your angel one, singing, *Glory to God* in the highest."

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* Augustus had administered the Sacrament at that time to his family.

JULIUS HARE *to* REV. F. BLACKSTONE.

"*Hurstmonceaux, December* 5, 1834.—I rejoice to say that my widowed sister, who has been spending the summer and autumn with me, has resolved to fix her home in this parish. It is the greatest blessing which, after so irreparable a loss, could have befallen me; and my parishioners too will all find it a blessing to them. She lives in heaven with him who is gone before her; but is contented to wait with patience till God in his own time shall think fit to reunite her to him."

M. H. *to* MISS MILLER.

"*December* 23, 1834.—. . . . I can only give you to-day my Christmas wishes and prayers that this season may be blessed to you. Do not look *back* too much, but look *on*. You will grow more upright by lifting up your head and gazing upward, than by lamenting over and looking at your crookedness: and the more your eyes are fixed on the Saviour's image, the more you will desire to become like Him and learn your own unlikeness. You must bear in mind that since you have been permitted to *taste* that the Lord is gracious, the state of your religious feelings, especially if excited by outward means, is no sure test of your soul's growth; and that what *you* have to look to and seek after is a daily practical conformity to the mind of Christ in self-denial and meekness, and that true love that beareth, endureth, and hopeth all things."

M. H. *to* Miss Hibbert.

"*Stoke Rectory, December* 24, 1834.—Your letter, my dearest Lætitia, came when I was on the point of leaving Hurstmonceaux, and the subsequent journey here, and the rest necessary since I arrived, has prevented my writing sooner. But I will delay it no longer, as I find it always needful to take the opportunity now of seizing any hour of *wellness* to do what I wish to do; feeling so uncertain of its continuance. If you have any knowledge of my weak and nervous state of body, you will be glad to hear I bore the fatigue of the long journey and painful excitement of the return here far better than I could have hoped; but He who has so mercifully watched over me through every past suffering has guided me through this trial also, though, as you may well believe, it was impossible to return to my father's house, lonely and desolate, instead of bringing with me the joy and happiness of my earthly life, without much suffering and sorrow; but a loving God has strengthened me, and kept my heart fixed on that heavenly home to which this life is but a short journey—a pilgrimage surrounded by blessings and mercies far above what we can deserve or look for. It is my constant grief to feel that all the strength and comfort I have, is attributed to *my* mental power of exertion, whilst I am so sensible that were I for one day to have my cruse of oil unrenewed, my strength of mind would, with the present pressure on it, give way at once. Were it not for the all-sustaining arm of my Redeemer and my God, for the gracious answers He vouchsafes to my unworthy prayers, I should be weaker than the weakest; for it is always forgotten by those who so set up the natural strength of character, that along with it goes also a natural strength of feeling that requires even a greater degree of supernatural strength than a mind weaker in itself. When, when will people learn to give glory to God in the Highest! My dear Lætitia, I have now, as you know, been ten months in the greatest of all human afflictions; for the last five months I have been constantly ill and extremely weak; all resources of active life have been entirely cut off, my longings to benefit others—first the poor and afterwards my own family—by leading them in the right way, have been entirely prevented, and I have been forced to give up one attempt after another at exertion both of body and mind; and yet I can most truly say that never has my abiding peace, nay, even happiness, deserted me. 'The shadow of a great rock in a weary land' has been over me. He who has promised to comfort, even as a mother comforteth her child, has comforted and refreshed me. My connection indeed with this earth does seem altogether rent asunder, and all around me even here, where there is so much to remind me of the past, appears like a dream, a picture that I can look at, now the first shock is over, almost without emotion. My real life is that hidden one with Christ in God which is a never-failing well-spring of delight; and though in proportion as my health enables me to return more to the usual routine of daily life and society, the struggle must be greater to preserve the spiritual joy and peace that can support me under the earthly privation, I have found constant and earnest prayer so effectual, my God so faithful, so tender in mercy and loving-kindness, that I feel as if it would be the height of ingratitude, the most inexcusable want of faith, were I for one moment to doubt that He will bear me up unto the end, and that He will never give me one trial or struggle more than is fit for me. My prevailing feeling on returning here is not how much I have suffered, but how much mercy I have received during the past year. To have the gulf removed that separated me from God, to feel that union as of a branch in the Vine, makes all suffering appear light, since it is His will—since by it we may be more closely conformed to His image who was made perfect through suffering. Were it not for this, were it not for the unspeakable joy of feeling that Jesus came at this time to be *my* Saviour, to buy for me an inheritance undefiled, there where my beloved and angel one is now rejoicing before His throne, how could I bear the remembrance of those Christmas seasons we spent together at Alton, so blessed in every earthly happiness? How could I support the recollection of last year's watching by him at Genoa? The glad tidings, mingled as they are with such thoughts, come with a chastened and sober joy; but it is such as is most meet for the waiting Christian, who has yet to bear the burden of sin, and is not yet permitted to taste fully the glory that is to be revealed. Much as it has been given me to feel of spiritual joy and love, doubtless to lighten that weight of earthly sorrow that would otherwise have been too heavy for me to bear, I feel sure the safest and surest state for one travelling along the ordinary path of life, must be one of quiet and confiding dependence on the Saviour's strength and simple obedience to his will, whether of doing or suffering. I asked *earnestly* for strength to be given to me for going once more to Alton, which appeared almost impossible at the time: it was granted. From the time I besought restoration of health to enable me to get here, which had been delayed from week to week, it was given. I mention these to strengthen your faith, which you say is weak. Of course temporal gifts must be altogether submitted to His fatherly knowledge and wisdom, but we must not be afraid of making *all* our requests known to such a Friend."

To the same.

"*Stoke, Jan.* 29, 1835.—I have this morning seen in the paper that your house is become a house of mourning. I know none of the particulars attending your affliction, and am therefore altogether ignorant of the peculiar consolations or trials with which it is accompanied. But the loss to you of a parent, to your beloved mother of a husband, is one of so serious a nature that with the feelings of a fellow-mourner I cannot rest till I have poured out to you something of that comfort with which I have myself been comforted. I know indeed most truly how powerless human comfort is: that there is One alone who at such seasons can arise with healing on His wings; still the voice of a sister in sorrow, a sister in Christian hope, cannot be unacceptable. You will already have felt the exceeding mercy that allows us in such heaviness of heart to go *boldly* to the throne of grace; you are, I doubt not, daily experiencing the blessedness of that refuge from the storm provided for us in Him who was made perfect through suffering, and who, having been touched with our infirmities, knows so truly the weakness of His poor children, and how utterly inefficient their own efforts would be, without His strengthening grace. It is only, I am persuaded, by an entire and full renunciation of our own wills, a child-like submission to His loving though chastening hand, that we can find peace and rest for our souls. And even if all appears dead and gloomy, even though there may not be that sensible comfort, that precious hope which is sometimes vouchsafed to cheer and lighten our path of sorrow, it is still the Lord that doth it, and most surely will He do as seemeth unto Him good. Our views are short-sighted and earthly and narrow; we see little beyond our own little world of hopes and fears, but He who is Lord of all, knoweth all the breadth and length and depth and height of wisdom and of love, and will appoint all things for His glory. He can make all things work together for good to *those that love Him*, and will doubtless, by means of this trial of your faith, renew your strength and lead you to a more steadfast and abiding hope of glory. And your dear mother, too, will be led to a firmer trust in Him who is the stay and support of the widow and the fatherless. He can bind up the broken-hearted and comfort all who mourn, and when we are weary and heavy laden, He is ever near, calling us to come to Him, and by meekness and lowliness of heart find rest and peace. Oh, when we look at our perverse hearts, and feel how often we have as sheep gone astray and been brought back to the fold by His guiding care, when we feel that He is the Shepherd who will lead all who give themselves up wholly to Him, it is strange we should ever faint or be weary by the length of the way. A few more years, a little more trouble, and this our pilgrimage will come to a close; that better country will open before us, and every tear and every sigh wrung from us here will prove a jewel in our crown, if through its means we have been drawn closer to Him who will then be our all in all. I have found the greatest comfort in those passages where we are exhorted not henceforward to live to ourselves, but for Him who died and rose again; by keeping ever in mind that we are not *our own*, but bought with a price, and therefore all our aim, our desire, our joy should be, to glorify God with body and spirit, since they are *God's, not ours*. When I am tempted to faint at the thoughts of the dreariness of life, it may be of many years of life, it is an unfailing source of comfort to dwell upon the thought that here I am to suffer God's will, that *He* may be glorified; that my own ease and pleasure is not to be looked at for one moment, and that by conformity to the life and mind of Christ, if, through the gracious means He Himself gives us, I am able to further the salvation of one soul, the present chastening even now appears rather joyous than grievous. A thousand years in His sight are but a day. Hereafter they will appear such to us too. Let us then forget what is behind and reach on to what is before, remembering that each trial is a *trust* for which we have to answer. It is the voice of God speaking to our souls of things to come, and warning us to leave things below. May we never rest contented with our present hope; but let us go on day by day, *growing* in grace and the knowledge of our Lord Jesus, firmly assured that *whatsoever* we ask of Him, if it be according to His will, we shall certainly receive. He is ever the same, as ready to hear to-day as He was yesterday, as abundant in grace to-morrow as to-day. May He heal all your sorrows, strengthen your faith, and quicken your love, my dear Lætitia, prays your affectionate fellow-mourner and sister in Christ.—M. H."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Stoke*, *Dec.* 31, 1834.—'Old things are passed away, all things are become new.' Of how few can this be said as truly as of my last year. All without and all within so changed that I can scarcely sometimes believe my identity with former days. I do grieve to part with a year that I began with *him;* it is as the last parting word—a completion of the earthly separation, a close of the blessed life it was permitted us to enjoy together. And yet this year that has so ended our temporal happiness has given him, my beloved and now sainted Augustus, to the visible presence of his God and Saviour. I have yet to travel onward toward it, but the same path will lead me to it, the same grace will strengthen me to reach it, and He who has seen fit to cause the grief, has also bestowed the joy of a lively hope that the inheritance is laid up for me also. Forgetting that which is behind, may I reach on to that which is before, counting all suffering light, if I may thereby be conformed to my Master's image, and glorify Him who hath so graciously dealt with his unworthy servant. There is yet many a struggle to be made, many a hard fight to be fought, many sorrows to be tasted; for though the spirit is willing the flesh is very weak—the old man will often strive to wrestle with the new, and the spirit of this world will cause me many a trial in those I love the most. Yet, through and above all I *may* be more than conqueror through Him that has so loved and blessed me. Blessed Jesus, let not my confidence fail, nor my faith be wavering, but stablish, strengthen, settle it, that after I have suffered awhile, thou mayest shorten the time of trial here and call me home."

"*Stoke, Jan.* 13, 1835.—There is in my present spiritual horizon, as compared with that I experienced at Rome, just the same difference that exists between the natural clearness and brilliancy of Roman sunshine and the comparatively faint brightness of an English sun. Then it was by *sight*, now it is by *faith* I walk: and though the sensible joy is less strong, the peace and hope is no less sure and abiding now than it was then: rather let me say it is more sure, more steadfast, for so many months of trial and mercy cannot have passed in vain. He on whom my whole soul rested in the first hours of sorrow has now been indeed a *tried*, a *proved* stone, a help ever *present* through many days and weeks of suffering; and not only has He been faithful in all mercy and blessing, He has not allowed his poor servant hitherto to be faithless to herself. Often when I have felt the strongest confidence in the strength of His arm, I tremble at the thought lest after a season of such long spiritual prosperity He should see fit to try and to humble me by leaving me to my own weakness, lest through the infirmity of the flesh I should be tempted to let go that anchor of my soul, now so sure. But He hath said, 'I will *not* leave thee, nor forsake thee, I *will* uphold thee;' and has He ever yet failed me? Oh! faithless, unbelieving heart, how base is it to doubt for one instant the power and love of One who has so loved, so blessed, so comforted me!

"From the first dawn of reason I can trace up the striving of God's Spirit against my own evil will. He would have drawn me from myself, He would have united me to Himself, but I would not. I was indeed kept from open evil; I took note of the workings of my own mind; I knew something of the pride of my own heart; but it continued its resistance. Self maintained its hold, and all the blessings received *seemed* to strengthen its power. But this was not altogether so. The increase of light made the contrast more perceptible. The outward circumstances combined to draw me into nearer communion with heavenly things; my eyes were by degrees opened to see more of the true nature of Christ's kingdom, and more of my own unfitness for it, as so did my gracious and merciful Father lead and bring me through paths of earthly joy to that peace and hope that endureth for ever. And still self is the enemy, though subdued, ready to rise up at every temptation. Though lulled asleep for a while, I know it is still lurking in the heart. All its burden, all its weariness, never will be destroyed till this mortal puts on immortality; but I desire of my blessed Master to strengthen me to wage unceasing war against it, that He would enable me to forget and hate it more and more. And, above all other Christian graces, bestow on me a spirit of meekness and lowliness of heart."

"*Jan.* 31.—The intellect is a rich gift, and one for which we are especially responsible. It ministers above all others to God's glory, by promoting the good of men and affording variety of means to meet the various wants of human nature. But my heart is so selfish that I often feel disposed to envy those who have less in this way to answer for; who can maintain that more simple and constant communion with God which the exertions of the mind seem often to hinder and drive away. In the first days of my spiritual joy and peace it was that *direct* looking to God and living by faith that influenced my first waking thoughts, my latest night ones: the first moment of consciousness my heart sprung up to heaven in thankful joy; words seemed to be called up without effort out of Scripture or from hymns; and before I fell asleep at night I felt quite unwilling to lose in forgetfulness the sense of my Saviour's presence. But now my mind is continually interposing with thoughts of how to clear this point and solve that difficulty, of how to express this truth, or show that error. There is a continual labouring to serve others; a restless desire to make known the riches of God's grace to my fellow-sinners. And so, I suppose, it should be in some measure; for we are here to work, not to enjoy, and God pours out of His spirit, not that we may be set free from care, but to enable us to help others on. There is, however, need for a continual supply from the fountain head, or the stream will grow muddy by its contact with earth, so that here, as elsewhere, there must be watchful nicety to discriminate how much of time and thoughts must be directly devoted to others, how much individual nourishment the spiritual life requires. It is a question too of continually recurring difficulty, how far it is necessary to give way to the pressure of weak health in allowing self-indulgence, and how far it becomes us to neglect our own ease and comfort in doing good. We are not to exert ourselves only when it is easy to do so, and to give to the Lord what costs us nothing; at the same time the hope of being restored to health, and devoting it to His service more exclusively, makes me feel it often a duty to do nothing now. Oh! how wise, how truly merciful a command it is to *watch!* I feel jealous lest a moment's *watchlessness* should allow of the entrance of evil, the renewed struggles of self, the deceit and delusion of a perverse heart; but the guard and watch-tower in which I trust is the Lord Jesus Himself—my God!"

"*Feb.* 18, 1835.—Where, where does the spirit flee when the earthly tabernacle is left vacant, and all that was the living, the enduring part has departed? I suppose it has been asked and sought vainly and unceasingly since first the sorrowing mourner saw before him the earthly form of what he loved as all that remained, and still the mind will strive to follow the heavenward flight, and wish and long to pierce the thick gloom. My Augustus—dearest! most beloved! how could I have watched your last moments, heard the last sigh and lived on, if the precious certainty had not been mine that your blessed Spirit had left me, only to join its God. This is truly a release—a release from the imprisonment of a frail and suffering shell, from the continual struggle of a renewed soul seeking to cast off sin and be one with God, to the power of soaring up unfettered and purified to the presence of its Saviour, to feel in all its reality how far better it is to be 'absent from the body and present with the Lord.' To you, time is done away, and one year is a measure empty of meaning; to me, too, time is in one sense no longer real. I cannot love you less, nor sorrow for you less, nor feel less strongly the entire loneliness of this earth in which I live, though years should be added to years. But time is still to me a precious, a responsible gift; it is a talent to be used in a daily increasing conformity to the mind of Him who hath bought me for His own, in a continually renewed crucifixion of my own will and submission to His; in an ever-growing desire and endeavour to glorify my God; and if, through means of all the suffering I must yet go through and the long patience with which I may yet have to wait before that blessed time when 'Thy welcome call at last is given,' I am called to minister to the spiritual wants of others—if I may be strengthened to advance through much tribulation to a higher degree of union with Christ, why should my faint heart be discouraged or cast down, since I know 'my labour is not in vain:' that 'he that *endureth* to the *end* shall receive the crown of life.'

"Death is not the end but the beginning of life. On this day my Augustus began his heavenly, his real life. Oh, gracious, merciful Father, make me Thy true child, Thy faithful servant, as he was. Give me a firm and lasting hope on the same Rock of salvation, and lead me as my good and gracious Shepherd through the dark valley as peacefully and gently as Thou hast led him, and finally receive me also to Thyself. And oh, may I lean ever on Thy guiding hand through the wilderness of this world, that I may not fall, and that, be the pressure of trouble and sorrow what it may, the presence of my Lord and Saviour may ever enlighten and cheer my darkness."

"*April* 25, *Leamington.*—How strangely and mysteriously are body and spirit linked together! sometimes the disease of one part unconsciously affecting all: sometimes the mind and body being quite *at two.* In this life, probably, we shall never know how far feelings are governed by bodily sensations: but I am inclined to think there is a morbid sensibility of the one attached to the other. I, at least, feel this the most trying part of illness, the extreme sensitiveness to every word spoken, every feeling expressed, that, in a more healthy frame, I should not regard—a sickly craving for sympathy, while the mind is quite conscious how large and unusual a share I have met with, and do still find in all. Do I say this to excuse my own discontented, often murmuring thoughts? Oh no! There is mingled with such feelings much of the unsubdued self-will, the over-estimation of self, that marks the existence of the old man still, and the tenacious way in which it clings to even a renewed nature. Sometimes I think I have hitherto done little or nothing in the conquest over self, so powerfully and painfully am I sensible of its dominion. The two natures are so distinct that I could at any moment describe the process of thought in the one as separated from the other. It is in proportion as the one or the other prevails that I am happy or unhappy. The moment temporal things and the love of self are predominant, all is dark, gloomy, and sad—I long to flee away and be at rest. When the love of Christ is uppermost, I count all things but loss, for the blessedness He has given me, and, for the sake of promoting His glory, can rejoice in tribulation, and even desire length of days."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Leamington*, *April* 21, 1835.— . . . I have more especially felt the call to be ready since I came here, and found Dr. Jephson's opinion of my state to be a more serious one than we had supposed. Not that he thinks there is any present danger to be apprehended, but there is so much real disease in the system, that he thinks it is a case not to be trifled with, and that it will take a long time to set right. . . . . Nothing can be more comfortable than my situation here. I have a very good house, immediately opposite to Lady Parry, so that at any time I can have her society, or her sister Miss Stanley's. And though you may well believe that in this, my first experience of a solitary life, there are times when the contrast of former happiness is painfully felt, my abiding feeling is one of perfect peace and often of real joyfulness. After an evening spent in communion with Him who is now my all, I hardly know how to express my thanks for His mercies to me in giving me such true, such satisfying happiness, such as this world knows not of."

M. H. *to* REV. R. KILVERT.

"*Leamington*, *April* 18, 1835.—The first opinion concerning my health expressed by Dr. Jephson was so unfavourable that I had prepared myself only to look for a long continuance of illness, and I still feel feebly sensible of the necessity of being *ready*—a happy privilege to keep one ever watching lest the Master come and find the house not set in order. We are so earth-bound that, though always conscious that we know neither the day nor the hour, it requires the voice of the physician to say the enemy is really within the city, and if not expelled must vanquish. And then when that is once said, and all the issue appears to rest upon those outward events in God's own hands, over which neither doctor nor patient have any control, we are driven, as it were, to feel that the thread of earthly life is a very weak one, and that the beginning of eternal life may be at hand. What an affecting, what a fearful thought, were there not promise after promise of His all-powerful arm—'the arm of the Lord'—to sustain and bear us up when we pass through the waters or through the rivers, through the fire or through the flame, 'I will be with thee;' were there not that stronghold in time of trouble that neither tribulation nor distress can separate us from the love of Christ. I hope that I am not arrogating to myself words to which I ought to lay no claim, when I express my feeling in St. Paul's words—'to me to live is Christ, to die is gain.' Though the way may seem to be long and wearisome, if we can advance His kingdom, we may be well contented and thankful to remain here, sure that though we may feel faint, 'the Lord will renew our strength, and enable us to mount up on wings as of eagles.' And should it be His will to remove us from a toilsome pilgrimage to a haven of rest and joy, whenever the call comes, may it find the lamp trimmed and faith in full exercise, holding fast on the Rock of ages. . . . May the hope of the future stir up the sluggish and ease-loving part of our nature to crucify self, and press forward to the image of Him we love, being changed from glory to glory, counting all sufferings light if we may be conformed to His mind, and He be thereby glorified. Though in a solitary house—solitary to the outward eye, you will believe I am not alone, and never feel the presence of my crucified Lord and Master so unspeakably near, as at such seasons of quiet and seclusion."

M. H. (1834—36. Notes for Julius Hare's life).

"At the close of 1834 and beginning of 1835, it became evident to Julius that his beloved friend and curate, Mr. Sterling, must give up his labours from ill-health. He was therefore now for some months alone in his work. His letters of this period show the increased earnestness and diligence with which he followed it. He was, however, frequently cast down by his deep sense of his own insufficiency, and the worthlessness of his ministrations amongst his people. His Cambridge life had not fitted him for intercourse with the poor, and, with the tenderest sympathy with their distresses, he hardly as yet knew how to soothe or elevate them by higher thoughts, so that it was the saying of some whom he visited—'Mr. Hare is so kind, he looks so sorry, but—he does not say much.' It was reserved for his people to teach him much of the simplicity of scriptural truth. Especially was he taught by the heavenly-minded Phillis Hoad, whose death gave rise to a funeral sermon, one of the most eloquent and impressive he ever preached.

At this time also he was engaged in arranging and revising for the press the sermons of his brother Augustus, and the carefulness with which he carried out this work brought with it its own reward, in giving him a stimulus in adapting his own style to the wants of a rural congregation. Although his thoughts could not always be restrained within these limits, whatever in his subsequent sermons was popular in style and familiar in illustration, may be in great measure traced to the brotherly type he followed, and to which he ever expressed his obligation. It was in this year that he preached his first visitation sermon on, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' How distrustful he felt in undertaking the office of preaching before the clergy, how he dreaded it beforehand, and how much encouragement he received from its effect, may be seen from his account of it. It was at this period that the new Poor Law came into operation, and so much opposition was raised to it, that he felt bound to do all he could to lighten its bondage and restrain its hardships on the poor of his parish. Consequently he became guardian of the Hailsham Union. For hours would he sit each week on the appointed day, at the Board, endeavouring to moderate or direct the uncultivated, and often illiberal men, with whom he had to work. His pen was the one to write whatever statements or petitions were required, and, with little knowledge of details familiar to others, he, by refined feeling and Christian piety, was often able to soften the severity of the law. But, in spite of these exertions, and his well-known tenderness of heart, such was the prejudice against the change in the law, that all manner of evil reports were circulated concerning him—amongst other things he was accused of intending to send all the children of the parish workhouse out in a boat, to be sunk in Pevensey Bay!

"But at length these foolish calumnies died away, and a permanent influence remained with the farmers, with whom his intercourse had then begun. In every vestry and parish meeting he was also present to control and regulate the measures suggested. In spite of the habitual unpunctuality and irregularity of his private life, he never failed in his attendance at these public meetings, whatever the annoyance or inconvenience might be.

"Another mode in which he both served the parish and learnt to know the wants of his people at this time, was by receiving every Sunday, after evening church, the pence for the clothing club. However tired by the services of the day and by attendance at the boys' school, he sate in the vestry surrounded by his parishioners, entering their weekly subscriptions in a book, and receiving their money. Often was this the opportunity for their pouring their distresses into his ear, and seeking relief which was surely given. 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' was truly fulfilled in him—an earthly illustration to the higher form of loving answer to prayer promised in those words."

M. H.'s Journal ("The Green Book").

"*June* 2, 1835.—The seventh blessed day that God has given me! Yes, most blessed still, though sorrowful. Years of life could not be sufficient to render thanks for the greatness of the temporal happiness, fleeting as it was, that was granted me, and far less for the weight of eternal happiness to which it has been the means of leading me. Now, indeed, my poor praises are offered up in tears, for the flesh cannot help mourning while the spirit rejoices; but the time will come when the tears will be wiped away, even by the Lord God Himself, and when in fulness of joy, unsullied by temporary and selfish sorrow, I shall be able to look on every sharp stone and rugged ground that I met with, as the point of chief rejoicing, the means by which I was weaned from a too great love for the creature, and 'learnt to love God only and the things above.' How merciful a Father is He, who, while He looks with such tender pity on His children and binds up their wounds, still continues to chasten where He sees that it is good they should be chastened, and blesses in taking away far more than in what He gives. 'The fashion of this world passeth away.' Oh, may I feel this more and more, and as earthly things by degrees resume their power over me, may I be kept from resting on them, holding myself loose from all but God—crucifying and denying self, and losing it altogether in Christ. That grace which has hitherto sustained me, is still strong to save; may I never lose hold of it through self-dependence and slothfulness, but daily renew my dedication of all I think, and feel, and have to Him, who is my Father, Husband, and Brother. . . . . Cast out, I beseech Thee, O Lord Jesus, all that is contrary to thy Spirit, refine and purify my heart, even if it be in a furnace sevenfold heated, that it may be clothed within and without with Thy righteousness, and nourished day by day with heavenly manna, that Thou, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, the Author who hast begun and the Finisher who can complete my faith—that *Thou* mayst be glorified."

Notes by MISS MILLER (during a visit to Mrs. Hare at Corsley).

"*Corsley, June* 6, 1835.—When in my whole life have I spent such a happy day? I wish I had strength and time to mention every word and particular. After breakfast, I walked with *my* Mrs. Hare in the fields, talking of him we both loved, and of the many words and things we both remembered his saying and doing while with us on earth. At two, I drove her in the pony-carriage through much lovely scenery to Longleat. The excessive heat tried her strength rather too much, but her words I hope to remember through eternity. Beautifully did she spiritualise all nature's striking objects, remarking once when we entered a thick grove of trees, which shaded us from the rays of the burning sun, 'This, refreshing as it is, gives us but a *very* faint idea of the shadow of that great Rock in a weary land.' And again, 'We who live in a land so mercifully supplied with water, cannot fully enter into the figurative Scripture language of "streams found in a desert"—of the invitation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth," as the eastern nations may; but in a little time we shall know the *true* meaning of the streams of the living water, and the fountain of life, where we shall drink of them and never thirst again.' For my sake she kindly entered on her own experience, desired to know my every thought, my chief trials, my weakest points, to make her usefulness greater to me. She spoke of her own advantages, natural and spiritual, with almost heavenly humility, at the same time feeling that from *her* much would be required, because much had been bestowed. She referred to her blessed time at Alton, believing that it was a season of education for her soul, to fit her for future usefulness in God's vineyard; and that the close union of thought, interest, and pursuit with a mind of no common mould, had given a premature maturity to her own, for which she felt responsible to God, desiring to use it to His glory. She remarked that after her return from Rome, after having been for so many months deprived of earthly Christian communion, when she again enjoyed it, it almost seemed to unspiritualise her, so clearly and constantly had her soul rested on God alone, while travelling alone in her carriage with only Mary and her Bible. I seem almost now to see the ascent where she so tenderly and lovingly advised me for my good, hoping the joy I found in my visit would only accomplish the end she had in view, the strengthening me for a more diligent discharge of home duties, and not lead to any sinful regrets at my separation from her. . . . .

"*Whit-Sunday, June* 7.—My heart seems too full to write of this day, when I have parted from my friend. . . . At church we had the comfort of kneeling together at the blessed Table, which my beloved Mrs. Hare had not done in a church since the Sunday before she left Alton for Rome. How very singular that Mrs. Marcus Hare and I should again be with her. . . . In the evening, the hearts of those around me seemed to have been touched by a 'live coal' from off the morning's altar; and I cannot describe the rich spirituality of all that was said, nearer akin to heavenly converse than anything I have before met with. Before tea, I had my parting walk with dearest Mrs. Hare. She leant on my arm, giving me the sweetest counsel with the most Christian love; and oh! what a blessed union is this Christian fellowship, thus uniting high and low in one common bond, levelling all distinctions in regard to acceptance with God, and yet maintaining, perhaps *increasing* outwardly, the respect which one loves to give to those whom God has placed in situations so much above us, and endowed with attainments so far superior. She talked of many at Alton, and of their three successive ministers. She then left me in the garden for a time, and I went to her later in her room, where with many tears I received a little book from her, and several books and letters for the Alton people. We then knelt in prayer; and she affectionately commended me to God, and gave me her parting blessing." . . . .

M. H. *to* Rev. F. Blackstone.

"*Hurstmonceaux, July* 21, 1835.—. . . . May we not look upon the clouds which at present seem to dim your spiritual horizon as trials sent to exercise your faith, quite as surely and often more severely than any outward dispensation? Is it not one form in which the Tempter is permitted to assail those who are faithful in heart though not always in deed, when he leads them to look too despondingly on their own spotted righteousness, and so draws them away from the more fixed contemplation of the stainless righteousness in which alone we can venture to appear in Zion? And does not self thus still assert her power, even when clothed in abasement, by leading us to look for our ground of hope and confidence in the new and clean heart, instead of allowing the consciousness of utter demerit to sink self altogether in the scale, and make Jesus our Righteousness *all in all?* It is presumptuous, most presumptuous, in one who is herself a babe in Christ, to speak of things which have but within the last two years been manifested to her in anything like clearness; but I can truly say, that the season of greatest spiritual joy which has been vouchsafed me, was when self was for a time utterly crushed to the ground, and I could feel—would that it were oftener the case—that I was the chief of sinners. Then the blessedness and mercy of the redeeming love which had bought an inheritance for one so unworthy did fill me with joy and love unspeakable; and it is from a deep consciousness that it is the rising up again of self that obscures this joy, which makes me feel it necessary, when inclined to be weighed down by my sense of infirmity, to look away from self, and dwell more exclusively on the glory of the Lord, by beholding which we can alone be 'changed into the same image, from glory to glory.'

"I know Mrs. Blackstone's motherly heart will be interested in hearing that I have adopted one of Francis Hare's children, a little Augustus, born at Rome a fortnight after *our* separation, and in another month I hope to have him under my care, as I am sending out a nurse to fetch him from Germany, whither his father escorts him."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, August* 26, 1835.—My own Luce will bless God who has given a little Augustus to me,—a dear little immortal creature to train up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord: and she will, I know, pray that I may be enabled to look upon it rather as a loan than a gift, and to be ready to resign what is lent when He sees fit. At four o'clock yesterday, the carriage wheels were heard, but Julius and I listened, and all was silent, till a cry from up-stairs made me rush up. The heavy rain had wet them, and they had crept up the back-stairs. On going into the room, there the baby sate on Mary's knee, with his frock already off, smiling so winningly that, having expected to be greeted by a cry at the sight of the strange face, it was a great comfort to be met so cordially. . . . As soon as he was dressed I brought him down, and his delight in seeing the pictures was very great. Then he ran about the passage, and went into each room, looking round with an air of observation which was most amusing. He cannot say many intelligible words. He will take some trouble, I dare say, to get into obedient ways, and require some firmness to break his growing selfishness. He is much more companionable than children of his age usually are, but dreadfully passionate."

M. H. *to* MISS MILLER.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, Oct.* 6, 1835.—. . . I do not doubt that bodily indisposition has had much to do with the cloud that has lately oppressed you; and though the conviction of this should not make us slothful or careless, it ought to furnish us with a humble confidence and refreshing comfort, to feel that all these infirmities which arise from the flesh are known to the Father, have been experienced by the blessed Son, and will assuredly be the means of purification by the Holy Spirit, if we make them causes for greater watchfulness, and if the trials they give to faith and consistency lead to a consciousness of our own weakness, and to more earnest cries for grace to help our need. I speak feelingly on this point, having so long and so continually felt how much our nervous system and bodily frame have power to influence our feelings and thoughts, and how very often the effect of renewed strength in any part that is diseased is to restore the tone of mind, and bring back the harmony that may have been for a time destroyed. Do not, then, be cast down, nor be surprised when your sensible comfort is lessened. Receive it only as one of the ways in which, so long as your spirit dwells within a corruptible body, it must continue to be tried; and make every such season profitable to your growth in grace, by striving to crucify your tendency to depression, and fighting more vigorously against the enemy, who will flee from you, if you do truly lift up the standard of the Lord—the standard of faith and prayer against all his wily suggestions. I can hardly tell you the degree in which I have at times felt the mighty power whereby God is able to subdue even the most rebellious or irritable or doubting thoughts, and bring them into that submission and peace the world knows not of, when I have cried out heartily for relief. It is our unbelief only that keeps us away from the sure support that in every trial we should find; and looking away from all our shortcomings, from our lack of faith and love, we must fix our gaze more steadfastly on the Sun of Righteousness, and so from beholding His image be transformed into His likeness, not always experiencing the joy and happiness which is reserved for the saints in light, but sharing such a degree of consolation and *stayedness* of mind, as God may see good for us while yet seeing through the glass darkly; and resigned and content to go on in the path He has appointed for us to walk in, without any sensible token of His favour, when it seems good to Him to hide His face from us. We must ever bear in mind that, as followers of the blessed Jesus, our part here on earth is to do the will of our Father in heaven. Doubtless, in His nightly prayers and watchings, His communion with the Father was blessed far beyond what our frail natures can reach; but even He, we know, experienced the cloud of doubt, the agony of fear that God was not with Him: let us not then wonder, nor be cast down, if our view is not always clear and bright.

"To turn to Alton affairs, you must, in patience, *hope* all things; and this very exercise of faith will invigorate your own soul more than any gratified spiritual indulgence you might receive. And you may, with my kindest love, say to any who are grieving over the change, that they must remember '*praying* is the end of preaching' (as Herbert says), and they must learn to go to the house of God, not to seek his ministers only, but far more to seek Him who is there more immediately present. If in simple and childlike wish to profit and learn they attend the worship of God in His holy temple, if they make their church-going a season of *prayer*, and of learning from the rich feast out of His word that is set before them, their Sunday will not have been in vain."

XV.

THE SILVER LINING OF THE CLOUD.

"Ah, if you knew what peace there is in an *accepted* sorrow."—MADAME GUYON.

JUST one mile from Hurstmonceaux Rectory, separated from it by a little wood and some swelling corn-fields, in a still retirement, surrounded by ancient trees and a bright garden, stood the pleasant old-fashioned house of Lime. The place had once been the site of a small monastic institution, of which it bore trace in a series of large fish-ponds, which occupied the hollow below its little lawn, and through which a small brook found its way into a copse carpeted with anemones and primroses in spring. Another side of the garden was girt with five lofty, jagged abele-trees, conspicuous from a great distance, and known as 'the Five Sisters of Lime,' beneath which ran a grass walk, from which there was a wide view over the levels to the distant downs and sea. The principal rooms of the house opened by large windows upon the sunny garden with its brilliant flower-beds.

If England had been searched over, a house could scarcely have been found more suited to my dear mother than Lime, and to it she removed in the second year of her residence at Hurstmonceaux.

M. H. *to* Miss Leycester.

"*Lime, Hurstmonceaux, Oct.* 20.—I am now settling in my new tent, pitched, I trust, in sure trust on the supporting arm of Him whose power can alone hallow it to His service; and in the hope that amidst outward loneliness, His glory will be in the midst of us, enabling us to devote ourselves to Him. The first evening of my coming here, when my little household assembled for the first time, the words of Solomon in the dedication of his temple beseeching 'God's eyes to be open toward this house day and night,' seemed to be specially applicable, and I did earnestly pray that *here* 'His name may be.' '*The Lord is there*' is always to me a most comforting name as applied to the spiritual Zion, the believer's heart, and I trust in some degree it may be true of the little household church now begun here. You, who have no dread of solitude, as so many have, will, I know, enter into the exceeding comfort I feel after two years' wandering to find myself in a home of my own, free to act and think as I deem best, and permitted by my Heavenly Father to have strength enough to go along the daily walk of life with some little—though at present but very little—ability to help others.

"The first arrival here, and seeing again so many things which recalled Alton strongly before me, was very overpowering; but it was a gentle, not a bitter sorrow, a peaceful and thankful consciousness that though he who was the joy of my former life is now removed from sight, he is still ever near in fellowship of the Spirit, and that in following the path of his Master and mine I am still walking together with him. My sweet little baby Augustus seemed as if sensible of all that I was feeling that first evening, and clung to me and kissed me over and over, as if to show his wish to comfort me. Truly, I am most richly blest in the possession of this little treasure, whose winning ways would cheer the saddest heart, and in the affectionate kindness of Julius, who is also so constant a subject of interest to me."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux, Lime, Nov.* 19, 1835.—I cannot tell you how perfect my life here is; how it combines all I could wish, and to exchange this quiet and peaceful life for going into the world is a trial. However, I feel it is not only right, but good; the longer I continue abstracted from the concerns of their world, the more intolerant I shall grow of the opinions and feelings of others, the more exertion will it be to mix again in any society. It is time I should live for others, not for myself, and learn that most difficult lesson, to live *above* the world though *in* it. Everywhere there will be my Master's work to do; there will be His glory to magnify by life and conversation; and all this preparation time will have been to little purpose if it has not taught me in meekness and love to live with those who feel differently."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 11, 1835.—The great riddle is, how to unite spiritual elevation of mind with the daily walk of life, not using a Christian liberty only to indulge in those high aspirations which are reserved for the saints in glory, but as those still warring in the flesh and members of a body as yet one with Christ only in grace, striving to live, not out of the world, but kept from the evil in it. When I am brought into contact with others, whose heart is entirely in this world, whose thoughts are all here, I am much too apt to be cast down and oppressed, to keep my own state of mind undisturbed. I cannot think or speak freely; it is as if a heavy clog fettered me from showing my true self. If at the cost of much self-denial this cowardly fear is broken through, the balance seems to be overweighted on the other side. In setting forth the cause of truth and righteousness, I am apt to forget the meekness and love with which it should be enforced, and sometimes irritation of feeling, instead of forbearing love, attends the finding fault with others. So hard is it for our corrupt nature to put on Christ Jesus wholly. We may at times attain to some faint shadows of His likeness in one point or other, but then quickly is the true limit passed over, and sin usurps the place of righteousness, in the mode of doing, if not in the motive of action. . . . . The unsullied peace and joy I have so long felt in spiritual things has been a boon unspeakable in value, that has cheered me through the first year of what would otherwise have been overwhelming sorrow; now that new interests surround me, and fresh duties call for exertion, let me learn in *contentment* to receive gladly all that is given, and to relinquish anything that may be taken away: pressing forward only to the conformity with Christ which a daily self-denial can accomplish, and finding the means of that self-denial, not in any fancied good to be refused, but in fighting against the prevailing tendency of the time or place, when it acts upon me for evil, whether it proceeds from the faults of others, or from my own bodily trials of health."

"*Lime, Nov.* 1, *All Saints.*—'They seemed to him but a few days for the love he bare to her.' Oh, that such a love as this might fill my heart to Him who has so loved me, that the years of my earthly pilgrimage might, like those of Jacob's servitude, seem but a few days for the love I bear to Jesus, my Lord and my God. And so they would, if the soul could ever be kept at that height of spiritual joy and peace to which it pleases God occasionally to raise it. But, alas! it so cleaves to earth, and earth so encompasses it about, that without a life of abstraction from the world and men, it is hard to preserve the freshness of an ever-flowing fountain of love, able to swallow up the polluted streams that are continually pouring into it. And then we begin to flag and faint and droop the wing, instead of seeking with greater earnestness the strength of Him who can renew and restore our souls by His gracious power and lift them up above every hindrance from without or from within. Oh, Satan does most truly prove himself the subtlest and most crafty of enemies in beguiling and leading us away from prayer, when he knows that we should soon become too strong for him. And there is scarcely a point in which against the convictions of experience and reason he is able to do so much, as in keeping us from a constant and regular habit of communion with our King and High Priest in *stated* prayer. In all the lives of the sainted followers of Christ we find prayer has been the great weapon whereby they have fought so good a fight, and through which they have been made more than conquerors. And yet longing as I do to follow after them, to make their pattern mine, I find it very difficult to do so in this point. Something is ever at hand to keep me away from this instrument of grace, whereby I might draw down the freedom from self and sin that I so often need. O Lord, help me in this my weakness, that I may not quench Thy Spirit, nor lose the privilege Thou hast granted of drawing near the throne of grace. So shall the oil of my lamp be ever freshly trimmed by Thee, and each day's duty and its toil lightened and guided and hallowed by the influence of Thy counsel and Thy strength.

. . . "In once more forming a household of my own, I have devoted it in heart wholly to the Lord who has provided for me a house so peaceful and so good. As the mountains round about Jerusalem, so may He be round about this house, not only to guard it from temporal evil, but to make every heart within it His temple and sanctified by His Spirit. . . . How many of His redeemed are on this day united with us in fellowship of the Spirit. The communion of His elect stretches out in an invisible bond from earth to heaven, and unites together those who are now ministering spirits around the throne with the militant spirits on earth. My Augustus, never in our earthly union were we knit together so closely as we are now in the unity of one spirit, adoring together Him to whom we owe our all of past, present, and future bliss. You are drinking in ever deeper and purer light from the fountain of light. Oh, may I not seek for happiness or good in any lower source, but be permitted to mount higher and higher to that knowledge and that joy which is now yours for ever!"

"*Nov.* 22.—'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee' these seven-and-thirty 'years, to humble thee, and to prove thee, and to know what was in thy heart.' Truly, the chastening has been that of a loving Father, willing 'to do me good at my latter end?' And when I remember all the mercies with which He has surrounded my path through the past, all the blessings with which he is now crowning me, it is enough to weigh me down with shame that I should ever faint or be discouraged, or count the little crosses or hindrances that beset me any trial at all. This day—how changed it is to me now—no longer one of any pleasure, I rather feel as though I would wish it forgotten than noticed. And I am tempted to feel that for others it is now a day that is worthless; but this is a temptation arising from wounded feelings, not the truth of a thankful and submissive spirit. By this last I know and can at times feel that my life, though no longer of equal value, is still a precious one to many; and it would be most ungrateful for the rich affection with which all load me, to turn away and count it nothing because it does and must come short of that which was once mine."

"*Stoke, Jan.* 4, 1836.— . . . Formerly with how mixed a feeling of hope and fear I looked on to every new portion of time, uncertain how it might be chequered, and fearful of every blight that might come on the present enjoyment. Now I can hear with satisfaction and pleasure the words—'a *happy* new year,' for I feel its happiness cannot be touched by outward changes, it rests on a foundation not to be moved, and if it be but an advance to eternity, 'ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit,' it must be good, let its trials, its school lessons, prove as bad as they may

"Oh, Thou who alone canst give the enduring sense of the all-important nature of heavenly things, the vanity and nothingness of earthly ones, I bless and adore Thy blessed name, O Lord, most holy, most true, that Thou hast mercifully brought me out of darkness into light, and given me that present abiding consciousness of everlasting life, which can make all times and places alike since Thou art ever with me. I indeed, through the distraction of thoughts often occasioned by outward things, cannot always hear Thy voice, cannot always discern Thy love; but I know that the cloud belongs to earth, not to the sun, and that Thy heavens are as bright and warm as ever, though to me for a while obscured.

"I close the past year with thanks for the numberless mercies given; and I pray that I may be strengthened to render more faithful service in the year to come—that I may be kept more steadfast and consistent in my Christian walk, not conforming to the world's notions even in appearance, and yet dissenting with gentleness and meekness. I ask for increased knowledge of the simple truth as it is in Jesus, that the sophistications of men may not lead me aside from the true and living doctrine, which is the power of God. When I see not rightly, may I be taught. When I do see, may I not be again blinded through any philosophy or deceit. Let not the temptation of being accounted tolerant lead me aside, nor on the other hand let the desire of conformity to those who are true followers of Christ, lead me into any exclusive or unbrotherly feelings. To maintain the truth in love, and at the same time to be filled with love to those who differ, as well as to those who agree with me, this is my great desire and earnest prayer."

"*Feb.* 18, 1836.—Is it indeed two whole years since my blessed Augustus joined the saints in glory? Oh, my Lord and my God, let me magnify Thee who hast made this day of such bitter earthly sorrow, such heart-rending bereavement—a day on which I can still rejoice and bless Thy name. How can I dwell on any thoughts of my own loss when I realise the freedom with which his spirit must have winged its flight from a weak and suffering body to the presence of its Lord! To him the change was one of unspeakable, unimaginable blessedness: what has it been to me? Not less blest doubtless, since in crushing my earthly happiness down to the very dust, it has taught me to seek and find that true enduring joy which will grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day. From setting all my happiness on things below, it has lifted me up to find it only in those things which are above, where I can still hold communion with my departed one in offices of love and praise to Him, of whom cometh all things. Most truly can I say here, where no mortal eye looks, where no mistrusting mind can think it a vain-glorious boast, that in the might of that spirit which has been given me, I never for one moment have desired to recall him who was the desire of my life; and when I think of him, it has been from the first so exclusively in his present living spiritual being, that it is only by a great effort of recollection that I can place him before my mind's eye in any other light. Sometimes, indeed, when in the company of others, and chiefly when the union of an attached husband and wife is present to me, there will come a momentary flash across me of my own loneliness, a passing thought 'I was once as they are;' but it goes by, and the opening into the past is quickly closed again."

M. H. *to* MISS MILLER.

"*Stoke Rectory, Jan.* 9, 1836.— . . . . The change since last year both in health and spirits has enabled me to feel in all its fulness the joy of Christmas. At the blessed table of my Lord, and in singing praises in my heart 'with all the company of heaven,' I feel most surely to be united with him who has now entered the full assembly of the first-born, and is released from all the burden of sin and sorrow. At all times I feel that we are still one, but never so fully as in these holy seasons of spiritual rejoicing, when the visible world is for a time permitted to be hidden from view, in the more immediate presence of the invisible. . . . . My boy, my little Augustus, is given to me as a temporal blessing which I cannot describe, as his endearing ways so twine themselves round my heart, that I feel one has to keep watch continually lest the Giver should be forgotten in the gift, and the child worshipped in the place of the Father who made it. But the fragility of a child's existence ever reminds one that, at any time, the thread of its life may be snapped asunder, and its stainless soul translated to the realms of light before it has become conscious of darkness."

"*Feb.* 29, 1836.—I was very grateful to you for your letter on the 18th, when such encouraging tidings from our beloved Alton were the thing, of all others in the world, calculated to give me pleasure and comfort; and though all earthly means would fail to lift one up above this time of trial, and give the peace that dwelling on the weight of glory to come alone has power to do, it is an added source of relief and solace which I bless God for putting it into your heart to give me. . . . .

"I know you will thank God for the increase of strength by which I have been enabled, during the last month, to look far more steadily on things to come, and dwell less painfully on the past than I did last year. And though the remembrances would force themselves upon me occasionally, and fill me with more sadness than usual, I have been kept in peace on the whole, and able to look beyond the present blank and daily warfare to that enduring life which it was permitted me to begin here with him, who is now rejoicing in sight, while I have yet to live upon the less stable view of faith. I can hardly give any one a notion of the degree in which, looking *only* at this world, all appears before me as the land of the shadow of death; but looking at it through the light of the knowledge of Christ and His resurrection, all seems transformed and illumined with hope and joy,—at least, wherever one can behold the reflected light of His righteousness, and Christ reigning over the heart. Sin, sin only, is the burden and weight that oppresses and clouds our life here; that is the only sting that wants drawing out to make all things right. I feel so constantly weighed down by the unbelief of others, that it has led me to dwell a good deal on the duty that believers hardly sufficiently look to,—of the love we are bound to feel not towards our brethren in faith, but to all sinners, if we would partake of the mind of Christ. 'What thank is there if we love those who love us?' It is but the natural feeling of the renewed mind to love those who agree in feeling with us; the great difficulty and the Christ-like disposition is to love and bear with our neighbour as *ourself*."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Corsley, Jan.* 28, 1836.—How your dear letter yesterday went to my heart. Your loss, and the exceeding struggle, as others forget, I feel *with* rather than *for* you. For what we too have lost is fresh as at the first; besides, I loved him as you did, only differing in degree, and often when my heart is overflowing with a sense of its great happiness in the possession of one so very precious as my own Marcus, it fills again at the recollection that the earthly giver was your Augustus—that to *you* was owing all I have so richly enjoyed in two years, such as I never looked forward to. We should have been too happy perhaps had Alton been left as it was. He blest us and then went to that happier home, happy as this world was to him, and you are left for awhile, at once to be a warning, and a yet greater encouragement and comfort, for I feel now just as strongly what I did when he chided me for saying, 'If you are taken, I should never try to comfort the Mia'—perhaps I feel more, knowing from experience something of the happiness such a union *was*. Yet, I see you supported, and comforted, and even rejoicing, beyond all I could have asked or hoped, and this very letter you have just written, which you seem almost to fear may seem the language of complaint, made me feel more forcibly than ever how truly God is with you, upholding, and strengthening, and pouring into your heart the peace which the *Love* of a Saviour only can give, and which nothing can take away.

"*Feb.*, 1836.—You come to me, dearest, in my dreams, like a ministering spirit, to preach good and comfortable things. I dream of you so often, and your image comes accompanied with such a peculiar repose and cheerfulness, not of this world, that I quite rejoice when you do so.

"Oh! I do try to cling closely to that Rock on which I feel more and more all my hopes depend, for earthly possessions do seem to me like dreams or wild flowers which we pluck and enjoy, and see wither before we get home, so that I feel I never could rest on them for one moment—though to enjoy all given is, I think, not only intended, but acts as a daily incentive to fill one's heart with thankfulness for *whatever* comes, for God is Love."

M. H.'s Note-book (1836).

"*In Stoke—Out of Stoke*, are two classes of parishioners. Often those *out* of the parish return to be buried in it; but it is those within that receive the benefits of it during their lifetime.

"Is not this a type of many that are *in* Christ's kingdom, enjoying its privileges, in the promise of the life that now is, no less than in the hope of the one to come? while those *out* of Christ may still have some distant hope of the inheritance, and in their last hours be brought back again into the fold, though from a weak faith, and not laying hold of the promises, they are void of the present peace, enjoyed by those who have cast off the spirit of the world and walk by faith."

"One difference of the Jewish and Christian dispensations lies in the visible and invisible manifestation of God's dealings with men. In the spiritual childhood of the world, outward signs were needed to make known God's power and rule, the secret springs of the machinery were displayed; but when the fulness of time was come, men were to walk no longer by sight, but by faith. The same Providence watched over and appointed all things; but His children were to *feel*, not to *see* His hand. So in the Hebrew Scriptures we find God's attributes declared, and His interference in human affairs constantly set forth. In the apostolic writings, the whole attention is turned to *our* relation to God, and the principles and duties that attach to us as His children and servants. And wisely is it so arranged; for when a true faith has once taken possession of the heart, all that unbelief of spiritual agency, that reluctance to own any power above our own that clings to the natural man, is melted away; and the believer in Christ *cannot* doubt the influence exerted over all the events of his life by the providence of God.

"It is not by texts it should be proved: it is by the whole Bible itself; its facts, its exhortations, its promises are all idle mockery, if God has no more daily rule over His creatures, and over the instruments he has made, than the watchmaker over the watch that he has once set agoing. It *may be*, though the universal laws of nature are, in the common course of things, doubtless, immutable, the particular application of those laws are in God's power to turn as He wills. So Job expresses the subjection of the lightnings to God's order, by that poetical figure 'Here we are!' But the moment we begin to inquire, '*How* can these things be?' '*How* God works through second causes?' we are lost in the maze. Let us be content to know that He who is truth hath said, 'I the Lord do all these things,' 'My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure,' 'I have spoken, I will also bring it to pass; I have purposed it, I will also do it.' So believing, let us adore and be thankful, well assured that while we know so little as we do of earthly matters, we could ill bear to know more of heavenly ones."

"The exclusive spirit of the Evangelicals (so called) and their common mode of speaking of others have always been repugnant to me. Yet it is impossible for any one whose spiritual being has been awakened, not to be conscious of the difference of feeling—the absence of spiritual desires in another. The right course, I am inclined to think, in accordance with the precept of 'Judge not,' with the apostolic spirit, and with the character of our Church and all its offices, is, in general society, to endeavour to treat all and speak of all who *profess* themselves Christians as our brethren in one hope; to strive against the natural shrinking from a manifestation of principles that cannot be entered into; and in meekness and love to maintain in one's own conduct and language the importance of heavenly above earthly things, the value of the substance above the shadow; abstaining from all unnecessary condemnation of others who may *appear* to act on any other motives. All who belong to the visible Church of Christ should be treated as members of that Church, and looked upon as fellow heirs of its privileges, and, as far as possible, addressed on the same footing as children of one family—*except* where an opening is made to speak to any one personally and practically. Then the general union must give way before the individual difference, and the true and home-searching appeal made, whether the name of Christian be of outward or inward application; whether it is in the form or essence that God is worshipped; whether the faith in Christ be a living root or a dead profession."

"One of the difficulties often brought forward in these days is the difference existing between the language of our Church in her offices, and that used by all serious ministers: the one seeming to admit all into the privileges of Christian hope who are outwardly received into the Church; the other, restricting those privileges to those who by faith have truly embraced Christ as their Saviour. May not the solution possibly be this: that the services of the Church are designed for the use of all who profess and call themselves Christians; that they are not intended for purposes of reproof, exhortation, or instruction, but as a mode of communication between man and God, in which it is pre-supposed that all who do avail themselves of such forms are what they profess to be. The preacher of God's Word, on the other hand, has a very different office to perform. His work is 'rightly to divide the word of truth,' so that the threatenings, no less than the promises of God shall be made known, and those who have the form without the power of godliness shall be awakened out of their sleep while those who are reconciled to God through faith in Christ may be encouraged and urged on to holiness of life. While the Church offices have only to supply the wants of the visible body of Christ, the preacher has to endeavour to transform the visible into the invisible Church, and to bring it from a nominal to a real union with its Head."

"Our will and God's are not by nature one. So long as we are ignorant what God's will is, all seems well. Our own will has its own way, and though that be often a tyrannical way, there is no struggle against it, and therefore all is smooth. But as the conscience becomes more enlightened, as by degrees God's will is opened to us, by whatever means it may be, there arises an opposition to our own will that goes on increasing in strength as we grow in the knowledge of God. It meets in its progress with many a stumbling-stone, and so long as the heart is proud and will not bend itself, so long as it trusts to its own power of combating the evil within, God will *resist*—He will not help. The moment the struggle has become so great as to make us cry loudly to Him for help, the moment we come as little children and ask for strength, His ear is open and His

Spirit is ready. Sometimes it may be that He waits like the man at the door till we have called many times, that He may be sure it is a cry of real earnestness; but most surely is the *grace* then given, and though the self-will is not rooted out, though there it will be to the end, its *reign* is over, and henceforward, though often rising up, it is kept subordinate to God's will and at one with it."

"When a soul has through grace been led to seek for pardon through Christ, and has received the full assurance of His love, it begins to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and this leads to a diligent inquiry and adoption of every means that may help in conforming the mind to that of Christ. Sanctification then becomes the one prevailing desire of the soul, and oftentimes it may be that it engrosses the attention so exclusively that the recollection of the justifying merits of Jesus are cast into the shade. Then comes the tempter in his most subtle form as an angel of light, leading the soul by degrees into one of these two errors—either to build its hope of favour with God on the change that has taken place, and the sanctification which, however imperfect, is still begun in itself; or to a gradual distrust of salvation through the want of those evidences of holiness which it esteems needful to prove its title to God's acceptance—and so to be continually cast down, in doubt, fear, and uncertainty."

"There is a great diversity of judgment as to the value of outward acts of devotion and the need of public means of grace. May not one cause of this difference lie in the circumstances of life as well as in the peculiar character of the individual? When there are many distractions of thought in the daily life. many interruptions to the serene and even course which alone is favourable for communion with God, it is a blessed and a solemnising help to fix the mind and make silence in the soul when we can come into a sanctuary set apart for His worship, where every association is of a holy nature, where the voice and tone of the man of God calls us to join in prayer and praise. He is an instrument in tuning our hearts, which our new strength is insufficient to do for itself. And the constraint imposed by an appointed service, by fixed words, by the help of sound to the ear, of all things consecrated to the eye, seems to lift up the dead soul unto God, and take away the power of worldly things which shut us out from His presence.

"In proportion, therefore, as there is difficulty in fixing the attention, so is the public worship of God a great blessing and comfort.

"On the other hand, when the ordinary habits of life are retired and private ones, when the presence of the Most High is realised in the silence of our own homes, and when reading the word of God can be joined with meditation and prayer, the want of this outward machinery is not so much felt, rather it is at times perhaps an effort to conquer the distraction occasioned by having the society of others around us. But then is it really needed as truly as in other circumstances, to take us out of self, and make us feel a fellowship of spirit with other members of Christ."

"If it is contrary to truth when we say of a morning *the sun has risen*, and of an evening *the sun has set*, instead of saying the earth has revolved on her axis, then, in the same sense, there is a contradiction to truth in the expression in Joshua, *the sun stood still.* As absurd as it would be to object to the common every-day expressions of familiar life, because not in accordance with philosophical accuracy, is the cavil at the statement of the *appearance* presented by the miracle, instead of its *cause* being brought forward. *We* indeed know from science what is the cause of the appearance, and Joshua did not; but the accuracy of the appearance, so far from being thereby lessened, is rather increased, since he related the plain and simple fact that was before his eyes, without making deductions of his own that might have been fallacious."

"The pantheist sees God only *through all;* the mystic acknowledges Him only *in you all.* To see Him *above all, through all,* and *in you all,* as sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, the true and living God, united to His manifestation in His works, and His operation in our hearts by the indwelling of His Spirit, this is a hard matter to feel in all its fulness."

"A great love can see and own defects in the object of its affections, and yet love on.

"A little love fears the truth and seeks to hide it."

"If we wish to compose a heaven of holy spirits and lovely minds, let us take the *ideal* of all those we most love and honour, and we can wish for nothing more perfect than such a fellowship would be. By the ideal, is meant the graces and talents of mind and character purified from all earthly dross and taint of sin.

"How beautiful must be the lives of the just made perfect when thus clothed upon with Christ's righteousness, and shining in the brightness of that light which shall never be dimmed! 'They shall be as the stars in the firmament of God.'"

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*January* 26, 1836.—Our dear uncle Hugh Leycester is dead. He looked calmly for the coming on of death as for no unwelcome guest, and was seen to lift up his hands in prayer after he could speak no longer. He remained till near the end as much alive as ever to all that was going on, keeping bits of conversation on his slate to look at after his visitors were gone. When K. one day said something to him about the difficulty of breathing, he smiled and said, 'Tired of eighty-six years of breathing, I suppose.' He waited patiently for what one wrote (for he was quite deaf), pleased with anything, yet content without anything, anxious only about the well-doing of all. At the last all was peace, and I trust and believe in no sense a false peace. The words, 'to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God,' seem to describe exactly the character of his life. My father feels the loss, a heavy one, of his last brother, whom he has always looked up to with such interest and affection."

M. H. *to* MISS MILLER.

"*Alderley Rectory, March* 11, 1836.—The blessing of Mr. Kilvert's ministrations at Alton, like all others that have attended *us*—I say *us*, for surely the invisible, no less than the visible, disciples of Christ rejoice over every means of grace vouchsafed to His people—is a call for thanksgiving and praise, that, slow as our hearts are to offer this service, must quicken mine with love and thankfulness. I have been spending a happy Passion Week with my cousins, the Leycesters of Toft, who shared in all the feelings it inspired, and from having spent the last year in a house of mourning, knew doubly how to feel the blessedness of the season that recalls the Christian hope—Christ risen.

"I am going from hence to Dr. Arnold's, and then I look forward to your meeting me at Leamington; and I know not whether Mary or I shall be the happiest in showing you our child, and through you making known to the affectionate people at Alton how God has blest me in the gift of so dear a little companion."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, April*, 1836.—Truly this is a sunny home. There are quantities of wild flowers which you know the delight of, and baby is so happy with them. . . . In an evening, when from weariness and pain I am unable to read, I am sometimes tempted to forget that there is an eye looking with compassion and tenderness, and an ear ready to hear every complaint, so that I do feel the want of that tender, pitying affection I once had; then perhaps, at that very moment, there will come in a messenger from the rectory, with a beautiful verbena plant, a fine balsam, or some other token that I have still the affectionate attention of a dear brother to prevent the outward blank from pressing too heavily, and to melt me into tears at the thought of my own unworthiness of such continued comforts. Then in my dear child what is my comfort."

M. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*Lime, May* 18, 1836.—Having shared my London *groanings*, it is quite fair you should share my fresh country enjoyments; and had your letter not come I had proposed to let out a little of the overflowing on you, well knowing that it would cheer you in the midst of uncongenial spirits or in a smoky atmosphere. But whatever I might have intended, your delightful letter makes me with double pleasure enter on our renewed intercourse, forgetting all that was not said and could not be fully enjoyed with a head bewildered by noisy carriages and shopping perplexities, and remembering only the pleasure of having met again in comparative London quiet, and broken down the barrier of two years' silence. Since I came here I have continually thought, how Lou would enjoy seeing baby trotting about on this sunny grass, crying out in a most loud voice at the blue-bells and periwinkles (a very hard name, too) that clothe the hedge-bank that bounds the garden. I wish you had not told me there were no trees here. I never saw it before, but I begin to think it is so. At least the few that are not yet in full leaf, make a bareness in the landscape we can ill afford, and my barbarous landlord in my absence has cut down some trees in a little orchard close by, that make a terrible open gap, showing the barn and farm buildings which were not visible before from the house. However, there is such a profusion of wild flowers, and all the green here is so unsullied, and this May sky makes the line of sea so blue, that I am well satisfied with my country luxuries. I hope it is not selfish to love living alone so much as I do; to feel the return to this solitary home the only real personal happiness I can now enjoy. For though I can take deep interest in others and look on at their enjoyments with much pleasure, it has usually a *dash* in it of much that is painful to me; such a vivid consciousness that their happiness is built on materials that are ever shifting, and must finally be moved away, that I am always haunted by the feeling that when the storm comes, they will have no fixed rock to bear them up above the waves. And then, feeling as I do, that the clouds have opened and displayed to me a brighter sky beyond, which others so often seem careless of and insensible to, I am ever conscious that I ought to make known more fully what I conceive of the reality of those hidden things, let the pain of implying wrong be what it may,—or, what to one's self-love is equally restraining, the fear of being supposed to set one's self up as better.

"Most truly could I echo back Julius's joyous words on our meeting—'My *happy* six months are begun now.' Though I shall not see him as often as formerly, yet it will be quite enough to take off all sense of loneliness, and to make just that mixture of solitude and society which suits my present condition. And, even were it not so, the feeling of being able to add to his comfort is a *positive* thing I do not feel elsewhere or with any one else. Do not fear, however, that I shall ever wish to turn hermit. Though thankful for the present rest, I know too well its temptations not equally to be glad that I am called away from it occasionally to mix with others, and find out how much there is of good under other forms than those which at times one fancies the only right ones. The day is gone by when those who have been smitten down to the ground as I have been can be permitted to serve God only in the temple, we of this generation must carry out the harder task of serving Him in the world. You will think my world is a small one, and so, God be praised, it is.

"I wish you were here to help me in arranging books, &c. I should not object either to your sowing some seeds for me in the place of 'Master Cornford,' though I much doubt whether you would hold a basket as patiently for me, while I cut off old dead roses, as little Baby-boy,—or think you had gained as great a treasure as he does when it is thus filled. He is at this moment putting a lily of the valley, which he has diligently pulled to pieces, in the sunshine in hope of 'making it well.' If I should forget to speak any other language than his you must not be surprised. I constantly feel that he learns so much more from every one else than he does from me, because I know *too* well all that he understands, and go on talking to him within the limits of *his* knowledge, instead of giving him some of mine."

"*June* 8.—At present the mere act of *living* is such a fatigue that I feel daily as if I had done a very hard day's work after lying on the sofa most of the day. The little strength I can find is given up to the arrangement of the Alton sermons for the publisher. Weakness and tiredness is not with me that negative species it often is,—it is *positive* in its pain, down to the soles of the feet, and it seems as if all the aching that belonged to past exertion, and was then, from stress of mind, unfelt, is now beginning to come out. It is all natural, and I am only too thankful to have been able to go on till now when there is no further call upon me. And then to have such a gentle affectionate comforter as Julius to soothe me with a woman's tenderness, and such a comfortable home, and a parish where, when I am able, I *can* be of some use. Every day brings its own peace and comfort, and yet, as a whole, time does now drag a weary pace at best. And so it must be, dearest Lou, yet awhile, but then comes the rest and all the day's toil will be forgotten, or remembered only to heighten the joy."

"*Lime, June* 28, 1836.—At length perfect summer is come, and I am enjoying the airiness of my drawing-rooms (which sounds grand, and is really comfortable), into which I moved for the first time yesterday. I wish you could see the view from one window, of the church spire rising above the distant trees and the line of very blue sea beyond, with its white specks flitting on it; and from the other window the little, shut in, quiet lawn skirted with shrubs, and the flowers brightly shining in the mid-day's sun, and you would at least own that, let Pevensey Marsh be as ugly as it may, this little quiet spot in Hurstmonceaux is fitted for every comfort and enjoyment that a country-loving hermit could desire. There is not a day, scarcely an hour, in which my heart does not lift itself up in thankfulness for this haven of peace and rest. But do I think that because from weak health, and from a wrench from all natural things, that nothing can ever wholly do away in its abiding painfulness, I can only feel at ease in a separation from the world? Do I suppose that it is therefore inconsistent with Christian feeling in others to enjoy society, and to make use of the many and various talents and gifts bestowed on them? Oh no, I feel most strongly the difference which outward circumstances have made in me, and hope to be preserved from that one-sided view which would seek to bring every one to the level of *my* daily habits of life, occasioned as they are, not by a healthy, but a sick state of being. To one whose daily blank requires and needs daily submission, whose will has to be continually brought through faith in Him who is invisible to bear what is visible, the line of duty must needs differ from that of those who are in the straight and common path of life, and whose duty is, not to shrink from the evil about them, but to rise above it. Nor can it be, nor would it be desirable, that those who have to bear an active part in this world should have the same delight in contemplative religion that is mercifully granted where more practical activity in God's service is withheld. Most truly it is, as you say, a compensation for the loss of what is outwardly precious, to have a deeper sense of what is inwardly so. . . . .

"I did so rejoice in the thought of your having enjoyment, and it certainly is a compensatory part of your discipline in life that your enjoyments are doubled by their after effects. . . . Not a word yet of Baby-boy, who is this moment roaring, kicking, and screaming, as hard as he can, not to the advantage of my letter. This is, however, an unusual diversion of his, for he has been quite good since he has grown stronger, and with strength his spirits also increase, though they are of the gentle sort, 'mamma tired,—head bad,—baby play self,' he says when he sees me put my hand up to my head. He is a strong instance of the union of perfectly sweet temper with strong self-will that rises up in opposition the moment he is *ordered* to obey; but every day he has some lesson of patience and obedience to practice, that is advancing him in his little conquest over evil."

M. H. ("The Green Book.")

"*Lime, June* 2, 1836.—If, as I believe and trust, in the event of this day, Thou, O blessed Jesus, wert present in spirit, watching over and blessing the union of Thy servants, no less surely art Thou now present to us both, sanctifying and turning that which was water into wine—changing and purifying that which was mixed with earth and earthly into a purely heavenly and lasting union, that neither time nor space can alter. As a bright, a lovely dream, the five years rise up at times before me, nor can I yet often bear to dwell on their blessedness. Perhaps as time passes by, and their memory fades away from the thoughts of others, they acquire for me a greater sacredness that I cannot break through in speech, and scarcely in thought. . . . 'Be still, and know that I am God'—this I need ever to bear in mind, and to bring my will to be one with His—not in things gone by only, but in things present; not in patience only, but in joyfulness; not in submission only, but in thankfulness. When, when shall I learn that the path of godliness must be one of self-denial? When shall I be taught to forget self and seek only the glory of God, the honour and love of Him who has bought me for His own? 'It is a portion,' was the original name of Manna. Let the hidden Manna, the bread of Life, be ever more and more my portion, my joy, my inheritance; so while on this earth trial may be mine, warfare may be mine, and unmixed happiness must be withheld, my hope may yet rest securely, and my gaze be fixed more intently, on the Eternal Rock who can be my stay and shelter through every storm.

"Fountain of Life! refresh and strengthen Thy weary pilgrim from the living waters, that her soul may be as a watered garden, and bring forth fruit more abundantly. Head of the Church! let one of Thy weakest members be united to Thee in that close bond of communion and of love that fills every desire and heals every wound."

"*July* 24.—There are times when a looking-glass seems to be held up before the mind's eye, in which the deformity that has been for a time perhaps forgotten, is brought again before our view; when a glimpse is given into those inward chambers where lurk so many hidden remnants of original evil. Those motives, dispositions, and purposes, which at other times are thickly veiled over, are then seen through and laid open, giving some faint foresight of what will be the overwhelming weight of that comprehensive, all-searching, and manifesting view, which will one day place the whole of the past clearly before us, without the possibility of turning away, be it ever so painful to look upon. There are moments in which the old man, the yet corrupt portion of our nature, rises up so strongly that it would seem as if the whole work of sanctification had to begin—as if all the self-loving principles had to be cut off anew. . . . . I know that He that formed the ear *does* hear; I know that He has power to help; so I am without excuse when led away to sin, just as the sick man who refuses the medicine that would heal him. I feel an ever-growing desire to be conformed to the image of Christ, to have His righteousness wrought in me, so that every part of me may be born anew after the spirit of Jesus, and my whole body, mind, and spirit transformed from the likeness of Adam to that of Christ, that all my joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, may be those of the spiritual not the natural birth, and that I may bring every outward thing into captivity to this new life.

"If I could once obtain such a steadfast, immovable walk with God, that all other things should become subordinate to this my heavenly life; that the life of faith should be the groundwork, and the life of sense but the accessory and accidental part of my being; that I could bring myself to feel more fully my union with Christ as the all-sufficient portion in whom I have life and happiness, and only enjoy other creatures in subjection to Him—how much of distraction of thought and changeableness of feeling should I avoid. I need nothing so much as to be more firm in my position, that neither the affection nor the example of others may draw me away from it. Self has to be cast out in all its forms, in the still clinging to human affection and exclusive attention, in the regarding human opinion, in the love of human praise. Let me more simply look to God's glory and His will. If that be accomplished in my own abasement, if I have a conscience pure in His sight, let me count it no trial if I obtain not from others the honour that I might do were my life ordered otherwise, and could I outwardly glorify Him by deeds and words. I need counsel daily to know where and how to serve Him best—how to devote myself most acceptably to Him—whether by denying myself in outward action if He wills I should not work for Him, or by crucifying the flesh in suffering for His sake in ministering to others to my own cost. May He guide me in judgment and show me the way, on the right or on the left."

M. H. *to* REV. R. KILVERT.

"*Lime, June* 18, 1836.—I hope you will write to me when you have time. I yearn after the comforting words that a branch of the true Vine can supply, though sensible that with the living Vine itself, ever near, one ought to lack nothing. But the lesson of one's own weakness in faith is one that every day is teaching more forcibly; and while we know the Fountain is all-sufficient, it leads one to long for the streams also. . . . It is at seasons when, from external circumstances, our spiritual life seems to be deadened, that one feels the blessedness of having one's confidence anchored on that which is *without* one's self, not on any inward state of feeling; and still more, the steadfast knowledge that He who merits all our love and all our service is also well acquainted with the infirmities of body and mind that so frequently render that service so wretchedly poor and miserable. I am thankful now to be able to lift up my heart with something more of cheerful hope, as the repose of my life here restores me to a calmer frame of mind. . . . Indeed, I feel ashamed of seeming to complain of trial when I have only cause for thankful rejoicing—when all is so peaceful around, and my blessings so numberless; but the voice of joy and praise is too often swallowed up in one of prayer and supplication—'O Lord, heal me, for I am weak'—'undertake for me, for I am oppressed.' Had I strength for it, there is abundant room here for active exertion in my Master's work, and many souls who appear to hunger and thirst, though often it seems to be more after the personal comfort of *assurance* than after righteousness itself. There is nothing here of the simplicity of the dear

Wiltshire peasantry; and, from the prevalence of Dissenters, there are many who have such a ready flow of spiritual language and knowledge of the *doctrines* of their faith as makes it difficult to discern whether the belief is a sound and practical one."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*June* 2, *Corsley*.—Am I not with you, my own Mia, sharing all the recollections of this day, as closely as when I first shared in its happiness five years ago? How vividly all has been present to me yesterday and to-day—the journey to Alton in the coach—the first arrival—the feeling of peace and rest for weeks to come after all the bustle of London—*his* welcome—notwithstanding the rain, the loveliness of that scene—and then this day—the little lawn—the quince-tree—the children's dinner, and *his* grace, the first thing, I believe, which lighted up the warmth of affection in my heart, to increase how rapidly, how lastingly! How I did love him with you, you know, my Mia, words need not tell it, therefore you know how, though Time, as with you, can weary down the anguish, still the void, the gap, is as deeply felt as at the first. But then comes the soothing, the comfort, that which *Time* can never bring to the broken-hearted, but which a Father of love, a Saviour of sympathy, can richly provide, and *has* provided for you, how richly only those can tell who know all you were, all you enjoyed, and all you have lost. These have been the words in my mind this morning, and they have comforted me in thinking of you—'While we look not at the things which are seen and are temporal, but at the things which are *not* seen and are eternal.' Your earthly enjoyments were very great, and no earthly sun ever did more brightly shine over two happy creatures than it did over you two at that peaceful Alton; but one knew, and you felt daily, even at times to the over-clouding of the present enjoyment, that it *was* temporal, and that all might soon pass away. Now, therefore, we will not look at what was, but what *is*. Your Augustus is for ever safe and happy, and when those who remain shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the clouds, how blessed will be the meetings with those who have been earlier taken from the trials of life, and were only left here long enough to enjoy the sunshine and the morning, and the love, and the beauty of all around, and then translated to a yet higher sunshine before the evening closed in."

"*Seven o'clock, p.m.*—It has been a fit day to think of you—a soft heavy rain falling and refreshing the parched earth, and, though it cleared up by six, no sunshine came, only a sweetness and freshness seemed to spring from every hedge and flower. It is on these days I do so doubly rejoice in the thought of your dear child; and even when he is ill, it is an interest, a something to rest your affection on; and I cannot help feeling, though he may cause anxiety, he will be spared to you to grow up and be your comfort, as his uncles were to their aunt."

M. H. *to* MISS MILLER.

"*July* 18, 1836.—You will perhaps have heard of the birth of my dear Marcus and Lucy's little boy. I believe there is not a more happy, thankful creature living than the latter in the fulfilment of this how-long-wished-for hope. When she is quite recovered, I look forward to the delight of having them here for some weeks, when the baby will be christened in the church of his ancestors, by the names of Marcus Augustus.

"My own little treasure has grown so strong and healthy, it is quite a delight to look at him, and his incessant chatter is most amusing. I could fill my paper with stories of him;

but I cannot give you the impression I could wish of his little endearing ways. His fondness for flowers, and knowledge of the names of every one in the garden or field, still continues. He runs about quite independently, and is out nearly all day long. Telling him one day about the garden of Eden, he asked eagerly if there were 'daisies and buttercups too;' and he enters fully into the moral lesson contained in Adam and Eve's disobedience—'God told Eve not touch apple—Eve *like* it—Eve naughty.' It comes very home to his experience, in which he has many a struggle, and I have many a battle with the self-will that likes to do what it is told not. But I never allow him to conquer. He is so affectionate, that the precept, 'If you love mamma, you will do as she tells you,' has full force, and may in time, I trust, be exchanged for that higher principle of love to God which can only be implanted by the Spirit of God."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 23, 1836.—I take out this book to write; but what is it I have to say? Only again and again what I wrote last—that my longing desire is to be crucified to self and earthly things; but my daily experience is of their strong hold upon me. How different a thing it is to be spiritually minded in the closet when communing with God, and to be so in the company of fellow-sinners, even when they are those who love God. Oftentimes it has seemed to me as if I had attained no further that delighting in the law of God and knowing something of its nature; as if the whole practice of it were yet to come. And yet, at the very moment when I may thus lament over my shortcomings, if a word of reproach or blame comes from another, it seems to excite mortified feeling and self-justifying excuses. Oh, when will this proud heart be beaten down, and the true humility be inwrought so that it cannot be moved? When shall I in deed and in truth put on the meekness and lowliness of the Lord Jesus? To be consecrated to the service of my blessed Lord in body, soul, and spirit, to be a priest to minister unto Him, cleansed and purified and anointed by Him, receiving from Him all grace and strength to work His will and bear witness to others of His truth, this is my whole desire. Oh, my faithful High Priest, to whom I am joined in one spirit, do Thou mercifully stablish me in this purpose, that I may deny myself and follow Thee, renounce my own will, my own pleasure, my own honour, and seek only Thine, and in Thee live, and speak, and act, that not I may live, but Christ in me. Oh strengthen me to deny the natural feelings, so as to be kept in a more staid, peaceful frame of mind, and that while I feel the joy of Thy salvation, I may never lose sight of the present troublesome world in which I live, or of my own sinful heart, ever warring against Thy spirit; that so I may, with fear and trembling, be ever watching unto prayer. Teach me how to pray, O Lord; quicken me to pray much oftener; teach me to meditate more on the blessed Jesus, to love Him more, and to be made to follow Him more simply, steadfastly, and humbly."

"*Christmas Eve*, 1836.—'Let me join myself to the Lord in a perpetual covenant'—a covenant not to serve Him only in pleasant places and where it is easy to follow Him, but to follow the Lamb *whithersoever* He goeth; well knowing that His path is one of toil and suffering, and that we cannot hope to wear His crown unless we also bear His cross. One of the lessons I have learnt this year, has been to feel that when we are Christ's, 'all things are ours,' in proportion as we live up to the privileges given and strength promised. And that, whatever be the hindrance, or temptation, or difficulty in our way, all may be overcome through the power and might of the Spirit that dwelleth in us. It is in this way we are to be partakers even now of the kingly dominion in our Lord's kingdom, and rule and reign over all that is within and without till it be subdued. By the power of this rod and sceptre, every enemy may be overcome, and through faith we shall obtain the victory. To this conviction I cling, in steadfast hope that I may so by degrees be strengthened, that the life of Jesus may be manifested in me. . . . . Teach me, O blessed Saviour, more and more of Thy own gracious mercy and love, that it may constrain me to glorify Thee more fully, that I may understand more of the hidden mystery of Thy redemption, and see in it more of thine infinite wisdom and loving-kindness to me, a poor earth-worm and crumb of dust. So in Thy humiliation may I be humbled, emptied of self, and obedient even unto death, and be with Thee exalted to power and glory; now bearing meekly Thy cross, and hereafter sharing with Thee Thy crown; one in will, purpose, thought, and deed, that when Thou shalt appear in glory, the hidden life I now live in Thee may be manifested to the praise of the Sun of Righteousness, who hath risen on my darkness, and given me light and healing!"

"*Jan.* 2, 1837.—Gottlob! ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit! Another year gone by—another begun—every one bringing us nearer home. All praise to Him who hath led me through the wilderness in the past year. He has never failed of any one thing promised. I only have been lacking in my share of the covenant—in simplicity of love and devotion to His service, by impatience and unthankfulness. Blot out of Thy remembrance, O my Saviour, every word, and thought, and feeling that has been contrary to Thy spirit; and may I in this coming year be moulded anew after Thy image, consecrated to Thy service, and in body, soul, and spirit, in mind, act, purpose, and submission, be made wholly one with Thee, even as Thou art one with the Father,—one in spirit now, that hereafter I may be one with Thee in the fulness of Thy glory. Sanctify and purify me, that I may be a vessel purged for my Master's use, and may be permitted to glorify Thee before men—a witness of Thy truth now in Thine absence, that when Thou appearest again Thou mayest not be ashamed to own me for Thine own."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Stoke Rectory, Jan.* 7, 1837.—I hope ere this you will have received the copies of the sermons for the Alton cottagers. . . . It is in the hope and prayer that in these sermons, 'being dead, he may yet speak,' that I would send them to the dearly-beloved people of Alton, begging them all to bear in mind, that all the earnestness with which they were addressed in them would now be increased tenfold could their departed minister indeed speak from the fulness of glory into which he is admitted, and reveal the whole truth of the love, and holiness, and justice of the Father in heaven. And where he is, there every one of his parishioners is invited to go, there every one will be helped to go, there every one is promised that he shall be, if they will come as little children to their Lord Jesus Christ and ask Him to teach them that which they see not, to take away all iniquity from their hearts, and make them one with Himself in spirit and in truth. Not one shall be cast out that comes to Him. May He graciously incline the hearts of many to come. I wish I could write to each separately, and speak to the personal needs of each, and tell them how true and faithful is the Lord God whom they are in these sermons called upon to serve; and I would I had the tongue of angels to declare to them how great is the peace, and how sure is the joy that attends those who are brought to die to themselves, and live only for the Lord who has bought them for His own. But I have no strength to write, and must be content with sending through you my heart-felt prayers that every word of Christian truth now recalled to their minds may be blessed with increase, and bring forth fruit abundantly to the glory of His grace, who has called, and will sanctify, justify, and glorify all who believe in Him."

M. H. *to* MISS LEYCESTER (after her Mother's death).

"*March* 12, 1837.—'They that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.' Truly we may comfort one another with these words: most truly may we look on, with sure and certain hope that in the day of His appearing this your beloved mother and faithful servant of her Lord will be found among those that *love* that appearing and rejoice in the glory of the Lord. Yet after all that we can hope, and all the confidence that we can feel in the weight of the coming glory, I know and feel what you must suffer in being thus, for a time, separated from her you so dearly love, and who has for so long been the object of your deepest reverence and tenderest care. It is a sorrow such as this world can never repair. No earthly friend can replace her, no earthly consolation can fill the lonely place in your heart. But there is One who is able to make your cup still overflow with peace and joy, and to be to you more than father, mother, husband, or brother. He, and He only, who has promised to be with us to the end of the world, can by His abiding presence give rest to your soul, and fill it with that comfort which this world knoweth not. I have long since been taught that it is not our affection for the departed, it is our love for ourselves that makes the chief bitterness of our grief; and when the love of Christ constrains us to forget our own pleasures and seek only His glory, then the present suffering is lightened, and the future hope becomes more real. It will only be for a little while, and we shall look on all these passing changes of our life here in the mind of God, and see in them the continually renewed proofs of His fatherly love, showing us from time to time how shadowy and unsubstantial all dependence is, but upon the Rock that can never be moved, the hiding-place in all our trouble, the refuge from every storm. . . . I have not troubled you with letters; you have had many to write, and I could hear from others, but none can feel with you more truly. From earliest years I know what your affection has been to her who is now taken from you. I know how truly she deserved the richest offering a child's heart could pay of love and reverence, and I know that the deepest faith cannot remove the suffering sense of this grievous bereavement. Do not be afraid to sorrow, Jesus also wept, and so assuredly may those who know and believe that He is the Resurrection and the Life."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, June* 9, 1837.—I cannot tell the happiness I now feel with my child, and in this my peaceful home, or how I feel stayed in peace on that everlasting and immovable Rock. I am just now feasting on Peter Sterry, whose beatific visions of the third heavens are the nearest approach to communion with the invisible company on mount Zion that one can have here below. May it only stir one up to more true self-denial and labour of love here, that we may be fit for the rest when it does come. Dearly as I do love and prize all heavenly contemplations, I always find the result of them is not to tempt me to a self-indulgent spirit of communion only with God, but much more to a fervent desire *to do His will.* And with this object I am sure prayer —prayer—is the beginning, middle, and end; in proportion to its earnestness and constancy is the healthiness of the life of Christ within us."

Journal *by* Miss Miller.

"*July* 8, 1837.—I reached Lime in safety. My dear Mrs. Hare received me with all her wonted kindness, and with far more calmness than on the last time I visited her; and indeed from her whole deportment it is evident that such perfect peace dwells within as no outward things have power to ruffle. . . . The grand springs of her spiritual joy are, I see clearly, a cleaving to the word of God and to prayer; few books besides have yet power to attract her attention, but the same little well-worn Bible, which was her solace at Rome, in her journey over the Alps, and on her arrival in England, is still her constant companion—always within reach of her eye and touch, and ever in her heart. Her bodily weakness is still excessive, and her nervous system too much unstrung ever again to be as strong as it has been; and it is one of her chief crosses to be laid aside as useless to others, when she is so anxious to exert herself in helping them onward; but she is called on to *suffer*, rather than to *do* God's will at present, and she is blessed with unshaken peace and confidence in her Saviour. Her house and garden seems the very spot for her to dwell in—so peaceful, quiet, and pleasant. The rooms open through glass doors to a lawn, which slopes down to water overhung with trees. and on the other side some pretty sloping fields ascend towards the road, while at about a mile distant is seen the village church, beyond which is the line of the sea, over which a white sail occasionally passes. As a constant sunbeam in this quiet scene is her dear child, always sporting and gambolling about among the flowers, full of fun and merriment, rolling in the hay-field, or shouting with joy. . . . .

"*July* 18.—My last day at Lime. On going up to bed we took our nightly peep at sleeping Baby, and Mrs. Hare said as she looked at him, 'God says, "I will water it *every moment*," * and is not this a little tender plant that needs His constant care?' She wished me good-night with her usual kind words, 'Good-night, Love; I hope you have had a happy day,' and her wonted tender kiss. . . . . The moon to-night rose immediately over the sea, which, though four miles distant, was by its reflected light brought very near to us, and stretched in a broad line of light."

"*July* 19.— . . . . The last hours passed quickly away. Then Mrs. Hare asked me to go with her to her room, where, after reading the tenth and eleventh verses of Isaiah lxiv., we knelt together in prayer, and she tenderly, lovingly, and with such confidence, committed me to God's keeping, blessed Him for the season we had enjoyed together, and prayed that when the number of His elect should be accomplished, we might dwell together with Him in glory. I felt such a calmness imparted to me, that it was *the* time, I knew, for saying farewell; so, begging I might not see her again, and having twice kissed her, and received her blessing, I went down alone . . . . and Susan and Baby walked with me to the coach."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Sept.* 7, 1837.—Miss Miller's engagement to Mr. Pile is filling all my heart just now. I cannot tell you the mixed feelings—the recollection of words said at Alton. What *he* would have said and felt at this—for must it not be another, and perhaps the most touching and striking instance of all, that this is a field of his sowing?

"I dreamt last night, half waking, half sleeping, that

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* Isaiah xxvii. 3.

Marcus was taken from me, and that you and I, more one than ever, were at Alton, walking up to the Downs by that path I used to love so much. I thought we were quite calm and peaceful, and did not shed a tear, but were looking forward so surely, that we forgot the things that were behind." .

JULIUS HARE *to* FRANCIS HARE.

" *Hurstmonceaux*, *Dec.* 26, 1837.—Very many thanks for your kind inquiries about me. It is very true that my legs have thought fit to follow the example of this revolutionary age, and have risen in insurrection against the rest of the body, and been bringing it into subjection for some time past. It was merely a slight scratch in the first instance, but erysipelatous flesh is loth to heal; and so I have been under the doctor's hands for it more or less since last April, sometimes getting better, and then falling back again. So at length it has become necessary to undergo a radical cure; and since the beginning of November I have been confined to my bedroom floor, forbidden to move from my sofa, and visited by a surgeon daily, who has been giving me what he calls 'constitutional remedies.' These, I trust, will prove a more effective and lasting cure than the Reform Bill, and, if they do relieve me from the danger of future erysipelatous attacks, the advantage will be cheaply purchased. Further than the compulsory inactivity, there has been nothing in all this to care much about. As Maria and Baby-boy came and took up their quarters here, the rectory became a much livelier and pleasanter abode than usual; though now, to be sure, since they went to Shropshire, it has been somewhat lonely.

". . . . Neander, I see, has been publishing a Life of Christ. This will be the completest answer to Strauss; who, from his polemical replies, seems to be a very vulgarminded though hard-headed master of abuse, a man of intolerable self-conceit, and deluded by an idea which he had taken from Hegel, and does not understand. Nothing can be more fallacious than his fundamental principle, that everything must be progressive. In whatever is at all akin to inspiration, it is just the contrary, as Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Raphael, Phidias show."

My mother's chief interest in 1837 lay in the promotion of her brother-in-law, Edward Stanley, to the see of Norwich, and the removal of his family to the scene of his future labours. The unusual degree of sympathy and affection which always existed between her and her sister, caused her to watch with eagerness for every minute detail of the new life upon which the Stanleys were entering, with its manifold duties and occupations. During her frequent visits at the palace, while regretting the rectory and beechwoods of Alderley, she found fresh sources of enjoyment in the picturesque and architectural characteristics of Norwich.

M. H.'s NOTE-BOOK.

"*April*, 1837.—'The fashion of this world passeth away.' Yes, even now, while we fancy it is still with us, it is even passing before our eyes, the scene is changed while we are looking at it, old and well-known places and persons vanish from our sight, all becomes near to our view. So true are Shakespeare's words, 'The world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players, they have their exits and their entrances.' In childhood and youth this is hidden from our eyes, but as life advances, and one change after another passes over our life, as one set of friends succeeds another, and those whom we once associated with are either removed by death or separated by distance, while others arise to fill up the place in our daily intercourse of life, we learn how passing are all joys that lean on present possessions, how sandy a foundation has all happiness that rests on outward circumstances. And yet there is a truth that abides, a good that remains out of each shifting scene. All that is really precious in it is also enduring, and neither death, nor separation, nor change, can rob us of what we have once truly enjoyed. Let us thankfully adore the wisdom and love that so constituted the mind of man that it should thus retain the good and forget the evil, that it should be able to find good in *varying* forms, and be unchangeable even in its power of change, finding food for hope and joy and love in every passing scene of life, till we come to the city built on a Rock, that abideth for ever!"

* * *

"The nearest approach we usually make to thankfulness is to feel that we *ought* to be thankful, and to mourn in not being so. The active, upward-springing language of praise is but seldom able to break through the bonds of weakness and earthly-mindedness, and the burden of sin with which we are too often weighed down. To rejoice in having our wills crossed, in being conformed to His likeness through suffering, is a hard attainment; and yet perhaps true thankfulness oftener arises under outward privation, than when loaded with what seem to our eyes the greatest benefits. Our nature seems more especially to show its root of selfish and ungodly desires in the midst of God's bounty. The moment we are laid low by His chastening hand, our true relation to Him, and debt of love, is brought home to our hearts in the sense of our nothingness and of His power and mercy."

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"To the spiritually-minded, Time and Place are *not*. The Word of God is therefore, when spiritually apprehended, no history of successive generations having reference to various countries and divers persons; it becomes a living present whole,—a picture of the dealings of God with man, of the great contest between good and evil, of the victory over evil by Christ dwelling in the soul, and holding communion with God."

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"(*July* 7.)—Is it possible that the wicked, when they leave this world, will *love* God? The thought is a strange one, but it has occurred to me from feeling that sin in myself or others is the only real misery, and that, without a love for God, it would not be misery thus to be separated from Him. If then hell, or, in other words, misery and suffering, is hereafter, as it doubtless is, only in a far greater degree than it can be here, the conscious separation from God by sin, must not there be in the spirits of the departed wicked some love for God, some desire to live in the brightness of His countenance, instead of under its gloom, to create such a sense of wretchedness? Or is it that, on leaving the body, such spirits are brought to a consciousness of life proceeding from God, such as is effected here in the regenerate, while the door is shut of reconciliation and restoration to holiness through Christ, and the life becomes one, not of harmony, but of eternal and conscious discord. How unfathomable is the mystery of the possibility of evil being in any way even in the remotest degree associated with God! and yet some link there must be between Him and the ungodly, or there would not be the exceeding painfulness of the separation."

"(*July* 8.)—The inheritance of the earth is promised to those who are godly. How truly, how inseparably is this promise bound up in the commandment to 'love thy neighbour as thyself.' To inherit land is to possess it, to enjoy it, to have it as our own. And if we did love our fellow men as ourselves, if their interest, their joys, their good, was dear to us as our own, then would all their property be ours; we should have the same enjoyment as if it were called by our name. We can feel this true in the case of a dear friend, still more so in the case of a husband or wife, where, though two in person, the interest is one. This love, if extended to all, would make the whole earth once more one people and one family. To this end the first Christians sought to have all things in common, neither called they anything their own. Alas! how fallen are we, how is the gold become dim! How do all now, even those who truly love Christ as their Master, fail in love to each other as themselves. But in proportion as we can realise, through the grace given us, that the things of others are as important to us as our own, that we can share their joys and their sorrows, rejoice and suffer with them, in such measure do we taste the blessedness of the promise that we shall 'inherit the earth.'

"It is not the narrow compass of my own garden, my own field that I can enjoy. It is not my own prosperity that limits my pleasure. It is infinitely multiplied as I take interest and find delight in all that concerns my neighbours, and find, in their welfare, the continual source of new gratification. But if we thus are permitted to taste of the happiness of others, and find renewal of life and joy in all their joys, so must we also inherit suffering with them—we must not shrink from bearing their burdens, from grieving for their sins, from repenting and sorrowing with them, any more than from rejoicing in their good.

"We are ready enough—our human feelings lead us—to sympathise in the bodily sufferings, the outward afflictions of others—shall we not much rather share in the heaviness that must press them down when sin separates them from the light of God's countenance,—when they do not feel the joy of being reconciled to Him through Christ. Oh! that in all things, in spiritual no less than in human sympathies, we might be made one with Christ Jesus, ready and glad to give our life for our friends, and accounting all our friends, who are of the same flesh and blood, bought with the same price. Not our own griefs, our own transgressions only, must weigh upon us; we, like our Master, must be content to bear the iniquities of others, and feel it most blessed if through our chastening or our stripes, our wrestlings in prayer, or our teaching, they may be healed and restored. Our self-loving nature is ever fancying there is a point of rest to be found in this world, though we know that our Example found none; it is ever trying to cast off the burden of duty, whatever it may be, under a notion that when the haven of peace with God is won, the labour of 'toiling in rowing' must be over. And it would willingly anticipate the time, when 'they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, saying, Know the Lord.' But it must not be so yet awhile, our work is still to teach,—still to bear with the weakness and the sin of others, remembering how we too have been tempted,—nay, much more, how after all the grace, light, and life vouchsafed, we are still daily tempted to follow our own devices and desires rather than the perfect, heavenward, holy, self-denying pattern of the Lamb without spot.

"If with our Saviour we must lay down our life, sacrifice our ease, bear a cross for others, so also must we ascend with Him into heaven for them, there to plead and intercede for them with the Father of us all. We are not slow, when once brought to a sense of our own sins, wants, and temptations, to ask for help, strength, and pardon to overcome them. Let us in this point, too, love our neighbours as ourselves, let us seek, ask, and knock for them with equal earnestness, believing for them as truly as for ourselves, that we ask of Him who heareth, and will answer our petitions, and give freely to those who ask in the name, not of their own worthiness, or of the worthiness of those thus brought by them to Christ for healing, but in the name of Him who alone is worthy.

"Oh, that the Spirit of Love which dwelt in the tabernacle of the Word made flesh, might so dwell in us, so rule and reign over our selfish carnal nature, that we might, like Jesus, our exalted King, who was crucified, and is now risen to glory that He may give life to them through His intercession—that we like Jesus may not only ourselves be lifted up from earth and earthly things, but by the power and might of His Spirit be enabled to draw others after us into those heavenly places which are even now an earnest of all that is most blessed and glorious, a foretaste of the everlasting and perfect fruit of joy, and peace, and love, to be fully enjoyed only in the land of promise—the land where Christ and His people will together reign in one kingdom for ever and ever!"

"There is a twofold view in which to see every object—one of light, the other of darkness; just as in Scripture the same image is frequently used to denote good and evil. Now in suffering we have especially set before us two sides:

one that speaks of sin as its origin and cause, as its chief sting and bitterness; the other telling of the mercy which through temporary evil would work final good, and redeem us out of sin to lasting peace and joy.

"If in every cross, in every ache and pain, and in every sorrow, we could look upon the bright side and regard each as a love-token from a Father's hand, as a medicine sent to a sick man by his dearest friend—then, instead of finding it a hard struggle to bear with patience any thwarting of our will or ease, we should truly give thanks, blessing Him who thus cares for us, and who endeavours to make us, through fellowship with His sufferings, like-minded with Himself.

"In some measure and at some time every renewed Christian is able to see in his chastisement, love not anger, mercy rather than punishment. But the genuine belief and acknowledgment should become the hourly, momentary experience of our lives, not only when looking at the suffering from a distance, but in its actual presence, realising continually that Jesus is then speaking to us with a voice of love as true, and a compassion as perfect, as when on earth He took away the sufferings and healed the sicknesses of all around Him. As man He relieved pain, as God He inflicts it: in both cases is His love equal; in both it is the same merciful purpose of preparing our bodies to awake up after His likeness, fashioned like His glorious body.

"Now we see through a glass darkly the great love which is veiled beneath the disguise of suffering. Yet in our weakness let us take comfort in the remembrance that He who could take His life again, felt the suffering of laying it down, and prayed that it might be spared Him if it were possible. 'Praying more earnestly,' as He did, may we find the strength He found, not only sufficient to *bear* the weight of our cross, but willingly and gladly to take it up. This would bring the inheritance of the promise—'He that loseth his life shall find it,' to those who are 'always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus Christ may be manifest in our body.'"

"*August* 25.—'As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.' 'He that saith he abideth in Him, must also walk as He walked.'

"Oh Lord! this is all my desire—to walk along the path of life that Thou hast appointed me, even as Jesus my Lord would walk along it, in steadfastness of faith, in meekness of spirit, in lowliness of heart, in gentleness of love; not shrinking from the confession of my Master's name, or the avowal of His service, but bearing the burdens of others; considering that I also may be tempted, as I have so often been in times past. And because, through weakness, I am often unfaithful to Thy truth, because outward events have so much power over a weak and nervous frame, in scattering my thoughts and disturbing the inward peace, in which alone the voice of Thy spirit is heard, do Thou, gracious Lord, calm and settle my soul by that subduing power, which alone can bring all thoughts and desires of the heart into captivity to Thyself. Never let me leave hold of Thy guiding arm; but make me lean on it continually, in full and entire trust that Thou canst guide me aright through every rough place and crooked way. My Father, my Counsellor, my Friend, who hast once more sent to me an earthly treasure to love and cherish, let not my affections rest on the creature, but ever soar upwards to the fountain of its life, filled with the one desire of bringing it to Thee, and teaching it to draw spiritual life and nourishment from its merciful and loving Head. Thus shall it become a branch of the true Vine, and a member of

Thy body, O blessed Jesus. Deliver me from the snares which the possession of my child may bring with it, and help me continually to regard it as a loan from Thee. All I have is Thine; do Thou with all as seems good to Thy divine will; for I know not what is best. I am weighed down with my own weakness; but I offer unto Thee, O Lord, myself, my child, my house, my servants, and beseech Thee to teach me how to conduct all, so as best to further Thy glory and their true good. Let not the cares or duties of this life press on me too heavily; but lighten my burden, that I may follow Thy way in quietness, filled with thankfulness for Thy mercy, and rendering Thee acceptable service in the name of Him who alone is spotless before Thee, and whose perfect sacrifice can cleanse my stained works, and give them favour in Thine eyes. Pour out Thy Spirit upon me, to guard me from error and presumption, and to enable me to make known to others without wavering Thy mysteries of love. Finally, may self be daily crucified and lost in me more and more, that Christ may be formed in its place, and that the Lord my Righteousness may be no less without, as my ground of hope, than within, as the renewal of a corrupt mind unto His image."

M. H. *to* REV. R. KILVERT.

"*Stoke Rectory*, *Feb.* 13, 1838. . . . . Never is the prevailing unbelief so manifest as at times when a ray of light, let in through the medium of another, shows the exceeding darkness. We go on continually walking in an atmosphere of light, with our eyes closed against it, or, if we see at all, seeing men as trees walking, dimly and obscurely perceiving those things which, if we did but open our eyes, would be bright and clear as noonday. How joyous, how inexpressibly joyous, will be the perfect day of spiritual light and brightness, since even the faintest dawn is so cheering and passing our comprehension, and how strange it does seem, that knowing as we do the happiness of such moments of unearthly joy, and feeling sure that the clouds which hide us from it so often are all earth-born, we still cleave so fondly to what keeps us afar off, when we might be ever nigh unto the Lord! We bear about with us a precious jewel, and are contented but too often to gaze upon the dust and dross of life, instead of its beauty and riches. But oh, how blessed a thought it is that it will not be ever thus, that all the trials and temptations, and even the sins of every day are working out for us that redemption which will set us free indeed—a redemption from the bondage of self into the liberty of the sons of God, who live no longer to themselves, but wholly and perfectly for the Lord whose they are. . . . . I write thus, as I believe in sincerity of heart and desire for the coming of this day of deliverance, and willing to bear and do all that may hasten it; and yet, while I write, my heart seems to reproach me as though I were seeming to feel that singleness of purpose, which as yet I have attained so slight a measure of. But you understand how the struggles of the inward man prevail, even after it has pleased God to show us the way, the Truth, and the Life, and how possible it is for our nature to hunger and thirst after the food which yet it may at times murmur in receiving. I am mercifully preserved from despondency of spirit; for I know in whom I have believed, and that He is a rock on which I may safely and surely build; for His word is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Though I may and do change, He changes not. Still there are times when the heart faints and is weary, and is inclined to cry out, 'Oh Lord, how long?' It seems to me often now, when I have comparatively better health, stronger spirits, and more power of enjoyment, with increased blessings of every kind, as if I were really less happy than I was some time ago, as if I did not live so near God, as if He were less well pleased with me, than when I was more immediately under His fatherly correction. I could almost look back with envy to the time when, through great tribulation, there shone forth on me such streams of light and joy. Now I walk more by faith than sight; but we could not always bear to rest on Mount Tabor; nor is this to be our season of rest; and it is a blessed thing for us poor short-sighted earth-worms that we have not the appointment of our daily lessons, that they are set for us by the hand of Him who knows now that which we shall know hereafter, what will be for our good and His glory, for they are both one. We are disposed often to cry out, 'Father, save me from this hour,' forgetting that it is for this cause we are here, and when our true prayer should be, 'Father, glorify Thy name.' If, through the midst of the cloud, we would listen to the voice that speaks, 'This is my beloved Son, hear him,' we should find a Mount Tabor in the lowest valley, a light shining through our darkness that even now would give us a foretaste of the Land that is afar off, while we are as yet forced to abide in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. May we each in our several callings be taught more and more to listen to the voice within us, and hear what it would have us do, and be strengthened to do it; and may the will of God be our object, not our own sanctification nor the good of others only, but 'to do the will of our Father in Heaven.'"

To the same.

"*April* 9, 1838.— . . . . In each of our earthly relations we have a figure of Him who is in turn all of them to us, and we are put into different parts of God's school to learn the lesson belonging to each different view in which we are related to Him who is Father, Brother, Husband, all in one. May we all profit by this blessed discipline, and learn not merely from the Word, but also from the dealings of our God, what He is and what we are. And oh, how does His love humble us, when we feel what are His crowning mercies, how He lifts up the sorrowing heart with His joys, and chastens the gladsome one with His fear, that both may alike grow and increase by all His dispensations. . . . . All is now so tranquil and blessed around me that I feel at times oppressed by the sense of undeserved mercies, and as if I were happiest, because most nearly in my fit place, when suffering pain or privation. How increasingly are we taught how utterly ignorant are our notions of what is best for us, and that we may well submit ourselves to the leading-strings of One who will direct our way in truth and in righteousness, rather than try to find out a way for ourselves. I am taught continually by my little one what it is to be a little child in mind and heart, though equally often reminded by him of the bitter root of sin and self which lies at the bottom of even apparent virtues."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Torquay*, *Jan.* 2, 1838.—'The Master is come, and calleth for thee'—this was the text of the sermon we heard yesterday, such a sermon as makes one feel thankful beyond expression to be under the teaching of a faithful shepherd. Did you not feel it a happy thing for Sunday to close the old year, and by its services prepare one for the better improvement of the new one. Never did I spend a happier Christmas. There is a sweet, a peaceful consciousness, that Christ *is* dearer than all else, more precious than any created thing, and He sees—I trust He sees, and that I do not deceive myself—that I could calmly and with chastened thankfulness look on the removal of every earthly blessing He has given, so that I lose not the sight of His countenance, and can place my earthly treasures in His bosom. I do think that if we nurse our babe for Him, and He should call it away in infancy, in the midst of the bitterness, and oh what bitterness, I could see it folded to His heart, and be comforted. . . . . Oh, do not be weary in prayer, dearest, that you and your little Aug., and I and my two Marcuses, may together travel onward, inquiring diligently as we go, a blessed little company, till we see, not the Star, but the Sun of Righteousness Himself arising, and hear that joyful sound—'The Master is come, and calleth for Thee.'"

"*Feb.* 14.—I always feel as if I were with you at this time of year, though each returning February brings with it its joy; for it tells of a year of absence struck off, and brings you so much nearer to the meeting again. When you were happiest at Alton, how often I used to feel it was *too* deep happiness for earth, its very perfectness tried the weak and frail body, which was not made to bear perfect happiness; but the happiness you enjoyed at Alton was indeed a faint, very faint shadow of that which will be yours, when you shall all together again be employed in bringing glory to God. Oh, how impossible it must be for us now to form *any* idea of the exquisite joy it will be to serve our God without the hindrance of sin and self—amid multitudes, *all* whose hearts are filled with the same feeling—to look round and see our own joy reflected on every countenance, and not only for a moment, but *for ever*, to rejoice in the Lord. I long for you to see Rockend. To-day, as we walked along its Rock Walk, I thought no description could exaggerate, or give an idea of its perfection in all ways. Even after the severe weather the myrtles and other pretty shrubs looked healthy and comfortable, nestled under the overhanging rocks, and quite warm and sheltered. You walk on the edge of the cliffs, the view of the open sea on one side only broken by the tall shrubs and little trees, and on the other the bay and cultivated hills of Tor. I never saw a spot more home-like, that you feel you could grow so attached to; but it is never without a chastened feeling that I look on it. I have lived too long, and I trust that I have been taught too deeply in my Saviour's school to look forward to any earthly home with blind expectation; but it is a very beautiful and inviting *Gourd*, and so long as we may be permitted to sit down under its shelter, I trust that we may be led, through the multitude of our Father's mercies, to long more ardently for the shelter of that abiding home, where the sun shall no more go down, but where the walls shall be Salvation, and the gates Praise."

"*Rockend*, *April* 23, 1838.—You have been with me in the last week, my Mia; past times—Alton in its sunny brightness, Rome in its awful comfort—so much more *real* to my eyes than the present scene on which I am looking, that I scarce know what to begin with, so stupid and nothing-saying a letter seems, when I am talking with you and loving you every hour of the day. I often feel that my affection, my oneness of feeling with you, no words can express; it is like no other feeling, and my only satisfaction is, that you know it so exactly, no words are necessary. If you were to be taken to our Father's home first, I always feel you would be to me as Augustus now is to you—nearer than ever. I should fancy you saw into every motive, and witnessed every struggle; and oh! who, when living in the same room with one all day long, knows half the struggle constantly going on within, between the half subdued *self*-nature, and the victorious power of grace, for in no state on earth is there *rest* to the Christian soldier; the enemy only shifts his ground, but in the hour of earthly prosperity he is as surely there as in the hour of trial or temptation.

That which has brought you so very near me just now has been the reading some of your old letters, and when I once begin I cannot stop. It was very sad, but it was I felt good, and nothing perhaps in the confusion and business of settling one's house would have *fixed* my thoughts more, for I always find it difficult at such times to read to any purpose, I can only breathe up silent prayers to be watched over."

"*May* 10.—We shall soon be looking forward to your coming, my own, my darling Mia. I am sure my love for you must be a love that lives from its own root, for it grows stronger and deeper week by week—absence or silence can make no difference, in all my joys you are with me, in all my mournings over coldness of heart, in all my yearnings after a state where self shall be no longer one's enemy.

"There are some spots here where you and I shall so delight to sit and look over the wide blue waters, open sea one way; and then, just turning to the left, the eye, tired of gazing on nothing but sea, can rest on green woods and fields. I think it more beautiful every day. Marcus enjoys the interest of the place much, and is out nearly all day. He has got several men at work, and intends to do wonderful things with the eighteen acres. *My* part of the domain, and *yours*, is the outer boundary next the sea, smooth, steep, thymy slopes down to the edge of rugged, rocky precipices; and there, perched just above a natural bridge of rock, I often sit and watch the little vessels bounding over the waves, and think how the Mia will enjoy it."

"*May* 31.—We came home last night at ten. It was so lovely. We walked up to the high terrace and looked down the steep precipice, the soothing sound of the quiet waves breaking over the rocks, the stars and crescent moon, all calmness and peace. You would love to see just now the wind waving the long grass soon to be cut down, and the woods round Tor Abbey such a vivid green. We can rival your hedges in flowers, for I think they grow larger and finer here than any I ever saw, and in such profusion."

"*June* 26, *Burnet.**—There is a family likeness between Somersetshire and Wiltshire, and several times yesterday, when I stopped in the balmy air of one of the loveliest evenings we have yet had, Alton, not Burnet, was before me—the sounds, the calmness, the white cottages. I can now think of those days without bitterness, every year is bringing us nearer and nearer, never for a moment are you and he separated in my mind. I think of you *both* as having passed away from this lower world, its cares, its anxieties, and fears. But he is safe in the blessed home we are toiling and struggling to reach. You are left, not indeed the gay, light-hearted Mia that it was a joy to look upon, but dearer, far dearer than ever, and happy, most happy. I always turn to you as the happiest person I know; for the innocent pleasures of this world, its sympathies, its flowers, its sunshine, you are enabled to enjoy and sympathise in more than ever, and yet your heart is in heaven."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Feb.* 17, 1838.—I cannot refrain from sending a small offering to Alton at this season, when I have so much cause for thankfulness. I bless the Lord who was pleased to deliver His servant from the bondage of His earthly tabernacle, and permit him to enter into the joy of his Lord. I bless Him for the marvellous kindness shown to me His poor servant, in that having made me sow in tears he has allowed me to reap in joy, even now in my pilgrimage in which the foretaste of the land that is afar off is very sweet, and the hope of one day beholding the King in His beauty very precious."

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* A place rented by the Miss Hares (Caroline and Marianne).

"*April* 9.—I have returned with great thankfulness to my peaceful home, and find my brother Julius well, and not sorry to have his solitude broken. Little Augustus is in an ecstasy of delight over all the primroses and daffodils that cover our hedges and fields. It is a blessed, cheering thing to have constantly before one's eyes such a bright, unclouded life as that of a child—a type of that reserved for us where sin and sorrow shall be no more. But it is surprising even in a child how many seeds of evil show themselves before they have had time to develop themselves fully. We must sow the good seed and prepare the ground as far as we are able, and then pray for the rain and sunshine to give it increase."

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"How my words should be engraven in thanksgiving for all the mercies of my God! How richly does He bless me without and within! And yet when I attempt to speak of Him, my Lord and Master, how cold and lifeless are my words! Oh! for that baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire which may give warmth and power to that which is by nature so dead and weak. Truly the moments when I feel most disposed to fall down in shame and pray for pardon are those when I have attempted to teach others, or when I have made any effort to worship or glorify Him whom I so unworthily serve. Lord, hear; Lord, forgive; Lord, do: hear what I speak not, forgive what I speak amiss, do what I leave undone, that not according to *my* word or *my* deed, but according to Thy mercy and truth, all may issue to Thy glory and the good of Thy kingdom."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, May* 23, 1838.—Little Augustus is, as you may suppose, revelling amid primroses, bluebells, and violets, which make amends by their profusion for the lack of flowers in the garden. He is like a wild thing from spirits. You can see him, can you not? running before me along the fields to the little wood, chattering all the way, with Chelu running by our side; and how my heart bounds up to Him who thus blesses me and gives such enjoyment."

"*All-Saints' Day.*—Priscilla Maurice has been with me for some time, and is most helpful in all my parish work. She is so full of resources, intellectual as well as spiritual, and has so much knowledge of people and things, that she is a most agreeable companion. I never saw any one who did so truly *redeem* the time towards every one; she is so charitable and encouraging in her judgment of others, and so unwearied in her efforts to do them good; her one constant study is to do her Master's will and give up her own."

"*St. Leonards*, *Sept.* 3, 1838.—Ten days ago Priscilla Maurice, Jule, and I came here and found a small house without much trouble. One of the advantages of the place, which I much delight in, is its neighbourhood to Oare, Dr. Fearon's church. You may remember his name if you have read Cornelius Neale's life. He had a paralytic stroke lately, which has almost incapacitated him from preaching; and when we went, on the Friday evening after we came, to his school-room service, it was most touching to see this faithful but infirm old servant of Christ doing his Master's work with apparently his dying breath. He could scarcely get to his seat, and his hands shook so, he could hardly turn over the leaves. He read some of the evening prayers, then commented on the Psalm for the day (part of the 119th), then a hymn was sung, and more prayers, then he explained the Epistle for the following Sunday, another prayer, and a concluding hymn. It was quite a little heaven below, for the little flock assembled bore testimony to his valuable ministry, and it was with one heart and voice that all joined together in prayer and praise. And he, dear blessed old man, with a head quite apostolic in its heavenly sweetness and love, and beautiful in features, did speak with such love, and truth, and plainness, rising up from his seat as the animation of his subject inspired him, and then sinking down in weakness. It was like the last flickering flame of a candle going out, and one felt as if at any moment he might have 'fallen asleep in Jesus,' and joined the church triumphant, while declaring to that still militant the beloved Saviour who had died and risen again for their salvation. He must have been a most powerful preacher, with homely illustrations and ready applications of all he teaches, and such earnestness in seeking to win his people to Christ, but, though enfeebled, his looks speak more strongly than words what is the truth of all he teaches. I could not help thinking how Augustus would have been delighted, and Jule was little less so: he said if he had been an artist he should have asked to paint him for a St. John."

"*Lime*, *Sept.* 24.—We left St. Leonards with regret. The day before completed our stay in a visit to Dr. Fearon. I can give you no notion what the blessed face of that old man is, and his peace and love. Julius talked to him with all the reverence of a child, and the old man looked on him with such interest, and bade him devote *all* his powers to his Master's service,—it was the truest riches. There was such playfulness in his manner. Asking him if he could get out among his people—'No, very little now; *Mr. Self* don't like to be kept at home, but it is all well; we should choose very ill if we chose for ourselves what trials God should order us.' He was lifted up from his chair when we came away, and followed us to the door blessing us I am sure in his heart. It is a countenance that abides with one, with a sweetness truly of heaven."

"*Palace, Norwich*, *Dec.* 8, 1838.—The great interest of this place is the cathedral. It is quite close to the palace, and from my room I distinctly hear the roll of the organ twice every day. I never *enjoyed* a cathedral before. Here it is like a friend, a companion, and its exceeding beauty grows on one. Had I strength I would attend the service daily, for it seems quite to lift one out of the world. There is something most impressive in hearing, in the dusk of twilight, the beautiful music swelling through that lofty and magnificent temple to the glory of God. I feel, too, as if even the absence of any congregation made it more touching and solemn,—to think that, day by day, those most harmonious and beautiful songs of praise are resounding in the ear of God alone. His presence seems truly to dwell in this His house, and His glory to fill the temple."

M. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*March*, 1839.—In my continued weakness I feel that it is good to be kept constantly in mind, that the ways in which one would best like to serve God are not always the ways in which He chooses one should show one's love and readiness to do His will. 'To stand and wait' is a harder task to flesh and blood than 'to speed o'er land and ocean without rest;' and if the exercise serves to school one into perfect submission, it is a blessed one for which one should be thankful. To be useless to others when one fancies one might be able to do them good; to give no pleasure when one longs to comfort or please; to be from bodily infirmity unable to share the enjoyment of others, and show one's light-heartedness, though inwardly full of joy and peace,—these are the constant thwartings of one's own will, that may work out good in a way we see not: and, doubtless, since ordained by God, will not tend to lessen His glory, though we may wish it had been in our power to advance it in our own way."

In April, my mother returned to the quiet of her own home, where, soon afterwards, she received the news of Lady Parry's death, just after her father (Sir John Stanley) had been raised to the House of Lords as Lord Stanley of Alderley.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, May* 14, 1839.—Oh may you have been prepared in some measure to hear that dear sweet Bella has entered that rest from care, from suffering, and from sin, for which she longed, and was so ripened, and which here below, even with the choicest earthly blessings around her, she could never find. She has passed into those heavenly places where her dear little ones have gone before, and where she will see the King in His beauty, and live in the presence of that Saviour she so truly loved while yet unseen. It is but a little while, and those she has left will follow after, and join her in the joyful freedom from their earthly tabernacles, in the union which can never be dissolved. But oh, how long, how weary does the affliction seem in the present time, and how severe must be the suffering through which the glory will be manifested. We know it is love, the tenderest love to all,—even to him the very thought of whom makes one's heart bleed, even to those precious little ones who are deprived of the fondest and tenderest of mothers; and, hereafter, when we see how this sharp trial will have worked out the fruits of righteousness to those who have been exercised by it, we shall give thanks that God's ways are not as ours, and that He has provided the needful medicine to heal all diseases. . . . Dearest, most beloved sister, how you will feel this blow; how you will mourn for this loved one, even while you rejoice over her! It has come so suddenly upon me, I can hardly yet believe it possible. I can give you no comfort, but you will find it abundantly in submitting your will to His who puts not one drop more of bitter into His children's cup than He sees will work out their true good, their final happiness.

"I shall mourn for dearest Bella as a sister. She is so by long intimacy and Christian feeling, and I cannot bear to withhold the outward sign of it, when it is so truly an expression of that which is within."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*May* 17.—I looked for your letter of comfort and sympathy. Oh! long may you be spared to me; what would the gap be, when joy or sorrow came, and I could not turn to you! It is indeed a heavy blow, and it is the first."

"*May* 27.—To-day *would* have been her birthday,—that day so loved in our family, so associated with all most happy and enjoyable. The sun is shining brightly, the lilacs and laburnums all tell of days gone by. The first thing I opened upon in *her* prayer-book was the Epistle for the day. I cannot tell you how it seemed to lift me up,—'Come up hither, and I will show you the things that must be hereafter,'—and then the last words of that chapter. I felt at once what it was to *know* and feel assured that she was now of that happy multitude who rest not day or night, who are never weary in body, and therefore never weary in spirit, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.' We strive in vain to penetrate through the veil cast by those grand descriptions,—but she is now in full possession, and is longing to call us up to her."

M. H. *to* MRS. R. PILE (Miss Miller).

"*Hurstmonceaux, June* 4, 1839.— . . . . It was a great pleasure to hear of your well-being, and to know all around you prospering. The thought of a truly Christian household is so comforting, I quite rejoice and bless God for His mercy when it is thus set forth. And each in their appointed place may make their light to shine around, giving blessing to all, and winning others to a like walk with God, however small that light may seem to them, for the light is not ours, and its power depends not on our weak efforts. A simple faith, exercised in every little daily thing, will be increased more and more, and made to yield fruit abundantly, while the most regular and decent conduct not grafted upon the stock of life, living upon its own dead and barren stem, will bear at best nothing but sour and bitter fruit. To man's eye all may appear the same, but He who looks on the heart discerns of what stuff the work is made, and whether the principle of life be indeed in it. If it be, then let us rest assured the light will shine more and more unto the perfect day, unto that passing away of shadows, that realising of substance, that will be ours when we awake up in the glorified likeness of our Lord.

"The return to this, my peaceful home and my quiet occupations, has been a great refreshment to my spirit, and a visit from my cousins, Charlotte and Emma Leycester, has been a great pleasure. They were with me at a time when their sympathy was especially acceptable, for perhaps you will have seen in the papers the departure of Lady Parry two days after the birth of her twin boys, who only lived a few hours. . . . Her four motherless children are bereaved of one who sacrificed everything for their good, and I believe wore out her strength in her attendance on them. She was a most sweet and heavenly-minded Christian, who had been much tried and purified to her own unspeakable gain; and we must not look on those who remain, but rejoice that she is thus early permitted to join the spirits of the just, and to meet her four departed little ones before the throne."

M. H. *to* REV. R. KILVERT.

"*Sept.* 26, 1839.— . . . . I know not how it is with others, but I must confess for myself when all goes smoothly, and no cross is put upon me outwardly, I find more of weight upon my spirit than in times of suffering and sorrow. The burden of self presses heavily, the sense of unthankful and unfaithful service is strong, and I do often long to be freed from a body of sin and death, and to be for ever with Him who alone can satisfy and refresh the soul. I never felt this when in sickness or in sorrow, as I do now at times when surrounded by so much to comfort and gladden me. Yet, after all, whether present or absent, if permitted to live to the Lord, and not to one's self, one must be blessed. The will of God! may it be fulfilled perfectly, completely, in me, be the means what they may."

M. H.'s NOTE-BOOK (1839).

"*May* 26.—We find in the Bible a number of doctrines and precepts, parts of one whole system of truth, but which, when separated one from another, and looked at singly, appear sometimes at first sight to oppose each other. Where shall we meet with the key-note to bring all into harmony, to reconcile the apparent jar, to make the full and perfect chord of unison? It is to be found only in the contrite and humble spirit. When, by the life-giving Spirit of God the inward spirit of man is taught its true relation to God, when the heart yields itself in lowly submission to the dominion of Him who has bought it for His own, and the rebellion and stiff-neckedness whereby it is prone to reject this King to reign over it is overthrown, and a loving obedience takes its place, then, and then only, do all the differing notes and tunes of God's voice meet together, and utter one full and rich sound of harmony and beauty, the fuller and richer because combined of so many varying parts.

"The soul convinced of sin, yearning after a Saviour, hungering after righteousness and true holiness, finds no contradictions in God's Word—the expression of its wants and the answer to them is already prepared; and though the understanding would vainly endeavour to explain the mystery of God's free grace with man's free will, the meek and lowly heart finds rest in the sure consciousness that it is God that is working in it, and that He will go on with His work till it be finished; that man must *receive* the Saviour if he would have power to become a son of God, and yet it is only through the drawing of the Father that he is enabled to come to Jesus to have life. He needs no reasoning to prove how works grow out of faith, and not faith from works, he knows and feels that the principle of life must exist before a man can move or act, and that when that life is awakened, motion and action must follow.

"*June* 2 ('The Green Book').—The tenth anniversary of my most blessed marriage is come: the day which witnessed my union with one who is entered beyond the veil, and for a time is hidden from my eyes. The earthly union is dissolved, but the heavenly one, I trust and believe, is far closer than in the first days of our married life; and I would fain hope that as members of the same body, adoring the same Head, knit together in the same fellowship of the Holy Ghost, my beloved Augustus and I are still joining together daily and hourly in drinking of the same Spirit, and being one, even as the Father and the Son are one. . . . . When I look back I feel that the one feature in his character that so peculiarly marked the Spirit of God as dwelling in him was *love*—a love never-wearied in well doing or in thinking well of others, perceiving the smallest spark of good, and yet through this his heavenly glass of love not deceived by a false standard or delusive desire to count evil as good, but seeing truly and discerning clearly what was of God and what of man.

"While the link to heaven is drawn close, that to earth is still unbroken. In the wealth of God's love to me His poor servant, while he has taken away that which held me too fast bound to the creature, He has given anew all that it is possible for me rightly to enjoy, and made the earnest desire of my heart to long after that which would be to the praise of His glory. . . . . 'Lord, teach me right judgment and knowledge;' this is my constant prayer. I know not how to guide my household aright—how to train up my child in the way he should go—how to draw my dearest Julius nearer in fellowship of spirit with his God and mine. Let this threefold duty be made plain to me, so plain that I may not err in it: and whatever may be the cost, oh may the Spirit of Jesus reign in me till every selfish aim and purpose is rooted out, every unkind and severe judgment, every unloving thought displaced, and perfect love and perfect purity wrought in my heart."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Stoke*, *Dec.* 31, 1839.—On Christmas Day, Jule was engaged in consecrating our own Augustus's schoolroom at Hurstmonceaux (built with the profits of his sermons) to Him whose birthday it was. On the afternoon of Christmas Day, when there is usually no service in church, he had service there; and after a preface of his own to explain the purpose of the room, and who, through his book, had enabled us to build it, he read 'the Angel's Text,' as the best dedication to the Glory of God in the highest, and to the end of peace and good-will among men. I never could have borne the way in which Jule spoke of Augustus and his interest in Hurstmonceaux, and how his sermons would have made them love him, had he ever preached to them, otherwise I should have longed to be there."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Rockend, Jan.* 5, 1840.—. . . When I look back now to what your happiness *was*, and think what ours *is*, I think the uppermost feeling that remains is a calm, settled, thankful peace. I never wake from a dream of you without a sense of comfort such as nothing else can give; it is always the same. The recollection of Alton is of the brightest sun, of a sparkling, joyous, summer sun. Thoughts of you now are like the calm tranquil stillness of a moonlight night, when the little waves are softly rippling over the sand, and the moonbeams dancing on the glassy sea, and when one's eyes love to rest, not on the green and peopled earth, but on the soft blue sky and all its stars. Oh, when I look back on your life and mine, my Mia, truly does my heart exclaim, 'God is love.' I cannot tell you what a blessing was added to my number this last year, in learning to know Julius, in loving him, in feelings of gratitude for all he is enabled to be to you—to us all. A year of mercies has just closed, one most dear has been taken from amongst us, but she, like Augustus, was taken from the fulness of earthly happiness to her heavenly home, and every thought of her is encouragement to press forward, and make the most of the *now*, as she did."

"*Feb.* 18.—How unlike this gloomy weather is to that glorious sun, which I see so plainly shining into that little room at Rome, where you used to sit, looking as if your body only was there—your spirit, your whole thinking, feeling being, ascended with him, and *seeing* the light into which he had entered."

"*March* 23.—Poor Mrs. Louisa Shipley! She prayed earnestly that she might die in her sleep, and this she literally did; there was no struggle, it was continued sleep."

M. H. *to* MRS. R. PILE.

"*April* 24, 1840.— . . . . Whether there is a feeling of joy and rest in our hearts matters not, if we feel resolute in *doing* the will of God. If you find a slackness in this wish of devoting yourself and all you have to His service, then my dear Mary lose no time, but go and pour out your heart before Him, tell Him all your deadness and weakness, and leave not wrestling in prayer till He gives you a more earnest desire to follow Him. So many Christians, I think, go on in needless despondency and depression from not *at once*, when they feel lifeless towards God, going to lay their burden on Him, who will bear it for them, and in return will assuredly impart His righteousness.

"In your union with your husband you have a constant type how closely you are one with Christ—only *live* in this faith, walk in it, and act in it, and as surely as Christ lived by the Father, so shall every member of His body live by the strength and wisdom of its Head. You have no doubt a great deal to do and think of that is of the earth, earthy; try and lift this very business into heavenly places by doing it with the Spirit of Christ. You are serving Him often quite as acceptably, quite as faithfully, when engaged in your earthly calling, as when reading His word, or on your knees in prayer. At the same time it is necessary to go apart occasionally to ask specially for help and grace to be able to do this, and it is surprising how few minutes of your time it would take, if you would redeem this little time for your God. Often when I have lamented over not having *more time* for communion with Him, it has quite humbled me to find, on looking at my watch, that when I have, as I thought, made an effort to give up my time to this purpose, the utmost duration has been perhaps *ten minutes!* I mention this as an encouragement to feel how little real cause we have to excuse ourselves from prayer on account of *want of time*, at the same time that it may deeply humble one to feel how slack one's heart is thus to speak to God.

"My little Augustus is overjoyed to get back again, and we are now once more in our peaceful home, where he is the happiest of the happy with all the wild flowers that carpet our fields and hedges, and his own little garden and rabbits. My brother Julius has been made Archdeacon of Lewes by the Bishop of Chichester. It is an appointment that suits him well, as it will not take him away from Hurstmonceaux, and will yet give him an interest and influence over his brother clergy, that will benefit both him and them. We have now regular evening service, and a lecture in the new school-room, which the last edition of the 'Alton Sermons' has enabled me to build. Here many old persons who have not been able to get to church for years are able to come, and Julius talks to them so familiarly, it reminds me more of Alton than anything else since I left it."

"*June* 8.— . . . . Will you let me tell you what of late I have found a benefit from. When kneeling down to pray, instead of beginning to speak immediately, if you would for a few minutes be quite *still* and not attempt either to pray or think, but yield up your mind to God, striving only to keep out all worldly thoughts, it prepares the soul for the Holy Spirit to move on the waters, and I find that words are poured into my mind without effort of my own, and real prayer is more the result, though at best it is most feeble and wandering. And when your prayer is ended, then it is well to rest unmoved for a short time that the influence may not pass away but become abiding. . . . . Anything that can preserve in us an habitual communion with God, and knowledge that we are not left comfortless, but are ever in the presence and with the love of our Lord and Saviour, dwelling in us and around us, is a means of keeping our souls in health."

In July, 1840, the quiet routine of the Hurstmonceaux life was broken by the marriage of Gustavus Hare in the old ancestral church.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*July* 26, 1840.—The marriage is over: it was unspeakably interesting and affecting. . . . . I have just been reading a sermon of Donne's on marriage, ending thus:—'The God of heaven so join you now, that you may be glad of one another all your life; and when He who hath joined you shall separate you again, establish you with an assurance that He hath but borrowed one of you for a time to make both your joys more perfect in the resurrection.'

"So be it!"

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*July*, 1840.—We have just been reading your letter about the marriage. *I* have, as you have, such a feeling from experience of the perfect bliss, as far as earthly joys can be so, of wedded happiness, it makes me more able to sympathise with those who are just married. It seems almost as if unhappiness from *each other* must belong to creatures of another world. We have written two little notes to Gusti and Annie, and now I may come to you, my sister. Oh! too well can I tell what the day was to you. But your life is hid—it is not all the visible life. Often you are permitted in heart and mind to ascend whither our Augustus is gone before; and while you are adding to and increasing the happiness of others by your warm sympathy and comfort, there is a peace shed into your bosom that makes you, in the midst of loneliness, one of the happiest creatures I know."

In the same summer the death of Bishop Otter came as a great sorrow to the family at Hurstmonceaux. A near neighbour and honoured friend of the Leycesters of Stoke while resident at his Shropshire living, his intimacy with my mother had been renewed after his elevation to the see of Chichester, and his occasional society had been a great source of enjoyment to her.

"That which was most admirable about him," wrote Julius Hare, "was not his doing so much, but that, having done so much, he seemed to think he had done nothing. Never have I known a man in whom, as in him, humility appeared to be almost a part of his nature—not so much a a grace acquired by devout meditation and prayer, as the spontaneous bearing of a gentle and loving heart. With him it seemed to be well-nigh an instinctive impulse to esteem others above himself; and many a time have I been deeply humbled, by finding him defer to my opinions, as though he had been the inferior. Thus did he accomplish his work, or rather win over others to accomplish it, thus, and by the irresistible sweetness and affectionateness of his character. These are his favourite words, which are perpetually recurring in his writings; for by them, after the manner of most writers, he was unconsciously portraying himself, while he was endeavouring to impress his own image upon others. Few men have ever had more of the spirit of the disciple whom Jesus loved. Whithersoever he came he said, 'Little children, love one another;' not, indeed, always in so many words; but all his words seemed to say this. It was scarcely possible to fix one's eyes on his mild, calm, benevolent countenance, without feeling one's own heart softened, without feeling something of an answering kindness, of a like goodwill toward men.

"God has called him away to his reward. In one of his last letters to me, when speaking of his anxiety about the Ecclesiastical Bill, and of the failure of his health, brought on by that anxiety, he said, 'I am somewhat depressed just now by an irritation in the chest; but I shall do my best in this as in other matters relating to the diocese, wishing however, sometimes, that I had wings like a dove.' When he wrote these words, he knew not how soon his spirit was to spread out its dovelike wings. Only five weeks after, he did indeed flee away, and entered, we cannot doubt, through the merits of his Saviour, into the rest reserved for the people of God." *

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, August* 24, 1840.—You will grieve for us in the sad loss of our dear and excellent bishop. I have long felt it almost too great a blessing for Jule to have such a coadjutor. It has been such a constant source of happiness to him as I can scarcely give you a notion of, having his encouraging approval of all he did, his affectionate, hearty sympathy in every good work. All his daily interests and occupations for the last three months have been so interwoven with this kind, good friend, there is no one out of his own family whom he loved more truly. The loss is great to the diocese and Church, but to Jule it is a very personal affliction, and we have both felt the last two days filled with deep grief in this event. He is in my mind linked with all my early Hodnet recollections, and he too is now passed into the heavens, to join the blessed company of those earthly friends who have gone before him thither. Martin Stow, Reginald Heber, and my own dearest Augustus, how are they all now welcoming the new arrival of a redeemed spirit freed from its mental prison-house to share the liberty of the sons of God. And this faithful servant of God has, indeed, been the instrument of stirring up others to do the work he is now released from. He just stayed long enough here to do more in four years than other bishops in a hundred and fifty. He has established a Clerical College, a Training School, a Diocesan Association for helping the clergy by assistants, and he has revived the rural chapters, all powerful means of doing good and enabling the clergy to work together for Christ's kingdom. Jule feels it such a blessing to have *had* him for even this little time, that his language is one of mingled grief and rejoicing; and he ended his sermon yesterday, in which he spoke of him most touchingly, by saying that there was still joy in the thought of him, and 'we will rejoice, yea, and we *will* rejoice.'"

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* Preface to Archdeacon Hare's Charge on "The Better Prospects of the Church." 1840.

M. H. *to* MRS. R. PILE.

"*Lime, Sept.* 1, 1840.—I have nothing but good tidings to give of myself and all around me. Truly the God of mercies is about my path, and loads me with benefits. I have this summer felt more strength than for some time past, and quite wonder sometimes at how much more I am able to do than I could.

"While you are at Alton you must assure all my old friends of my continued interest in them, and hope that whatever may be their appointed lot, whether of joy or sorrow, whether of privation or mercy, they are receiving all things in patience and submission to the will of God, and then I know they will work their good. Tell them I am better and stronger in health than I have been before, since

I left them, and that God crowns me with loving-kindness and blessing. Beg of them not to forget those ministers who once called on them to love their Saviour, and remind them that the same Saviour is watching over them now as then, and that they must draw near to Him in faith, and ask Him to teach them all they must do."

M. H.'s Parish Journal.

"*July* 2, 1840.—To day I called upon Mrs. P., of Stunts Green. She could speak but little from illness, and showed no interest in what I read: it was a painful, unsatisfactory attempt to talk to her, and she seemed thoroughly dark and dead to all spiritual feeling. I could but cast the life-giving words on the waters and pray they might be blest. At Pellett's cottage I found a great contrast in the sufferer's state of mind. Outwardly nothing could be more deplorable —the cottage looked like an Irish cabin in its thorough filthiness, discomfort, and misery—a number of children pulling at one another, the mother worn and sickly, and dirty to the greatest degree—the poor man himself on a hard chair by the fireside, without any sort of resting-place for his aching limbs. It was some time before he had finished the history of his sickness and all his sufferings, and only at intervals could he find breath to speak of his state of feeling. When he did, it was indeed a blessing to hear him. 'Last night I found more comfort than I have done yet; I was nigher to Christ—I could pray to Him better—more of light came upon me.' Then he said, 'Oh! I have a stony heart—it wants taking away—I have not been able to pray—the 3rd of Lamentations, that is my case. I have been shut out, quite shut out, but the Lord has waited long enough for us; we must wait for Him.'— 'I know I have got a great burden of sin, but I cannot feel it. I want to feel it. Last night I saw something more of my sins, and I felt better.' 'What a strange thing a *heart* is! I never knew anything about it until lately; now I see how full of wickedness it is. There can be no prayer without the heart. I could not pray, He was so far off; but last night I prayed for a little ease, and the Lord gave me sleep, and when I waked I felt as if He was nearer.' 'It gives me almost as much trouble to think of others as of myself; they are all going on as I was, without thought. What a mercy it is I was not cut off before. God has called me over and over again, but I would not hear. It has seemed to me as if I could not be pardoned, but His word tells me I may, and God is no liar.' 'I have been reading this morning about the stony heart—that is it—it is stony and hard, but it seemed better last night with me than it has been yet. I knew I was a great sinner, and that I had need of a Saviour, but I did not know how to get at Him; it must be in His own time.' He went on speaking with his eyes cast down—often forced to pause for breath, hardly seeming to notice what I said, so engrossed was he with his own thoughts; but every word seemed fresh from his heart, and testified of the Grace working in him. He more than once said, 'The spirit of God will not always strive with man,' and almost seemed to fear he had tried it too long. In this wretched cottage, with how little of human comfort around him, was the blessed knowledge of life and salvation dawning on this poor George Pellett to give joy and peace for ever. Oh! may he be permitted to find Him whom he seeketh, and feel that love which passeth knowledge, and be brought through his deep waters into the haven of rest. When I read to him of Jesus healing the leper, he said, 'He is just as near to us now as He was then if we can see Him by faith.' I sometimes think I must suffer a great deal more, and go through much more, for He suffered so much for me."

"*Oct.* 18.—Yesterday Julius was told of a poor travelling woman who was dying in a lane near Cowbeach. We drove there, and found her lying in a small tent attended by two women of the neighbourhood. They gave a fearful report of her sufferings, and she seemed to be in great pain, and could not speak, only pointed upwards and clasped her hands. An infant of a week old was with her, and at her desire Julius baptized it. It was a touching sight indeed to see that little unconscious babe in his arms and hear the solemn words, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,' pronounced over it, and to think of the love of Him who thus allowed such a one to be brought into His family, and called by His name; that she, who in this world was born in wretchedness and misery, houseless, soon to be motherless, without hope or comfort, should in this blessed sacrament be received into the ark of Christ's Church and be made an heir of glory; that she, now the lowest of the earth, should have the promise to *reign* with Christ for ever and ever! Oh! it was enough to draw me out of the cold formality in which one is apt to live, to see in such vivid contrast the earthly and heavenly inheritance. Let me not forget the anguish of that poor sufferer, nor the sweet peace of that baby, nor the touching voice and words of Julius, when as minister of Christ he prayed for this child to pass through the waves of this troublesome world and come to the land of everlasting life, there to *reign* for ever. The temple of God was around us, even the curtain of the heavens, and He who sitteth above the heavens doubtless heard that prayer and now numbers that little Caroline among His elect. Oh, may she never depart from Him who has so loved her, but live to glorify Him on earth and reign with Him in glory everlasting!"

XVI.

HOME-LIFE AT LIME.

"Rejoice, oh grieving heart,
The hours fly past;
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past."
ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

THE garden at Lime was really a very small one, but it was wonderfully varied, and to its widowed owner it was a source of ever-fresh happiness, while to her child its delights were inexhaustible. Every variety of flower seemed to have an especial luxury in blooming in its many little beds and baskets; and the steep grass bank, which sloped away from the lawn to the large transparent fish-ponds of the old monastery, was a scene of enchantment in spring from the myriads of wild flowers with which it was covered—daffodils, orchis, lady's-smock, and bluebells, but, above all, from a perfect glory of primroses, and these of every shade of crimson and pink, besides the ordinary yellow ones, their ancestors having probably been planted in former times, though they now grew luxuriantly wild.

And every corner of this garden, in which we led an almost solitary life for so many years, is filled with the memory of my dearest mother's sweet presence. It was our earthly Eden. How often I recollect her sitting in the sparkling morning of a hot summer's-day, at breakfast in the cool house shadow outside the little drawing-room window, where the air was laden with the fresh scent of the dewy pinks and syringa ; how often meditating in the green alley which separated our garden from the wheat-field, and which she called her "Prayer-walk;" how often, in feebler and sadder days, pacing to and fro in the path at the top of the kitchen garden, exposed to the sun, and sheltered from the winter wind by a thick wall of holm-beech, which ended at a summer-house, the scene of many happy children's feasts, hung round with old stag-horns which were relics of the castle deer-park.

During the early years of her life at Lime my dearest mother seemed to live so completely in heaven that all outward times and seasons were so many additional links between it and her. Spring came to her as the especial season of the Resurrection, and in the up-springing of each leaf and flower she rejoiced as typical of the rising again of all her loved and lost ones ; summer was the time in which chiefly to dwell upon the abundance of God's mercies, the *fulness* of His gifts ; the golden fields of Hurstmonceaux in the harvest were to her the image of that great harvest-field in which the reapers are the angels; she loved to walk in the hop-gardens, and amid those Sussex vines to dwell upon the allusions to the Vine and its branches, especially precious to her as linking each humblest Christian so closely, as of the same plant, to the great Head of the Church; Christmas brought real heart-rejoicing in all its sacred associations. But most of all, as most to one to whom the future was the *real* life, the present only the *waiting-time*, did my mother rejoice in Easter. Then her inward spiritual life seemed to overflow. Day by day through her silent week,—the "Stille Woche,"—which was so real to her, she lived *with* and followed *through* each scene of Bethany, Gethsemane, and Calvary, shutting out the whole world, her spirit following the sufferings of Christ, dwelt apart with God; in the moon glittering through the hazels upon the silver riplets of our beautiful pond she seemed to see the paschal moon which rose over Olivet. And when the Easter really came, then her heart rose upwards and lived afresh with her risen and living Saviour, and with her inmost being poured out in praise, she fell at His feet like Mary, and with her whole soul she embraced Christ.

No Christian season was a name to her, all were burning, glowing realities. And, through the whole of her course, from childhood to old age and infirmities, the key-note of her life, the mainspring of her every act, was love—love to God, love to God's poor, love to her family, love, which by the rubs and pressure of the world was never ruffled, because no injury could irritate her, who had always forgiven beforehand, and who always thought all others better, so much better, than herself.

The other prominent figure in the home recollections of my childhood is my uncle Julius, the gaunt figure, with a countenance generally stern and engrossed, but capable of as much variation as a winter sky, and sometimes breaking into the most noble enthusiasm, into the most joyous animation, or into bursts of the most unspeakable tenderness. It was to my mother that all the bright and loving side of his nature especially revealed itself. To her, whom all loved, my uncle was radiant with the most tender devotion. He entered into all her feelings, he consulted her on all his plans, he laid open to her all his thoughts; with her alone he was never cold, never harsh—with her and with the poor, for to the poor he was always as gentle as he was generous. In the summer the Marcus Hares generally passed several months at Hurstmonceaux Rectory, when we also lived there; but at other times my uncle appeared regularly between five and six every evening, and dined with my mother, sitting with her afterwards to talk—generally of parish matters; often, after his elevation to the archdeaconry of Lewes, about clerical affairs; at one time, much about his new version of the Psalms, which, for the most part, they arranged together. In the affectionate care of Julius, and still more in her cares for him, my mother found her chief link with her past life. If on any day he missed coming, that day was a blank to her, and in the mornings she would frequently go up to the high field between Lime and the Rectory, which was then just within the limit of her walk, in order that from thence she might catch a glimpse of his tall figure as he paced up and down between the oaks which fringed the rectory garden.

Every Sunday morning also my uncle never failed to come to Lime that he might drive my mother to church, discussing his sermon or the many parish interests, as they slowly ascended the hill on which the church stands, seeing the familiar figures of the well-known country people, the men in their smock-frocks, climbing the steep path above the road, and receiving their affectionate greetings. In the hill-top position of his church, my uncle never ceased to rejoice. He spoke of it in one of his sermons:—

> "Precious is the blessing which we enjoy, in having the Lord's house amid our dwellings, set up on high, that all may see it, with its spire ever pointing to heaven, to remind us, whenever it meets our eyes, how our hearts also ought always to be pointing thither, with the same quiet, steadfast, unchanging, immovable calmness. If the situation of our church is in many respects inconvenient, at all events it has this advantage, that it stands upon a hill, so as to be clearly seen afar off; and many a time, I think, when the sky has been overcast with driving clouds, and everything else looked gloomy, you must have observed a pure still light resting upon it, betokening the light which, amid all the clouds and storms of the world, rests on a heaven-pointing spirit." *

In the Sunday afternoons my mother would take her Testament, and find some sheltered seat in Lime Wood, and there she loved to teach her child, who always felt that no number of church services could do him so much good as one Sunday afternoon spent thus with her who "sweetly instructed him down in his heart."

It was from the Rectory that my mother derived almost all the society she still consented to see. Sedgwick, Landor, Whewell, Worsley, Bunsen, and Thirlwall, were

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* Parish sermon—"The Duty of Building the Lord's House."

frequent guests there, and one or other often accompanied my uncle in his daily visits to Lime. In that little home itself there were few guests, occasionally the Stanleys, Miss Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. Pile, but the circle was seldom increased.

In the first years of her widowhood, in her autumn journeys to Shropshire, my mother had several times turned aside to the village of Bubnell, near Leamington, to visit Frederick Maurice, a former pupil of her brother Julius, who was then officiating there as curate. With him lived his sister Priscilla, the most remarkable of the eight daughters of Michael Maurice, a Unitarian minister at Frenchay, near Bristol, and a man of mark in his own community.

Though very feeble, Priscilla Maurice had not at this time fallen into the serious ill-health which for so many of the later years of her life confined her entirely to her bed, and she passed a part of every summer at Lime, and was much beloved there. In 1842 she begged to bring with her and to introduce to her friend her younger sister Esther, for whom she was anxious to obtain the relaxation of country air and quiet, as she was at that time laboriously employed with another sister in teaching a school at Reading. During this visit was laid the foundation of a friendship which ended in 1844, in the marriage of Esther Maurice with my uncle Julius, a marriage which naturally brought with it a great change in my mother's home life, but which she welcomed gladly at the time as conferring the blessing she most desired for her brother-in-law, and which she never for a moment regretted, though the close juxtaposition into which they were thrown, made the differences of character and feeling, induced by early circumstances and associations, more apparent as years went on.

In 1842, it came to my mother as a great happiness that the Bunsens fixed their residence for a time in the old family home of Hurstmonceaux Place. Their society gave quite a new zest and freshness to all her intellectual pursuits, especially to the German authors in whom she was interested, and in the daughters of that loving family circle she found joyful helpers in all her parish work. But in 1844, the distance from London, which was great in those non-railroad days, obliged Bunsen to leave Hurstmonceaux, and to bring to end a period which he looked upon as one of the happiest portions of his life.*

During these years, as her health became stronger, my mother was able to devote herself more fully to work amongst the poor, and two or three times in a week spent the afternoon at Foul-Mile, a neglected hamlet in a distant corner of the parish. The tenderness of her ministrations among them is commemorated in the dedication of Julius Hare's Parish Sermons—"To her who was the blessing of my beloved brother Augustus during the years of his wedded life, and whose love for the poor of my parish, since she became a widow, has been their blessing and mine."

There was that in my mother's parish visits which will never be forgotten at Hurstmonceaux. It was that she never came merely to read and to lecture and to distribute tracts, but that she brought with her a heart brimming with loving sympathy to enter into all the troubles of the cottagers, to advise and help them when she could, in their worldly as well as their spiritual concerns, and in all, to feel *for*, if not *with* them. And thus many an aching heart in the villages of Lime Cross and Gardner Street, which were within half-a-mile distant, turned to the old house with the tall clustered chimneys and bright garden, in the glad assurance that it contained one who was no cold and distant mistress, but the warm-hearted sharer of all their joys and sorrows, and with the certainty that no case of wrong was too trifling, no perplexity too simple, to obtain a willing and patient hearing from her whom they were wont to call "the Lady o' Lime."

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* "Memoirs of Baron Bunsen," ii. 45.

Each morning, as soon as breakfast was over, would see my mother cross her high field with its wide view over level and sea, and then follow the oak-fringed lane to the girls' school, where she taught the children — always gladly welcomed by them from the interest she contrived to throw into the most ordinary lesson, often enlivening her instructions with stories of things she had seen or read of, or simple facts of natural history. Each village girl saw in her one who was as necessary a part of her home as the members of her own family, one to whom all her family relationships and domestic concerns were familiar, and who cared for each individually. When any were sick or sorry it was their "Lady" they wished to see; if any prosperity befell them, they hastened to tell her of it; and, at their little festivals, especially that of the first of May, nothing was considered complete unless their dear "Lady" was there, sitting under the laburnum trees, in the little school-court, enjoying all with them.

But the wealth of the great love which was so abundant for others, was most of all poured out for the child of her adoption, who was scarcely ever separated from her, whom she made after a fashion a sharer in all her thoughts, and a companion in all her pursuits, for whom she tried to draw a lesson out of everything in nature—and who found, even in childhood, every hour too short, which was passed in the perpetual sunshine of her dear presence.

M. H. *to* MISS CLINTON.

"*Stoke Rectory, Jan.* 6, 1841.—The first thing I have to tell you about is my dear father. He is certainly shrunk and looks more of the old man than he did, though still far from eighty-eight in any of his ways. His faculties, except the memory of *recent* things, keep as good as ever; and as an instance, he read last night aloud for nearly an hour from the *Quarterly*, the article on the Scotch Kirk, with as much vigour and interest as I ever heard him. At the same time there is an evident weakening in his bodily powers, which requires constant watchfulness, and is fitted to make one enjoy from day to day the blessing of having him preserved to us. . . . . You ask about my mode of life at Stoke. After breakfast at nine, I usually write till eleven. Then come Augustus's lessons. Then, if fine, half an hour's walk and a quiet reading in my own room. At one o'clock we have luncheon. Letters arrive at two, and reading aloud to Mrs. Oswald and writing letters has usually taken up the afternoon. At five o'clock we dine; Augustus gets some pictures, and sometimes afterwards my father reads aloud. By half-past nine we are all quite ready for prayers and bed. Here is a quiet and uneventful life.

"Julius is much delighted, and I for him and the diocese, in the appointment of Manning as his fellow Archdeacon. It will be a most happy thing for both, his talents peculiarly fitting him for carrying the outward organization of the Church into effect, and breathing life into its power. And though he has a strong leaning to the Oxford doctrines, he is too wise and candid a man to be led away into their narrowness and onesidedness."

ARCHDEACON JULIUS HARE *to* ARCHDEACON
HENRY MANNING.

"Unity, the unity of the Church, is of all things the dearest to your heart, at least only subordinate to, or rather co-ordinate with truth, without which, you well know, all unity must be fallacious. . . . . I trust in God that, so long as we are permitted to live and work together, we shall also be permitted to show practically, that unity may exist without uniformity, and that the diversities of opinion and feeling, which on many subjects prevail between us, will in no wise impair the unity of affection by which we are bound to each other, or our unity of action in the service which we owe to the Church and her Lord. If I may without presumption apply words, which were spoken of wiser and holier men, may the survivor of us be enabled to say, as Archbishop Bramhall said of himself and Usher, who in like manner differed from him on sundry points of opinion and feeling: 'I praise God that we were like the candles in the Levitical temple, looking one toward another, and both toward the stem. We had no contention among us, but who should hate contention most, and pursue the peace of the Church with swiftest paces.'" *

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Feb.* 18, 1841.—I must write a few lines on this day when in thought and recollection we are so closely united, when I can follow you, my own loved one, in every sad thought, in every hopeful, blessed prospect. Seven years of separation are passed, and in how many ways has the memory of our most precious Augustus been blest. We have been reading his sermons on the Lord's Prayer in the last few evenings at our family prayers, and one seems to hear his voice as one goes along; it makes Marcus sometimes quite speak in his tone. I always long to be near you at this season. I cannot tell you how the brightness of that Roman sun then rises up before me, and how I almost seem to feel the warmth of its rays, as they used to shine into that room, where you sate with your Bible, and when truly the Sun of Righteousness was shining into your inmost soul with healing in His wings. I always wish that you were spending this day in your own peaceful home; but perhaps the Comforter is more sensibly present with you when there is no human sympathy close at hand, and you can turn to your little Augustus, and feel thankful that you have one bright flower to bloom on your lonely hours, and to nurse for Heaven's garden."

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* Dedication of a sermon on "The Unity of the Church."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*EasterDay, April* 11, 1841.—How much of mercy and blessing should I have to record here were I to look back over the last few months, in which I perceive no note has been taken! How much of long-suffering, of evil averted, of comfort bestowed, and yet how much too of unthankful heedlessness in the reception of these gracious dealings of my God! . . . . And now Christ is risen! the day of rejoicing is come, and He who through the Cross gained the Crown, has been graciously pleased to receive the prayers and praises of His people for this His great and glorious triumph. O Lord, make me a partaker of Thy resurrection, by rising out of my carnal nature, and seeking Thy kingdom and glory more earnestly. Renew in me a more lively appropriation of Thy salvation, that, feeling more vividly the grace Thou hast brought unto me, I may be constrained to offer Thee a more willing service, to yield myself more fully to God, and devote all the energies of body and mind to the promotion of Thy glory. But for this I need not only the will and ability, but the wisdom from above to enlighten my ignorance, guide my judgment, and lead me to discern the best and surest way of doing Thy will. Thou who art the Power and Wisdom of God, O Jesus Christ, give me out of Thy fulness judgment and wisdom, light and truth, and also humility and love, that I may be a witness for Thee upon earth, and in Thy due time be translated into the incorruptible inheritance into which Thy faithful saints have passed before us. Lord, into Thy hands I commend myself and those most dear to me, my child, my Jule. Oh, sanctify us all, and fill us with Thy Spirit, that we may live henceforth for Thee! Empty us of self, and do Thou live and reign in us, that we may be one with Thee and with each other."

M. H. *to* Mrs. R. Pile.

"*Hurstmonceaux, July* 13, 1841.— . . . . We have great cause for thankfulness in the safety of our sisters-in-law, both at Bonn and Torquay. Mrs. Gustavus Hare has a fine boy, and my own Lucy has the desire of her heart in a little girl to add to her two boys. . . . . You have no idea how much our church here is improved by the many alterations we have made out of the Alton sermon money, and the new school-room is very pretty. All this has been done by my Augustus.* I have now staying here Miss Esther

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* *i.e.* the money produced by the sale of the Alton Sermons was spent thus.

Maurice, who has lately been at Devizes, and went over to Alton. She is a great pleasure to me. Mercy and blessing attend my path and yours, and may we be rich in thankfulness."

In the spring of 1842, while she was with her father at Stoke Rectory, my mother received the news of the death of her brother-in-law, Francis Hare, at Palermo. Letters had only passed at rare intervals between him and his brothers, but the fraternal bond was never loosened, and latterly the adoption of the little Augustus had made an additional tie between him and his widowed sister-in-law. His health, which had long been failing, had received a severe shock in the death of his mother's last surviving sister, Mrs. Louisa Shipley; and a still greater one in the loss of his kind and most generous cousin Anna, already frequently mentioned in these Memorials, and at that time married to the Rev. George Chetwode. The will of Mrs. Shipley, who left almost all her property away from her nephews to a distant relation, also embittered the last years of his life, and caused much anxiety as to the future of his family. He expired on the 11th of January, in the presence of his wife, her sister, his three elder children, and his faithful friend, the Duke of Sierra di Falco.

Francis Hare was buried in the Protestant burial-ground at Palermo, and was believed to have died in the Protestant religion; but, after their own conversion to Romanism, his widow and daughter always maintained that he was in heart a Roman Catholic, and even that they had evidence of his having been baptized in his childhood at Bologna by

Mezzofanti. Madame Victoire Akermann, for upwards of forty years the faithful friend and servant of the family, never heard him speak of religion except once. It was either at Rome or Naples: he said, "Il y a bien des choses qui m'empêchent de quitter la religion où je suis, mais au fond du cœur je suis Catholique."

JULIUS HARE *to* MRS. HARE.

"*Hurstmonceaux, Feb.* 4, 1842.—Most grievous and unforeseen were the tidings that your sister's letter brought me, that I should never see my beloved brother again. Mrs. Hare-Naylor, a short time since, heard what seemed so good a report; and now, without notice, he is suddenly snatched away from us. Oh how much do I owe him from my earliest childhood! He was the loving teacher of my boyhood, the kind, generous, unvarying friend and benefactor of my whole life. I owe him this house itself, and my happiness here at Hurstmonceaux. And never, that I can remember, have I had a single unkind, a single harsh or angry word from him. Alas! alas! how ill have I requited all his kindness. How negligent have I been towards him. At this moment I have an unfinished letter to him lying in my drawer. We were hoping that he would at last come to England, and live amongst us and with us, and now we learn that we shall never see him again. Let me hope that I may be enabled to repay a little of the kindness, which I owe to my most kind brother, by doing what I can for his widow and his dear children. I am very glad you have Mr. Gaebler with you, a person so kind and so judicious. May God support and comfort you."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Rockend, March* 11, 1842.—This will welcome you home, I hope. You know how I always *get home* with you, and rejoice; and to have left the dear old Father so well as I hear he is; and then comes your darling's birthday, which being so close to our T.'s, I always seem to keep along with his."

"*March* 28, 1842.—Our beloved Mary Grey[*] has entered into her Rest, on the evening of yesterday, Easter Sunday, the same day *our* mother[†] entered into hers; at six o'clock she fell asleep. All she had so dreaded of the struggle between soul and body was spared her; there was no struggle, she slept most of the day, all pulsation seemed to cease at four, and she breathed her last sigh two hours after, so peacefully, they scarcely knew when she was gone. For her brother alone, in such a departure, is there a thought of sadness; but oh, for *her* the battle is fought, the victory won, and she has joined the 'Company of Heaven,' with whom yesterday at that blessed Communion we were feebly offering up our praises. We had heard on Saturday she was so much better, we did not think how near she was—that the gate of Everlasting Life was opening for her, and that in a few hours she was to be with the Lord. The last time I saw her I felt I should not see her again, and there was something so sad yet soothing in looking at her little garden and beds, while waiting for the door to be opened—the bulbs all springing up, all so cheerful, so springy, the season she so loved, and certainly it is as easy to conceive a glorified, beautiful, deathless body springing up from our poor corrupt ones, as it is to believe that narcissuses, and crocuses, and daffodils all spring from a dry, brown, ugly bulbous root. This last week has been to me a very blessed one; and though I have done nothing but groan inwardly over my coldness, and difficulty of keeping my thoughts above the little things of life, still I have been enabled to feel *near* to my Saviour, and moment's glimpses, as it were, of a brighter world and sinless happiness have darted across my view, and placed this life in its right position. Then yesterday I was permitted once again to kneel with my dear husband in church. There is no power of expressing all one wants to feel. 'Oh, for a heart to praise my God—a heart from sin set free.' The happier one is in love and gratitude to Him, who has so loved us, the more *un*happy one is shut up in such a body of sin and infirmity. What a blessed state it will be when to enjoy heavenly and spiritual things will be as natural as it is now to enjoy earthly blessings."

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[*] A first cousin of my mother's. Her mother was Susannah Leycester, who married the Hon. John Grey, brother of the fourth Earl of Stamford.

[†] Georgiana, Mrs. Hare-Naylor.

"I hope much for Marcus from the change of air to Hurstmonceaux—that fine high dry hill, that large green field. I often laugh to think now how ugly I thought it the first time I saw it, and now Hurstmonceaux always comes into my mind's eye as one of the most delightful, enjoyable places I know."

M. H.'s Journal ("The Green Book").

"*Easter Day*, *March* 27, 1842.—It is one Church-year since I have entered anything in this book, and now once more is Easter returned with all its holy comfort and blessed promises, and it has found me in the possession of like mercies with last Easter. May I not hope, in the gain of a deeper faith, of a more steadfast footing on the Rock of Ages? For many months cannot roll by and leave no trace behind, some features of the mind must be changed, some lines weakened and some strengthened. Oh, that the image of Christ may be more visibly stamped within, so that it may by degrees cover and wholly obliterate the image of Adam, which was originally painted there. But, alas! the heavenly has not yet taken the place of the earthly; the strife is going on, and many a temptation has yet to be overcome before the victory is won, and it can be a living perfect truth, that as Christ lived by the Father, so I, His unworthy disciple, live by Him. But, far off as this consummation still remains, though many a mountain-top has to be gained, yet it is ever before my eyes. I am not conscious of any falling back in the earnest longing to be indeed Christ's now and ever, and to press on to the prize of this high calling, in His name and through His strength. Blessed be He who alone giveth us either the will or the power to serve Him.

"This Lent has been so blessed a season to me that I almost grieve to part with it. . . . . I have been taught something of late through trying and humbling lessons. Oh, that this knowledge may lead me to a deeper acquaintance with Him whose perfect love and meekness can overcome my want of it, that I may lose myself in Him. The outward reality of His holy life and death on earth has been brought home vividly the last week. May I experience the *power* of His resurrection, and when I am lifted up, draw others with me! Holy and blessed Jesus! do Thou graciously grant my petitions this day for myself, my child, my Jule, and all who are dear to me, in such wise as may best fit us to glorify Thee, and in Thine own time make us meet for the inheritance Thou hast purchased for us. And when we have indeed overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, through the might of the Spirit, let us cast down our crowns before Thee, for Thou alone art worthy to receive honour, praise, and glory, now and for ever."

"*August* 21.—How precious to me are a few hours of solitude and silence! Surely when one does feel so strongly that even the society of those nearest and dearest is insufficient to satisfy one's heart, and that the want of more intimate communion with God is a deep feeling of the soul, it must be a token that weak as is one's faith and love, one's chief desire and yearning is after the Eternal—the Invisible One. Many can find in the society of others and in their secret retirements all that is needful for their comfort; but I am so at the mercy of outward things, so acted upon by others, that I find an essential difference in my spiritual life when called upon to live as others do, and when alone in my own home. Doubtless I am able to learn many a lesson of practical wisdom and love when sharing my daily life with those so dear to me, so fitted to teach and help me. But not the less do I prize the privilege of being once more *alone* with my God. Oh how deep cause have I for humiliation before Him, that in all the mercies of the past months I have glorified Him so little, done so little for His honour, and sought so coldly for His love and grace. It seems so difficult to draw near and commune with Him myself, that all desire for the good of others and attempt to win their hearts to Christ is dead within me. When I speak of Him my heart reproaches me; it is as idle words void of life and meaning. Oh quicken me, Lord, by Thy Spirit, and refresh and soften by the showers of Thy grace my parched ground, that the fruits may be more abundant. Oftentimes when all around is so full of love, so overflowing with blessing, I feel so cold and thankless I could hate myself for my sin. And yet let others withhold from me but the smallest particle of that esteem and love I imagine to be my due, how mortified is my pride and self-love, how hard it seems to bear! Lord, when will self die within me! When shall I seek for rest and joy in Thee alone!

"Much reading, much talking—these things sadly hinder the free course of the spirit, and I pine after the still peace of soul in which God's voice is to be heard. The 'Life hid with Christ in God'—this is what I earnestly crave after, a life which in the midst of outward change can remain immovable, ever strengthening, enlarging, and deepening—a life which may not be affected by the things of the body, but which may gradually mould and fashion all things to itself. It is in fact the beginning of that transformation by which the mortal is to be clothed with immortality. But our impatient spirits are ever pressing on to lay hold of that which God has reserved for His heavenly kingdom. As subjects of His earthly dominion we are to fight on still, sometimes called upon 'to stand and wait,' not appearing to make any advance against the enemy, sometimes even seeming to lose ground and let him gain upon us, but still under the banner of our Great King, who goes forth to conquer in His own way and not ours, and who knows best in what part of the battle-field His soldiers can most truly serve Him. Oh for more faith to trust to His guiding wisdom to order the place and mode of our warfare!—for more patience to wait till the day of toil is over, till the rest cometh, when the presence of the Lord will be the joy of His people for ever—in brightness unspeakable, in ever growing love and glory—when the conflict is ended, the victory won!"

In the summer of 1842, while the whole family were collected at Hurstmonceaux Rectory, the news of Dr. Arnold's sudden death came with an inexpressible shock—"seeming," said one of the circle, "as if it were almost a law of Providence that when to all human eyes the greatest good is to be done, the person is taken away—bringing home the vainness of all human speculation, the crushing of human judgment, and how we call evil good, and good evil." Sympathy with Mrs. Arnold, however, overpowered every other sensation, and the first relief came from the thought of her at Foxhow, surrounded with the remembrance of him, together with those who loved and valued him.

"In an idolatrous age," wrote Julius Hare, "one of the men we most need is an idoloclast, to use the word which Coleridge, in his 'Tombless Epitaph,' applies to his ideal self. Such indeed there ever will be, some frivolous, some reckless; but the idoloclasts whom we need, and who alone will do their work effectually and beneficially, are such as are at once zealous and fearless in demolishing the reigning idols, and at the same time animated with a reverent love for the ideas which those idols carnalize and stifle. Such an idoloclast we had in Dr. Arnold, a dauntless lover of truth, in the midst of an age when few seek or care for any truth, except such as seems to pamper their already bloated predilections and prepossessions. From his unshakable trust in the God of Truth, under the assurance that God is Truth, and that Truth can never be against God, he boldly pursued it at all risks, in the spirit of the sublime prayer, *ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον.* For he knew that, though he might perish, God would live; though he might fall, God would triumph; and he felt confident that every time Truth is purged with a careful and loving hand from the defilements wherewith the exhalations of the world are continually crusting her over, her form and features will come out in greater beauty and glory. . . . I do not mean to profess an entire agreement with all his opinions: on many points we differed, more or less; but whether differing or agreeing, when I turn from the ordinary theological or religious writers of the day to one of his volumes, there is a feeling, as it were, of breathing the fresh mountain air, after having been shut up in the morbid atmosphere of a sick-room, or in the fumigated vapours of an Italian church. He did indeed yearn after truth and righteousness, with yearnings that could hardly be uttered; and to hear of falsehood, to hear of injustice, pained him like a blow. Therefore is his death felt almost like a personal, as well as national loss, from one end of England to the other. His yearnings now, we may trust, through the Saviour whom he delighted to glorify, are stilled with the contemplation of perfect Truth and perfect Righteousness. Oh that his example and his teaching may arouse others to a like zeal in the same most holy cause!" *

M. H. *to* MRS. PILE.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory*, *August* 20, 1842.—Marcus and Lucy, and their three children, have been here since June 1st, and we have had many other friends in addition, so that my time has been most fully occupied. With my darling sister Lucy, and my dear friend Esther Maurice, I have had much sweet communion for which to be truly thankful."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime*, *Sept.* 11.— . . . . It is so lovely to-day. My boy is gone to school for the day, and I have been sitting at the little room window gazing on the 'body of heavens in its clearness,' and the bright, glowing flowers below, and breathing in the sweet freshness of the early morning, till my whole soul seems filled with that unutterable delight, which all this could never give in itself but only as a shadow of that everlasting home where the Lamb is the light thereof!

"If this our earthly home is fair,
How *glorious* must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee?"

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* J. C. Hare's preface to vol. iii. of Arnold's "History of Rome."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Rockend, Oct.* 24, 1844.—On Friday we went to see our new farm, which is six miles off. The road to Abbots-Kerswell was through true Devonshire lanes, and the foliage almost as green as summer. The farm is a very old house, like a manor-house, four or five hundred years old. It is close to the church, and there is a little door which opens into the chancel for the possessors of the farm to use when they go. Julius would delight in the beautiful screen that separates the chancel from the rest of the church. The churchyard is entirely surrounded by our orchards, which are most thriving, and there are ninety-two acres of land, fields commanding a perfect Devonshire view of hill and glen, and distant blue heights, altogether the most exquisite country parish scene I ever saw—so quiet and retired, and full of small white labourers' cottages, just what one should delight in, and so misses here. As I sate in the middle of a high field looking over the peaceful church and village, and on the beautiful scenery all round, I did long for you to be with me."

"*May* 5, 1843.—All is enjoyment at our farm; it is such a delightful change of air and scene. Every time we go I think it more lovely. There is one spot which seems to call for a cottage to be built, close to a wild coppice blue with bluebells, sloping down to the wood. If ever I am left alone, *that* will be my home; and as I sate on my camp-stool in the wood the other day, with the clear brook rippling before me, the happy children setting their little water-mills, and making stepping-stones for the sake of stepping *in*, I thought that perhaps there you and I should live in our old age, and how peacefully and thankfully we should look back and feel how goodness and mercy had followed us all our days, and how soon we should join those beloved ones who were gone before. I often feel as if you and I should survive all we love, but how different it may be.

"At Abbots-Kerswell there is just all one misses here,—the poor people, the wild flowers and coppices, and perfect retirement of the country, yet within a beautiful short drive of the bays, and coves, and sea. The blessed old church tower, with its calm voice telling the hours, and its venerable look, instead of the gaping bare Torquay church, with its unmeaning, discordant, tinkling bell. Not that I mean to disparage this beloved home of Rockend. I love it more than I can tell, and its open sea, which gives peace and gladness at all seasons, but Abbots-Kerswell would be the home for the widow. The poor alone would make it so, and the power of being useful. Griffiths and the children and I wandered over the churchyard, which is more retired and peaceful than most village churchyards, and as there is no path through it leading anywhere, it is entirely surrounded by orchards, now one field of blossoms. There is the long stone bench near the entrance, where the people have year after year sate to await their minister's approach, and a few starlings and jackdaws perched on the old tower; there is also a very old yew-tree, quite dead. . . . . In that churchyard, not in the crowded, over-peopled Tor churchyard, I hope we shall be buried, and many, many a peaceful heaven-comforted hour do I look forward to spending there. It is a delightful air, and on one side is a wide, heathy down, stretching far away, giving all the advantage of rich verdure and wooded lanes, with the bracing air of the downs. Such hedges, except in Devonshire, I never saw. You have nothing like them. You can see nothing here but primroses and bluebells, but then you will say you have nightingales. Here we have only sky-larks, but they abound, and are such joyous birds, chanting in so blithe a tone."

"*June* 2, 1843.—Can I ever forget the 2nd of June! Oh!

how little you knew on the day that joined you to your own Augustus, that you were preparing also for me a life of blessings. . . . . You know so well what the anxiety of Marcus's illness this winter has been to me, and though he is better now, I dare not hope the disease will ever be subdued. . . . . You will go to your dear room, where the large Bible is, and you will pray that we may keep our hearts fixed on Him, who is ordering all things for us with a tenderer love than I feel for my own husband when I see him so low and weak. The sadder the earthly future looks, the brighter grows the sunshine that illumines the mountains round the heavenly Jerusalem. *That* is our home, and there may our hearts be fixed. Soon I, like you, dearest, shall have tasted the bitterness of death, and oh, may I be comforted with the same comfort."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, July* 19, 1843.—We are just come back from the Charge at Hastings. You know what the interest of it is, and how manfully and at the same time lovingly Jule speaks to his brethren and exhorts them. All he said about the divisions in the Church was most useful and *healing*. After detailing the sin and misery and the destitution in England of the manufacturing places, he said: 'If a messenger from heaven should come down and ask what we are doing here in England in the year of our Lord 1843, what would be the answer? Quarrelling whether we should preach in a black gown or a white!'"

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, Nov.*, 1843.—Poor Jule looks so lonely without his companion since you went to Stoke, but he comforts himself by walking under the oak-trees, and setting Elphick to work at the new plantation. I need not repeat how I have longed for you, for it seems as if half the elasticity and enjoyment was gone. . . . . On their papa's birthday all the children breakfasted with us, crowned with garlands of ivy and chrysanthemums. . . . . Don't you hear us longing for our fourth, as we look on the brilliant white line of sea, and the fleecy clouds rolling away over the downs. The sun shining on the yellow beech leaves has more an autumnal than a wintry look. The children are driving their hoops, having each received a kiss from Auntie through uncle Jule. In the evening Jule reads to us Coleridge, or old Speeches. Yesterday Strafford was cut short by a hunt through Shakespeare for the words—'Something I would have said'—and when once Jule opened Shakespeare, you can see him going into ecstasies over him, and not putting him down till the time for reading was over."

"*Dec.* 17.—Oh the joy of this Christmas! Shall we be indeed together, to hear the glad tidings go forth, and to pray that as little children we may learn from the cradled Saviour? . . . . and from our own little children may we learn something, when we see their confiding faith and love, and absence of all care for the morrow, or for their provision."

In these years of 1841 to 1843 my mother constantly committed her meditations to paper. Extracts from these may not perhaps be superfluous, as assisting to give a picture of her mind at this time.

"*Jan.* 12, 1841.—I suspect it is a mistake to suppose that the *Parables* are an easy form of conveying divine truth, and suited to beginners in religious knowledge. Our Lord himself seems to assign as a reason for using them that the meaning was to be hidden from the multitude, and only revealed to His chosen few whose hearts had been prepared for receiving this seed, and to whom He could therefore develop its full fruit. And experience seems to confirm the truth of His practice. To children and to the poor I doubt whether the Parables afford much of interest. The outward form is not of sufficient interest in itself to excite much lively feeling, and it is only when that which it represents is present to the mind that it assumes importance. This as a living self-apprehending truth can only be to those who are in some measure advanced in spiritual discernment. To the natural mind anything of personal character or historical narration has much more power of laying hold of the mind and becoming a guide to the knowledge of God's will. And when we see the exceeding tendency of the young to imitation, example is pointed out as the chief and most efficient mode of instruction before abstract truths can be brought home to their comprehension."

"*Feb.* 20, 1841.—When we are fullest of heavenly love we are best fitted to bear with human infirmity, to live above it and forget its burden. It is the absence of love to Christ, not its fulness, that makes us so impatient of the weaknesses and inconsistencies of our Christian brethren. Then when Christ is all our portion, when He dwells with us and in us, we have so satisfying an enjoyment of His perfection, that the imperfection of others is as it were swallowed up, and the sense of our own nothingness makes us insensible to that which is irritating to individual feelings and habits.

"So too it is with human affection. When it is at its height we can bear with the absence of the person beloved best, whereas in proportion as self mingles its depreciating quality in the love bestowed on another, we are fretted by the want of the object and feel the pressure of the separation the most severely."

"*April* 23, 1841.—When through the medium of old letters or any other means, a picture is placed before one of one's former self, there is a strange mixture of feeling, the identity being still preserved, while there is so much of change and difference as to make it seem almost another person: so, only in a far greater degree, may we suppose that hereafter when we look back on our existence here, we shall see our past and present self as being one and yet separate. If a few years can so transform the character as to give it new features and teach us to see the old ones in their true light, and judge of them as if they belonged to another, what will be the change when not Time alone helps us to this clear vision, but when a complete alteration of state, an entrance into regions of perfect light, gives us power to see with new eyes and discern things now hidden from our consciousness? When in God's light we see light, when this body of sin is cast off, and our *self* is swallowed up in Christ, our earthly garments exchanged for His righteousness, then shall we look on our past life, and learn to give glory to God for all His wonderful works to the children of men."

"The praises of others may be of use in teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be."

"Self-depreciation is not humility, though often mistaken for it. Its source is oftener mortified pride."

"The bulk of mankind feel the reality of this world, but have little or no feeling for the reality of the next world. They who, through affliction or some other special cause, have had their hearts withdrawn from the world for awhile, and been living in closer communion with God, will sometimes almost cease to feel the reality of this world, and will live mainly in the next. The grand difficulty is to feel the reality of both, so as to give each its due place in our thoughts and feelings, to keep our mind's eye and our heart's eye ever fixed on the Land of Promise, without looking away from the road along which we are to travel towards it."

"How hard it seems to be to human nature in religious worship to preserve a due reverence for forms and not to turn it into formality; in other words, to value the means God gives as a help to our weakness, without falling down and worshipping them. Idolatry is still as ever the ruling tendency of the mind, and when the idol is dressed up in a semblance of truth, its worshippers are not easily undeceived, and fancy their worship has the perfection that all others lack.

"Christ says, 'He that is not against us is for us.' In these days there is another doctrine taught — 'He that follows not with *us*—with all that *we* hold as necessary—with all that *we* think expedient, he must be *against* us.' The middle wall of partition is, alas! not done away. It still separates Christian from Christian, even those who have been taught through the same Spirit to find access unto the Father."

"To judge of Christianity from the lives of ordinary, nominal Christians, is about as just as it would be to judge of tropical fruits and flowers from the produce which the same plants might bring forth in Iceland."

"It is very common to mistake emotion for feeling, excitement caused by outward things for inward devotion. If the power of the Spirit were within the heart to move and touch it, there would be less need of external means to affect the senses and imagination. Are we not then to have recourse to outward helps? Yes, but only in such a degree as to keep in subordination the natural love of what is visible and sensual, and so as not to lose the consciousness of our need of internal impulses to be kindled by the Spirit of God. It is neither images, pictures, nor churches, but it is 'the Spirit that helpeth our infirmities' and 'teaches us how to pray.'"

"I saw two oaks standing side by side. The one was already clothed in tender green leaves; the other was still in its wintry bareness, showing few signs of reviving life. Whence arose this? The influences of sun and air and sky must have been the same on both trees; their nearness seemed to bespeak a like soil; no outward cause was apparent to account for the difference. It must therefore have been something within, something in their internal structure and organization. But wait awhile: in a month or two both the trees will perhaps be equally rich in their summer foliage; nay, that which is slowest in unfolding its leaves, may then be the most vigorous and luxuriant.

"So it is often with children in the same family, brought up under the same influences: while one grows and advances daily under them, another may seem to stand still. But after a time there is a change; and he that was last may even become first, and the first last.

"So [illegible] it is with God's spiritual children. Not according to outward calculations, but after the working of His grace, is their outward life manifested: often the hidden growth is unseen till the season is far advanced, and then it bursts forth in double beauty and power."

"When the love of God has taken possession of the soul, and the whole man is consecrated to His service, life loses its fragmentary character, and one guiding stream seems to run through it. Then all varying and apparently disjointed circumstances and duties find a fixed and appointed place, and though, through the weakness of the flesh, the surface of things may seem to be ruffled, there is a strong undercurrent that cannot be diverted from its object, but is ever flowing on to its one point, widening and strengthening as it goes, and so mastering all that opposes its progress. Many a little rock or eddy that early in its course would turn it aside, are, as it becomes more powerful, swept away or passed over. And still more perhaps are the very hindrances that thwarted, turned into ministers to help its course. The stronger and more fixedly the soul is set upon one object, so much the more does it find power to overcome all difficulties, and despise all that may be only outward or accidental. So doth it gain the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil."

"Epithets are for the most part the comment which we put on facts related. They furnish our view of the matter, or our opinion of the person concerned.

"A preacher ought to give us not merely a statement of Truth, but his own testimony that it is Truth. Herein a sermon differs from a book—that we have the living voice bearing witness to that which we are taught to believe, and setting His seal that it is true."

"In proportion to the earnestness and force with which the Spirit impresses the truth upon the heart of the preacher, will his words produce an effect upon his hearers, for in such proportion will he speak with power and truth."

"Prejudice magnifies faults: love magnifies virtues."

"What is bigotry? What is prejudice?

"That is commonly so called which opposes our opinion —that view of things which is contrary to our own. May it not be more truly described as that which sees nothing but good in *our* thoughts of persons and things, and that which judges harshly of the thoughts of others? He is a bigot, who can descry no good in any mode of life or of thought but his own. He is prejudiced, who judges of things or people not by what they really are, but by some preconception, formed without real knowledge of the true facts. So delusive and blinding is this feeling, that let there be any amount of kindness shown, or wisdom spoken, it falls dead upon the mind that is prejudiced. No entrance is possible when the ground is already occupied by a prejudice of long standing, although it may have first taken possession of the mind from hasty and insufficient causes, generally from some injury to self-love or self-will. Freedom from self and the love of truth are the elements of a candid spirit."

"So closely does self-love cling to us, that when through God's mercy the inward eye is opened to discern the ugliness within, we are still continually tempted to look through a false medium and see ourselves with the partial eyes of others—this being one of the rare cases in which we are willing to esteem their judgment superior to our own."

"Slow as we are to worship God in any way, prayer is ever a more ready offering than praise. Is there not often in the heart a secret feeling that offering of thanks is a *waste of time*—there is nothing to be *gained* by it? So prone is Mammon to put forth his claims even in our spiritual concerns."

"*August* 30, 1841.—When we look down from a great height, all unevennesses in the surface below seem to be lost, all appears smooth. The little boat rides in the still sea, there is no perceptible movement save that by which it ever draws near to the haven whither it is going, although to those within that boat, it may be there is a continual rolling motion, as wave after wave is passed over. So will it doubtless be, when from a far higher elevation we look down on the troubled waves of life that we have passed through. No trace will be left of the course through the waters, whether it has been smooth or rough; if that course has led our little vessel safe to its harbour in the breast of Jesus, all will be forgotten but the blessedness of a way that could lead to such perfect rest. And is it a visionary thought, that now, while we are still tossing to and fro, in the ever-changing waves of human life, it is still possible that we might mount up on eagles' wings to a blue sky above the earth, and from thence look down as it were on ourselves and all our trials here below, and lift up our hearts into a region of such calm and heavenly serenity, that from thence all things would seem to us as light compared with the weight of glory around us? Oh, if we could dwell continually in such a high and lofty atmosphere, our short-sighted fears and doubts would flee away, we should in light see light, and darkness would be swallowed up in its fulness. But we are bound to earth so fast that though our prayers *rise* heavenward, our views are still directed towards earth, and fenced in by many a thorny hedge or entangled wood, and we cannot see clearly because we look on all around from the place we now fill, instead of rising up ourselves into heavenly places, and from thence looking down on all things passing around us. If our life were indeed hid with Christ in God—if we could realise anything of the height and depth of that mysterious life, we should be kept in peace, even though the sea should roar and all its fulness. The Lord on High is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, and in His strength we too should be strong, our vision would be like His, eternal; we should see and behold—all things are good!"

"*Oct.* 27, 1841.—It is one of the hardest things in the world to be *true to one's self* in one's intercourse with others. There is scarcely anything that requires more real courage. The nearest approach to it is with a bosom friend, when heart meets heart, and when the love that covers all sins makes disguise needless, and all the inmost thoughts and feelings are laid bare without fear or restraint. In proportion as we are more and more removed from this oneness of mind with others are we tempted to be untrue to ourselves. Sometimes the fear of giving offence may be the cause, oftentimes the dislike of seeming to be better than others; in persons of a nervous temperament there is a sensitiveness to the influence of those around them, leading them from their own real feelings to an agreement with the opinion of others for the time. When placed in any new or uncommon situation, there is an effort attending it which draws away from the simple and natural expression of ourselves by manner or words. When persons begin teaching others, there is almost always an artificial manner created, and when strangers first become acquainted, how little is there of true freedom from all put-on conversation and manner. The more truly Christian is our spirit, the more we shall rise out of this bondage which is of the earth earthly, to preserve our truth and uprightness of character, and to be in all places, and at all times, and with all people, one and the same—not equally open or equally communicative, but equally free from what is artificial and constrained, and steadfast in keeping fast hold of those principles and feelings which we know to be according to God's will and law—equally free from all pretence of knowing more than we do know, or of feeling more than we do feel, while we are not ashamed to confess those things which we do believe and feel in our inmost selves."

"*August* 30, 1842.—Marriage is a type of the union between Christ and His Church, as being the closest and most enduring of all those relations which God has appointed here below. But it is chiefly so in showing forth the reality of a tie which is deeper and stronger than that of flesh and blood in the natural family feelings of affection. It is the knitting into one of two separate and distinct persons, who have not been tied to each other by the outward circumstances of God's Providence, as is the case in all other natural relationships, but who, through their own free choice, from affinity of character or dispositions, are drawn to each other in a mysterious and inward manner, and who, through this instinctive preference of each other, yearn to be one.

So it is with the union of Christ and His body the Church. It must not be an outward tie, growing out of the circumstances of our birth, our country, our opportunities: it must be an inward and spiritual longing to be one, because we are of one mind and one heart, because we desire what He desires, because we love what He loves. It must not be a matter of duty, as our duty to parents, nor of love, as our love to our brethren is; it must be higher and deeper, a free gift—the gift of our whole heart, and soul, and mind, and body."

Of the many months of each year which up to this time my mother had passed at Stoke Rectory with her father and step-mother, few memorials remain, as the daily and minute correspondence which then took place between her and her brother Julius was afterwards destroyed by his widow. My mother found her time at Stoke fully occupied in ministering to the many small wants of her aged parents, and in assisting them in their parish cares. To her child, Stoke Rectory, with its beautiful garden, and its snowdrop-covered islets in the windings of the little river Terne, was always a place of enchantment, and many were the happy little excursions the mother and child enjoyed together, on Hodnet and Stoke heaths, wild tracts of land long since enclosed, or to Helshore, where, on a wooded promontory, surrounded on two sides by the river, many crocuses and other floral treasures, appearing with the spring amid the grass, marked the site of the ancient garden of a ruined farm-house. Mr. Leycester, with his snow-white hair, his beautiful complexion, and genial smile, was the picture of happy old age. Up to his ninety-first year he continued to take part in the services of his church, reading the Communion Service with a touching reality of thanksgiving characteristic of his whole character, which seemed as if he found it impossible to show sufficient love and gratitude, not only to God, but to all around him, and which made his daughters apply to him the line in Wordsworth's "Excursion," 'His mind was a thanksgiving to God who made him.' One or other of his children was constantly with him, always welcomed with the same unspeakable tenderness, always leaving him with the sad foreboding, which his great age could not but cause, that they might be seeing him for the last time. Frequently, too, Stoke became a meeting-place for the brother and sisters, when, each being isolated from their own circles, their thoughts, cares, and anxieties centred on the dear father, felt the revival of the tie of brotherhood which separate interests and occupations had never weakened, but relaxed. Up to the last year of his life, Mr. Leycester retained all his powers of mind unimpaired, rejoiced in the Latin, French, and Italian authors which had delighted his youth, would describe his foreign travels, and finish up his old sketches with unfailing interest. He continued like the golden leaves upon his own beech-trees, ready to fall, waiting for the first breath of wind to waft them away, but retaining all their mellow brightness to the last. In Mrs. Oswald Leycester, his unwearied nurse and constant companion, his three children, but especially the youngest, ever found the affectionate sympathy and interest of a real mother, which they gratefully and cordially returned.

In the summer of 1843 my mother and I were separated for the first time, by my being sent at nine years old to Mr. Kilvert's school, at Harnish, near Chippenham.

M. H. *to* AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Stoke Rectory, August* 2, 1843.—My own darling child, how strange it seems to me having to write to you, instead of talking to you; but you will long to hear that I am safely brought to the end of my journey, and have found dear grandpapa well. . . . . Often, as we passed along by the different stations, did I think of you, darling, and long for you to see the flowers by the wayside. And at Stafford, especially, I seemed to see you take out your pencil and draw the castle. . . . . The heath was so beautiful at Whitmore, quite a carpet of purple tufts. I found grandpapa and grannie in the drawing-room, sitting by a fire, but soon they went out with me into the garden to look at the flowers. They are even more beautiful than I expected to see them, and the number of baskets of different kinds, filled with flowers, all over the lawn, make it look almost like fairyland. The handles are covered with creepers, and the little ivy-baskets, that you remember with crocuses and snowdrops, are now filled with geraniums and other flowers, and look very gay, and you would scarcely know the place in its summer dress. After dinner, grandpapa walked with me round the field, and then to the Rope Walk, which has a broad border of flowers. . . . . Dear child, have you missed us very much? I dare say you have; but dear good Mrs. Pile, while she is at Harnish, would do all she could to comfort you, and soon you will get acquainted with your master, and make friends with your playfellows. You must try to please them and bear patiently anything you do not like, for you must expect that their way will not always be your way, but by loving them you will find it much pleasanter than having no one to think of but yourself. You must tell me all you do, and all you think and feel, just as if you were talking to me, and then we shall not feel so much separated from each other; and do try, darling, to take pains with all you do, and attend carefully to your lessons. This will be the greatest comfort I can have in parting from you."

"*August* 5.—Now you must come up-stairs with me to grannie's room, and look out on the balcony, and there you will see beautiful flowers in the boxes, and creepers covering the iron railings, making such a pretty frame to the picture of the church seen underneath. I wish I could paint it for you as Aunt K. would, but I have tried to draw it in your little book. . . . . I love to hear all that my dear little boy is doing, and hope every day you will be happier, as you feel more at home with all around you. And then if you work hard at your lessons, and play heartily with your playfellows, you will best do the will of God where He has placed you."

"*August* 26.—This is my dear child's Hurstmonceaux birthday. It is now nine years since, on this day, Mrs. Gayford brought you to the Rectory, and I received you first into my arms, to nourish and train you up for God. You have passed through babyhood, and are now going on through boyhood, and I have no longer the sole care of you. But you know that my heart is always with my beloved child, and it rejoices me to think you are every day learning more to give up your own will, and desire to do God's will."

"*Lime, Sept.* 22.—On Saturday last, Lina Deimling* was released from her suffering body, and God took her to Himself. I went to Hurstmonceaux Place in the afternoon, and Mrs. Bunsen took me up to her room, where she lay in the still sleep of death. She looked so beautiful and happy, I should much have liked you to have been with me and to have seen her. She looked exactly as if she was asleep, so peaceful; and it made one feel very near to God to look on her body, and know that the spirit which had dwelt in it was now gone to live with Jesus for ever. She was dressed in white, with roses on her head and in her hands, and a wreath of laurel was all round the bed. She had so won all hearts by her meek patience and thankful loving spirit, that all are grieving for her as for a sister. Yesterday, at four o'clock, was the funeral. Uncle Jule chose the spot, close under the great yew-tree; the sides of the grave were covered with flowers, and we all knelt round it as Uncle Jule read the beautiful words which speak of the joy and happiness into which the soul enters that has died in the love of Christ. In just such a narrow bed, dearest child, shall we some day be laid, and then whether it is a happy rest or a state of misery must depend on whether we have lived in this life for our own pleasure, or to please and obey God. When you come home I will show you the place where dear sweet Lina lies; and I will pray with you that Jesus will fill our hearts with faith and love to Him such as she was given to feel by His blessed Spirit, that when we too are called into His presence, it may be with joy, and not with grief."

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* Caroline, daughter of the Rev. Ludwig Deimling, chancellor of the Grand Duke of Baden.

The sermon which my uncle preached after the death of Lina Deimling ("Harvest Parables") is, perhaps, the most remarkable of those which are associated with Hurstmonceaux, especially as to its closing passage:

"In the works of man there are ever the marks of effort, of strife, of resistance, of confusion, of difficulties only half overcome, of purposes only half fulfilled; they are always trying to be something more than they are. But in the vegetable world we are delighted with the sight of perfect harmony and peace. There is no striving, no struggling in it. When Spring and Summer build up their temples through the earth and sky to the glory of God, these also, like the temple of Solomon, are built in silence. You hear not the sound of their coming; you see not their motion, but there they stand in perfect beauty. So, too, is it with the lilies of God's spiritual garden, with those meek, gentle, peaceful souls, whom Christ arrays in the robes of His righteousness. They, too, grow up in silence; and yet, my brethren, I say to you, that Solomon, in all his wisdom and might, was not arrayed like one of these. It is not by the toil of their own hands that the lilies are arrayed in a glory surpassing that of Solomon. Their pure, white garment, is not of their own spinning. It is the free gift of God's bounty. Nor have the souls, which are arrayed in a purity like that of the lily, wrought that purity for themselves. Our own hands cannot clothe us in it; our own deeds cannot win it for us. All the wisdom, and all the strength, and all the courage that have ever been found among the children of men, would never attain to a single thread in that robe of righteousness. If any are indeed clothed in this purity, like the lilies of the field, it can only be through God's infinite mercy and love. It can only be through their having their souls washed in the blood, and arrayed in the white robes of the Lamb.

"It was my office on Thursday last to lay a sister in her grave beneath our yew-tree, who, I trust in a merciful God, was indeed one of these heavenly lilies; and therefore, although I could not but share in the natural sorrow which her friends felt at the passing away of one so lovely, and so much beloved, in the very prime of her youth, I also felt that unspeakable comfort and joy, which God's ministers are allowed to feel, when they can cherish a confident hope that the seed which they are sowing in the grave is sown there unto everlasting life. . . . . Few of you knew this our sister. For her health, since she has been in our parish, has been too feeble to allow of her going out amongst you, as she otherwise would have done. But you have joined with her in the worship of God in this church. Many of you have been united to her by that closest and holiest of bonds, when the faithful become one by partaking together of the body of Christ; and all of you will remember how you have been invited, Sunday after Sunday, for several months, to beseech God that He would give her patience under her sufferings, and a happy issue out of all her afflictions. My brethren, God heard our prayer, and granted it; He granted it, I hope and trust, fully in all its parts. He did give her patience under all her sufferings. Her sufferings were great; but He gave her patience under them, a patience so meek and gentle and submissive, that it won the hearts of all who came near her, so that even those whose hearts had not been won by her before, those who merely came to wait on her in her sickness, grew to love her as a sister. They could not help it. Even the beauty of the earthly lily we cannot look on without pleasure; the loveliness of the heavenly lily must fill our hearts with love. God heard our prayers, I said, and granted them, I hope and trust, in both their parts. He gave our sister patience under her sufferings; and He has also, I hope and trust, given her a happy issue out of all her afflictions. This issue has indeed come too soon for the wishes of those who loved her, and who would fain have kept one so dear longer amongst them. But I trust it has not come too soon for her who is gone, not before her soul was purified from its earthly alloy, and fitted to become one of the lilies in God's heavenly garden. And if the beauty of the earthly lily, which lives for a day, is such that our Lord declares that Solomon in all his glory is not to be compared with it, what must be the beauty and the glory and the blessedness of those heavenly lilies, which never decay or fade, but bloom for endless ages in perfect purity, and are knit together in an everlasting crown for Him by whom they were purified!"

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, March* 26, 1843.—As I was sitting last Sunday afternoon in the wood, and reading there the evening lesson, it seemed as if God was so near, as if I was dwelling in the fulness of His presence. And if at all times this consciousness could be ours, I think it would more than anything tend to deliver us from the bondage of self, and help us to live in that 'Jerusalem which is *free*,' to become citizens even now of that heavenly city where liberty of heart and mind and body is the privileged portion of all.

"I remember once, in the full consciousness of being beloved, and when my own heart was filled with love, I was so possessed by an inward joy that all things seemed clothed with light, and even the presence of those utterly uncongenial, and whose society at another time would have wearied and pained me, was redeemed from all annoyance, and I could feel nothing but gladness. If such fruits could grow from the satisfaction of human affection, how would the far more satisfying fulness of Divine love, of the love of Christ, help us to bear with the ills of life, the infirmities of others, the crosses of all kinds that beset us, if it were indeed as truly a part of our being as the love I felt to be so powerful!"

"*Hurstmonceaux, Sept.* 10.—In the peaceful quiet of my home how ought the presence of the Invisible One to be felt, yet even here the distractions of the inner man prevail and keep me from the communion which I desire. In the still, solemn moonlight all seems to be hushed without and within, and God truly to reign, and I have in the last few lovely nights felt as if He indeed was very near in the beauty of that night calm and repose. But then comes the crushing sense of one's own littleness and vileness—of the impossibility of venturing into His awful presence, but under the shelter of Christ's name, of His all-perfect holiness. O Lord, Thou who knowest how Thou hast blest me and given me the riches of time and eternity in the love of human friends and the knowledge of my Heavenly One, oh bear with me yet awhile and cast me not away because I am so unfruitful, so full of self and sin, so wanting in all those fruits of righteousness and holiness which should have sprung up from the root of faith, grafted in me by Thy love! Let me struggle on through the darkness till the true light prevails over it. Let me be made conqueror here a little, and there a little, till every thought and feeling is subdued unto Thee, till I can feel that Thou art indeed my portion, my inheritance. So long as I am in the body of this death I must groan being burdened, unable to soar up into Thy heavenly mansions; but if I keep looking up and longing to be free, wilt Thou not, gracious Lord, make my wings to grow daily more strong and at length help me to mount unto Thee, even as the eagle that is not dazzled by the bright rays of the sun but finds therein its joy and delight. Not as I am in the sight of others, but as I am in Thy sight. O Lord, that is my true state—let me not shrink from this consciousness, but press on till Thine image, Holy Jesus, is reflected in me, feature for feature, grace for grace, till Thy seal is upon me and I am Thine for ever.

"For some years past, since I have been led to know more of the principles of *Church Life*, as they are called, of those which concern us as members of a Church constituted in this land for the special need of Christian people, I have had much ignorance removed, and many useful thoughts opened to me that before I was dead to. And the feeling conscious that I had neglected and overlooked much that was of benefit, has seemed to make me afraid of esteeming things wrong because contrary to previous impressions; but I think in the last year since these Church opinions are become less strange to me, I have felt more and more how unsatisfying they are, and that the Catholic doctrines they are grounded on are secondary and subordinate to the Evangelical ones that are built on the word of God. I strive and desire in love and meekness to refrain from all judgment of persons who hold such opinions, but I do return I confess to writers of simpler and more scriptural character, to those who have more insight into the depths of spiritual experience, with the feeling as if I were landed again on solid ground after floating in a misty cloud. And though in practical things I find much that is good in the Catholic school, there is so great a want of *motive* and principle of love in them to stir one up to do the good works. It is so exclusively for *self* that they urge us, that *we* may be holy, not that God may be glorified, that I feel more and more that the true spirit of apostles and martyrs is not there, that according to them it is not of grace that we are to be saved but of holy deeds; not by the merits of Jesus, but by our own self-denial, our obedience, and patience."

"*Stoke*, *Nov.* 22, 1843.—Once more do I spend this birthday at my father's house, my former home. Five and forty years of life have passed by, and here I am. But what am I? that is the question: what has been done for God's glory? what has been sacrificed for others? how have I been likened to Christ in this portion of my life? To answer all these questions would take a long and close scrutiny, and after all is done in this way, how much remains behind, known only to Him who 'seeth in secret?' When I have confessed every known sin, every conscious transgression and shortcoming, I must still cry out for pardon for the infinitely greater amount of selfishness and sin that is as yet hidden from my view.

"Oh, my God, pardon my secret and presumptuous sins of all these five and forty years past, and blot them out of the book of Thy remembrance, that they may not appear against me in the day when Thou shalt judge the secrets of men. And let the knowledge of myself be deepened that more true humility may be wrought in me, that I may with more fervour and earnestness flee unto Thee, my Saviour and my God, to hide me in Thy shadow, to clothe me in Thy righteousness. I desire to profit by all the means of grace and holiness, while I am preserved from idolising them, and to keep firm hold of the true doctrine of the cross, the cross of Jesus, while I strive more and more to be conformed to His image in all self-denial and true holiness. Oh that I might attain a more heavenly mind, to feel that my daily meat and drink is to do the will of my Father in heaven, not thinking of what is pleasing to myself, nor for my own gain even in holiness; and to find my joy in His presence, His continual nearness, so that in all places, times, and circumstances I might truly live and move in Him. 'All my fresh streams are in Thee, O Lord,' pour out on me abundantly from Thy rivers of water, that my garden may bring forth its fruits for Thee, O Holy Jesus!"

"*Lime, Feb.* 11, 1844.—For the first time is it granted me to spend this solemn month at Hurstmonceaux.

All others years I have been alone, separated from all who could live in the past and share the feelings of this time when our beloved Augustus passed through the shadows of the valley of death, till he came into its reality, and through the gulf landed on the shores of the heavenly land. With those who are so one with him I feel now less separated from him, and know not how enough to praise God who gives me such daily cause of joy and comfort in the love of those around me. Ten years have passed away of our separation—how quickly do they seem to have gone! and so we may hope the remaining years will pass, although it can hardly be expected that they can be preserved from sorrow and trouble so singularly as these past years have been. I trust that it is with no unthankful feelings that I still look upon the close of life as a thing to be desired. I am indeed girt about with blessings, full and manifold, but what are they to the fulness of joy at the right hand of God! In this world sin is ever within and around us to cloud our highest hopes, while suffering or infirmity either in ourselves or in others is continually pressing us down and keeping us from a consciousness of our heavenly inheritance. In humble patience to wait for His time who knows how long we may best accomplish His will on earth, looking on to the day when we shall be clothed as with a better and more enduring tabernacle, cannot be amiss, and the strong link to earth, which will ever tie us to so many beloved ones here, will help us to rejoice so long as to them we may be permitted to administer comfort and peace. And then, when the end is come, the appointed time fulfilled, how blessed will it be to mount up above this sorrowful, sinful world, and dwell in that pure and holy place where there is no darkness at all—there to enjoy perfect love without taint of selfishness, perfect wisdom without shade of error! My beloved Augustus, how has your heavenly spirit been drinking in of the Fount of Light and Love since we parted on earth. May I, too, grow yearly more like unto your Saviour and mine, that partaking of His holy life on earth, I may be meetened to share your glory and His in the kingdom of the Father!"

"*Feb.* 18, 1844.—On this blessed day was my Augustus translated from the earthly tabernacle of forty years to the heavenly rest. And oh, how joyful and glorious a freedom must that have been, and how truly does this thought of it make the day one, not of sorrow, but rejoicing—a holy saint's day of thankful love to Him who has thus given victory over death and the grave. When I return in spirit to the scenes of that still chamber of death at Rome, and think how then all earthly things seemed hidden from my eyes, and how in the change that had passed over him who was dearer than life, I seemed for awhile to have left all things here below with him, it seems strange to see how time closes up those wounds, and opens again new sources of interest and happiness, such as one could not dream of in the hours of deepest sorrow. Yet it is a blessed provision that thus it should be, and that while we live here on earth, fresh springs should be given to carry us on with hope till the end comes and our course too is finished. But it is an awful question, one which some day will present itself with still greater force than now: have I profited rightly by this heart-searching grief—have I yielded those fruits which this chastening purposed to ripen in me, so that God might be glorified thereby? Alas! let me not be tempted to answer the question by the judgments of partial friends who see but the outside, and whose tender love blinds their eyes to all that is not good to look upon. Let me rather in the mirror of God's word and truth judge myself, and condemn myself, seeing in my heart so few of those features of heavenly Charity which on this day are brought before me in such perfect beauty. . . . . He who now knows even as he is known, my Augustus, now sees no longer through a glass darkly but face to face; and what would be the riches, the glories of Love that he would reveal to me, could he now speak from his heavenly dwelling-place, and open all that passes there to my view—the love of the holy Three in One, Father, Son, and Spirit, in their eternal and glorious fellowship; the love of all the spirits of the Just, perfected from all that hindered the fulness of that love on earth; his own love, exalted and purified—what perfect and complete blessedness would this one vision of eternity present, to win us from the poor idolatry of human perfection, and make us yearn for such a participation of heavenly joy. . . . ."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, Easter Monday*.—Easter is come, and with it spring seems to be coming. Yesterday we had a very rainy Easter Sunday, but to-day the sun has come forth 'like a bridegroom out of his chamber,' and is calling to the primroses to open their buds to him, and to the dead trees to come to life again. It is quite a Resurrection day, and all things look bright and happy. I hope that your snow is gone away like ours, and that you have the same bright sunshine. If you have read all the history of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus in the last week, you will know the better how to rejoice in the angel's glad tidings—'the Lord is risen indeed'—and will be able to understand how the disciples who thought their dear Master was dead, were filled with joy at seeing Him come to life again. And not they only, but we too must be joyful, when we think that such a victory has been gained over death and the grave. We must die. Yes, my Augustus, you and I must die; but as surely as Jesus rose from the dead, so shall we rise from our graves, and have new and glorious bodies given to us, that will never be sick or die any more, but live for ever in the presence of God."

"*April* 10, 1844.—We have some pinks blown and many red roses against the trellis, the nightingales sing more loudly than I ever heard them, and the copse is full of wild flowers, but I have no dear little boy to entice me into it, and have not once been into 'Butterflies' Wood.'"

"*May* 1.—Do you remember the garlands you liked so much to see on May Day? This year I thought the children would have more enjoyment in dancing round a May-pole. So one was put up in front of Mrs. Piper's school, crowned with flowers, with a blue flag at the top and a great bunch of gorse. Inside the schoolroom the beams and walls were hung with evergreens, and from these were suspended many beautiful garlands of flowers. At the end of the room was a sort of bower, with a doll dressed as Queen of the May, and on the tables and desk, jars filled with flowers, and moss and nosegays tied up in bunches. At three oclock all the children of Mrs. Piper's and Mrs. Coleman's school, sixty-eight in number, sate down on the benches, and had tea and bread-and-butter and large buns—Lea, Anne, and Susan waiting on them. The children had wished to crown Mrs. Piper as Queen of the May, but she took the garland and put it on Emily Elphick, and wanted her to wear it for ever. But the poor little girl was so distressed in the thought that she had any honour above the other girls, and the fear that they might be pained by it, that she cried bitterly, and would not be satisfied till she had made a crown for each of her own class as pretty as her own. When the tea was over, they sang a May-song which I had made for them. Then they all went into the little court, and danced round the May-pole, and played at their games, and were, I think, very happy.

"It could not have been a more beautiful May Day, The nightingales are singing so joyously in the copse, and it is covered now with bluebells and orchises. Your garden has a beautiful periwinkle in it, and the great horse-chestnut is full of flower, and like the middle of summer with its leaves."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, May* 7, 1844.—How I wish you could see the loveliness of Hurstmonceaux at this time. One always fancies every spring it is more beautiful than before, but surely it *is* so this year. The profusion of flowers! the birds and nightingales! The oaks are quite out in leaf and the copses the richest green. My life is one of clockwork—school in the morning, poor people in the afternoon, and Jule coming at six o'clock and going home at eight. It leaves time for much of solemn meditation and reading, which one seldom has elsewhere, and now I shall be for three weeks quite alone. Sometimes sad thoughts will oppress one, and make one feel the blank of that human fellowship which once cheered one's home, and then one feels how an evil heart of unbelief prevents one's entering into the fellowship of Him who is able to satisfy all who come to Him, abundantly above all human love. Mary said this morning the trees near the pond grew so much larger than the others because nearer the water. How truly one feels that the only way to grow and thrive is to keep near the river of God and be watered by its streams."

"*Lime, May* 14, 1844.—To-day is perfectly lovely. Alone, here in this peaceful nook, with the cloudless vault of heaven above, and the sweet, new-mown grass withering at one's feet, and the thousand birds warbling in one's ears, and bright flowers around, there seems nothing to separate one from God but one's poor body that clogs and fetters the bound of one's soul upwards. He does seem so near; and when one can *lay hold* of one fixed thought of Him, and really feel this outward world lovely and beautiful as it is to be but the shadow of Him in whom is perfect light and never-dying life, oh! how it does fill one's heart with joy and love while it lasts. But then comes the needful work of the day, and its consequent fatigue, and—'where is that mighty joy that just now took up all my heart?' is often one's question. Poor mortals that we are. Well, the time will come when this mortal will put on immortality, and the joy will be full and unchanging—face to face and eye to eye with Him at whose right-hand are pleasures for evermore."

During the spring of 1844, the intimacy between my mother and her friend Esther Maurice had greatly increased, and the latter had passed some time at Hurstmonceaux, where the Marcus Hares were also staying.

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Bath*, *May* 18, 1844.—When we reached Reading, we looked out, and there was the sweet face of course. Esther got into the carriage, and gave me one of her dear kisses. I never feel as if I could say a word in that minute, only look and love. She said she thought she really should go to the Lakes with you, but that it seems too much happiness for her. She left with me the most lovely moss-rose and geraniums. Where does she get such flowers; do they spring up whenever she opens her mouth, like the princess who dropped diamonds and pearls?"

In July we went to the Lakes, my Uncle Julius and Esther Maurice accompanying us, and the intimacy thus engendered led to their engagement, and to their marriage in the following November.

M. H. *to* REV. O. LEYCESTER.

"*Foxhow, July* 18, 1844.—We are safely at the end of our journey, and at this most lovely spot. It was about half-past five when we got here, when we received a hearty welcome from Mrs. Arnold and all the family. Well indeed does this place deserve the praise bestowed on it by Dr. Arnold. The room in which I sit looks out on a fine range of mountains closing in a beautiful green valley, of which the flower-garden belonging to this house makes the foreground; and at the foot of the garden the clear river Rotha sparkles and bubbles along, dividing the pleasure-ground from the meadows.

"This place is perfect for Mrs. Arnold, associated as it is with him she has lost; and this beautiful scenery must be soothing to her mind when she looks around and sees God's hand so visible in these His works. We have had the Wordsworths here, and this evening go to them. He is most kind-hearted, with all the simplicity and love of nature that his poetry bespeaks, and he and Julius have much pleasant conversation together, to which we listen. We make this our head-quarters till the Stanleys come to fill our places, and with the beauty of the scenery and this happy family party, we thoroughly enjoy our visit."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Foxhow, July* 19.—We have been this afternoon to Rydal Falls, which were quite beautiful, and the gleams of sunshine playing through the trees and deep gloom of the chasm were most picturesque. Afterwards we went to the Mount. The poet is a good deal older than my impression, which was from the bust, but in plainness and simplicity of manner quite what I expected. I was most, however, attracted by the sweet old face of Mrs. Wordsworth. There was general conversation for a little while, and then Mrs. Arnold asked for me to see the terrace, and Mr. Wordsworth (how odd Mr. sounds to his name) took me by the arm and led me to the Mount and along his garden walks to the terrace looking on Rydal water, expatiating as he went along on the different objects and on the changes that had taken place, with those nice touches in the perception of beauty which one sees in his poetry."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*August* 27, 1844.—I am too much overpowered by the most unexpected tidings of Jule's engagement to say much, only the Mia knows me so well she will know what deep thankfulness and fervent prayers are filling my soul. I had so much considered him and Esther in the light of father and daughter that I can scarcely take it in, and yet there is no one I should so love to think of as the sister of the Mia, the wife of Julius. Dear Esther, it rejoices my very heart to think of her patience and holy diligence in that too often thankless task of teaching, being even now rewarded by such happiness as I trust is in store for her at Hurstmonceaux.

"I have so enjoyed the last few evenings. When near dark, after the children were gone to bed, I have come up to the terrace and sat till eight or after, watching the twilight gradually darken every object; and now the crescent moon shines out from the dark clouds, so that every evening will be lovelier. How I do delight in this sea view; it is more and more to me every day—that vast expanse of sea—the ever-varying lights and shades—the calm soothing sound of the waves—the still small voice that says, 'Peace, be still,' when anxious thoughts thrust themselves in."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*August* 17, 1844.—I daresay Mr. Kilvert is to-day giving you some useful lessons to learn from the harvest-fields around you, as he did last year when I was at Harnish. I hope sometimes it may come into my dear boy's mind, when he looks on all the sheaves of corn, that Jesus tells us we shall all in like manner be gathered into His barn. If we look on to that great harvest-day at the end of the world, it will make it seem of so little consequence what happens to us now, if we are only made ripe, as the corn is, for our heavenly home. You are only now like the blade springing up, but if God waters you with His Holy Spirit, and you are careful to profit by all you learn, you also will grow in love to Him, till you are fully ripe and ready to go to Him. May He help you to do so, and make both of us like our Lord Jesus, and then we shall be together there, where there is no parting."

"*Lime, August* 22, 1844.—You know the large corn-field going down to the old parsonage-fields. Well, the other day I turned out of it, at the large gate on the right-hand, into another very large corn-field, and went up to the top of it. There I came upon such a fine view of the Downs and Hailsham, and the morning sun lit up every house and tree, so that it looked quite beautiful. Just below me was the sheep-field, on the top of which stands the Rectory. It was about ten o'clock, and so I looked, and by-and-by I saw a black figure moving to and fro among the trees and crossing the lawn. This was Uncle Jule taking his walk after breakfast. Had he been looking that way, he might have seen me, for I stood on the ridge, above which the Lime abeles are to be seen from the rectory garden. I thought if we wanted a telegraph it might be put up there, and we could talk very easily together. I wonder if you understand my picture?"

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime*, *Sept.* 24, 1844.—As I write this date, it reminds me of how blessed a day this is to you, my own Luce, and how much you are feeling to-day in the thought of the eleven years that have passed since you and your dearest Marcus were one. . . . . But our thoughts this morning have been engaged not in marriage thoughts, but in those of death and resurrection. I went up to breakfast at the rectory, and at half-past nine dear Jule read the Burial Service, which at that hour was to be read over the remains of dear, dear Sterling! On Friday morning, at Guys, arrived the sad tidings that his noble spirit had departed. Immediately they decided, Frederick Maurice, Julius, and Esther, to go to Ventnor to have one last look. They reached it at nine o'clock at night, and there, by the death-bed of him who had first united them in his own mind, did our two dear ones kneel and pray together—a solemn bridal. . . . . Julius said he had such a beautiful smile on his face, and looked as if asleep. When the end was drawing near, no one knew how near, he asked Annie Maurice for his Hurstmonceaux Bible, the one he used in the cottages, and talked of visiting the poor here, and how he should devote himself to the poor in the worst parts of London if he had health and strength again. A few hours after he had breathed his last.

"For Julius and Esther it will be a time never to pass away; and if they had needed any warning to remind them that 'here is not our abiding city,' and that their earthly continuance together could not be for ever, here they had it brought home with power. But I feel as if I had been there with them: I cannot speak of it calmly."

M. H. *to* MISS CLINTON.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, Jan.* 11, 1845.—I have not written to you since I came to stay at the Rectory, and Julius, Esther, and I, began our threefold life. . . . . You may think how pleasant it is to me to see my two dear ones together, and to share their happiness. Every morning after breakfast we have a reading together of Isaiah: Esther with her Hebrew Bible, Jule with his German Commentary. Then I go to Augustus and his lessons, and they set to their writing, in which she is sometimes able to help him in transcribing, but much more by keeping him to his work, and taking off all the hindrances that arise."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Easter Day, April* 7, 1844.—When can a new record of life begin more suitably than on this blessed day when we seem to rise afresh to the consciousness of that eternal life and inheritance assured to us by the Lord Jesus in His glorious resurrection? Old things must pass away. We must put off the old man, purge out the old leaven, and at this time enter anew into the freedom of the children of God from all that can thwart the hidden life with Christ in God to which we are called and chosen. And truly all outward things this day help the inward man to realise the glory revealed. A cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine is overhead, and all nature is putting on her new life and opening to the influence of the sun and air, showing forth the power of Him who, out of that which seemeth dead, can awaken life and growth, and transform the face of the earth again into its spring and summer beauty. And shall it be so in trees, and plants, and flowers, and will not the dry bones of Christian souls find too new vigour and life infused, if they seek it from the Sun of Righteousness? . . . ."

"*Lime, Whit Sunday, May* 26.—Another 'high day' has come! a day in which to welcome the coming of Him whose office is to take of the things of Christ and show them to us; without whom all the blessed work of Christ would be in vain. Jesus would have lived, and died, and risen again, His precious blood would have been shed, His gracious love shown forth, His mighty power exerted over death, and yet had not this crowning mercy of our God been extended to us in the gift of His Holy Ghost, we should still have been in the darkness of sin and misery. And yet while the soul convinced of sin can feel some little thankfulness for the blessings of Christ's atoning mercy, it is slow to feel or express a joyful thanks to God the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. I, at least, feel it far more difficult to arouse such feelings on this day than on Easter-day, when in all His life and glory, the risen Jesus seems to constrain one's heart and mouth to utter praise to God. Is this from unbelief? from want of sufficient distinctness in the impression of the third person in the Trinity? I imagine it must be so, and that a vague and undefined feeling rests on my mind concerning the Holy Ghost as distinct from the Father and the Son, and so hinders the full tide of thanksgiving which should meet the coming of this holy day no less gladly than the former ones in which Christ Himself is brought before one. I feel it so much more a day of prayer than of praise. And yet to this Holy One how much do I owe? How has he awakened mine ear to hear, my heart to understand the truths of His word? How has he opened mine eyes to see the sin within, and torn away the veil of self-deception which so long had kept me from a true and right knowledge of myself? How has He revealed to me the love of Christ, and the glories of Heaven? Poor indeed and limited are my views of these things, and still more slow have I been in yielding to His teaching in subduing the natural corruption of my heart, and in bringing forth fruits of holiness to His praise, and therefore is it that prayer for a large increase of His grace, an outpouring of His Spirit, seems more to befit my need than any other exercise of devout feeling at this season. Oh that the Spirit of Truth would indeed move my mind in guiding it to perceive and discern what is truth, that it would keep me in the simplicity of the Truth as it is in Jesus, that it would preserve me from error and teach me good judgment and knowledge in all things, and that the Spirit of Love would empty me of self, and fill me with true, self-denying, self-forgetting love, seeking not my own things but those of others, keen to detect the faults at home and blind to those abroad. May He whose office it is alike to comfort and to sanctify, come and dwell in my heart, that being truly the 'Temple of the Holy Ghost,' it may be a house of prayer, and the spirit of grace and supplication be abundantly poured forth to lead me continually for fresh supplies of light and life to the fountain of living waters. Oh, gracious Saviour, dearest Lord, be not weary of my slothfulness in serving Thee, but help me by the in-dwelling of Thy Spirit to struggle on through every hindrance to the perfect day, overcoming as Thou mayst see best every temptation which keeps me apart from Thee, and in the end giving me that blessed freedom which is the portion of thy children, freedom from self and sin, and the enjoyment of that communion with Thee which is the end of all sanctification, that I may be one with Thee even as Thou art one with the Father. Shall I ask only for myself? Shall my prayers be limited to my own needs, many and urgent as they are? Oh no, pour down, Lord, the fulness of Thy grace on all I love, shed abroad Thy love into the hearts of those dearest to me, and draw them near unto Thyself, that every high thing may be cast down, every imagination brought low, and the full beauty and truth that is in Thee revealed to those who know Thee but in part. So shall Thy name be glorified, and Thy love perfected in them, and Thy poor unworthy servant shall praise Thy mercy for ever."

"*Trinity Sunday, June* 2.—We seem to be arrived at the highest step in the ladder now that the full completion of the Godhead, the Holy Three in One, is become the object of contemplation. And great and marvellous is the mystery which on this day we are called to gaze upon and adore —not the office of the Father alone as electing or foreknowing His children, not that of the Son as atoning for them to the Father, not that of the Holy Spirit sanctifying and renewing them after His image, but all combined in one, as each sharing in the work of the other and completing it; as distinct in their operations and yet one; as separate in persons, one in substance; with all the blessedness of communion and fulness; rich in variety, yet in perfect unity; one Lord God, which wert and art and art to be, holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity! We now know Thee, can apprehend Thee but in part; we see through a glass darkly, and that glass reveals to us only so much as our poor weak minds can endure; for if the full glory of Thy majesty were to burst upon us, we could not bear the sight, and must die. But if we would have our hearts lifted above earth, and behold the perishableness and worthlessness of all that is best here below, we must look up to Him who sitteth upon His throne of glory, and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast our crowns at His feet, even all that His grace has wrought in us, for He alone is worthy to receive glory, and honour, and power, and He must reign till all things are subject unto Him! To Him, then, the most high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, to Him let me commend my body, soul, and spirit, that He may take the full possession of me, and seal me for

His own. And may the vision of His glory bring me low in my own esteem, and work in me contrition of heart and spirit, that I may be emptied of self, and filled with Christ."

"*Oct.* 24, 1844.—Again and again am I forced to take refuge in the will of God as the one only means of bringing my spirit into a due subordination. When I set this before me, and put aside all those circumstances, which, clear as they appear at times, when one's eyesight is not dimmed by tears of sorrow, do cause idle questionings and doubts under the pressure of crucified affections; when, putting aside all these, I look straight to God and recognise *His will*, I am at once calmed, and feel 'It is well.' To unite myself with Him in heart, to desire what He desires, to renounce what He forbids, this is the surest way of arriving at an obedient will. Yet how slow progress do I seem to make in attaining this settled persuasion of heart and mind, so as to abide patiently in Him!

"But I must not be impatient with the *suffering* of my impatience, if I do not consent to the sin of it; while I strive to yield my will more entirely to God's, let me bear for awhile the pain this costs. For is not this the very cross which will purge and root out the evil within? Were it easy at once to give up without effort or pain what is dear to one, where were the sacrifice? And where it is one so entwined with one's being that every new day and event draws out some new form of its connection with one's life, it must be a long and tedious process, here a little, and there a little, by which the mortification of will can be completed and all be at peace. Death to self, what is it? As I looked on the lifeless form of old W. C., I thought here I see what it is to be dead, without motion, speech, sight, voice, hearing, feeling, knowledge, thought. But how many struggles, painful and long, had to be passed through before this end came! Then all was stillness, all was peace and calm. So must it be with the soul, only that in this life we can never hope for a perfect realisation of death to sin, the old man will not yield up the ghost till the body in which it dwells is also lifeless. . . . .

"Thou, Lord, art now drawing me nearer to Thee through sorrow of a peculiar kind, let me nestle in Thy bosom. Let Thy grace be perfected in my weakness, and so draw my heart after Thee, that the tide of love which is checked in its earthly course may flow forth to Thee, and find its most satisfying rest in Thy all-perfect wisdom."

"*Hurstmonceaux*, *Dec.* 29, 1844.—How much cause I have for praise to Him who in the last two months has strengthened me under the pressure of much that has been trying, to realise something of that hidden life in Christ which is life and peace. And shall I not take courage from what is past to go on in the strength of the Lord for the time to come? There is nothing that seems to me more real and true than the certainty that whatsoever God calls us to do, or to give up, we shall be able to accomplish be it ever so difficult. He provides the means, no less than He gives the command, and though it may be through much suffering, even this must be a blessing, for every suffering for Christ's sake is a means of likening us to our Lord, and we must not shrink from learning obedience by the same process that was passed through by the Son of God Himself.

"This year draws to its close. Oh, what a year it has been of proving, I may and ought to say, of blessing to my soul! Never was there a more clear answer to prayer than God has given me in all that has come to pass, and I know that hereafter I shall most heartily give Him thanks for every pang. A new life opens before me. Sometimes my heart faints at the thought of what it may bring with it, till this selfish, narrow heart is enlarged and freed from its chains. But I must not fear when the mighty One is my helper.

The Lord Jehovah is my everlasting comforter, my sure rock of refuge. In the daily little things of life no less than in the great ones I wish to recognise His will, and to bend mine to be wholly one with His, so shall my heart be stayed in peace on Him, who is ever the same, ever near, and who when He sees the fit time come will lessen the suffering, and make all things appear to me in their true light."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, Feb.* 6—I must write to you from the dear home, which looks very sunny and bright, though inside the house there is no little merry face to greet me; and so, as I am too old to be contented with the companionship of kittens and rabbits, I am better pleased to stay generally at the Rectory with Uncle Jule and Aunt Esther. The little robin is now hopping about on the grass, having made its breakfast on the crumbs I scattered for it outside the window. The sea is gleaming like silver in the bright morning sunshine, and the pond is frozen over so evenly, it is like a sheet of glass."

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"*Feb.* 20, 1845.—I visited Mrs. Lade, a young woman lately come into the parish. She seemed ill and suffering and in great weakness, but in a most happy frame of mind, full of thankfulness for all the kindness she received, and persuaded of the love of God in afflicting her, finding the presence of Jesus more worth than all else in the world. I had no need to talk or teach, only to listen and learn; and a sweet feeling of love and peace did she leave with me for the day, one that recalled past feelings which are but rarely my full comfort, so oppressed am I by present infirmity. The brightness of to-day, however, has seemed to lift me above the earth into the pure joys of heaven, and this young believer helped to make me feel the *reality* of the love of Christ."

"*Feb.* 21.—Went with Julius to Gingers Green. There could scarcely be a greater contrast than the two cottages there presented. Ann Dann sate with her dear little children round her, the picture of peaceful happiness and quiet contentment. She was herself neat and clean, full of affection and pleasure in all I could read or say, and seeming truly to feel that 'to love and serve God with all one's heart' is the great object of life.

"How different a sight was that of poor Pellett's cottage, only a few steps across the way! The mother sate crying over her pains and ailments, with five little children cowering over the fire, as close together as their heads could be, all looking as squalid and ragged as the inmates of an Irish cabin, while the eldest boy and girl stood in another part of the room. The history of her own sicknesses took up most of the time, and there was no expression of pleasure or gratitude in any offer of food to relieve her weakness. She seemed too oppressed to be lifted out of it; and even when after having in vain tried to have a good thought, she at last used the Publican's Prayer, it failed to give the comfort it might have done in other cases, so long does she seem to have sought in vain for help. Smoky, dirty, poverty-stricken, and helpless this family are at all times, and I fear must continue. How glorious a change it was into the outer air, where on one side the sun was setting behind the downs in the fulness of its glory and beauty, glowing with radiance, while on the other the large full moon was just risen, and making its way through the vapours around it with the majesty of its silvery brightness. The stillness of the evening hour gave a calmness to the scene, and one could not help looking on to the day when 'the sun would no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be our everlasting light.' Then will the days of mourning be ended, and sin and sorrow be changed into righteousness and joy for evermore."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Feb.* 18, 1845.—Time is short. How quickly the eleven years have flown by since your Aug. passed from our sight. Your child is the little plant by whose growth we can mark the time; *there* was the first happy fruit of his uncle's translation into the heavenly world. You are still happiest of the three brothers' wives. We cannot love those who are gone too well; every thought, every feeling connected with them is also mingled with love and thanksgiving to Him in whose presence they are now rejoicing. What could we do without you? There may—there must be—fightings within while you are in the body; but whenever I think of you it is perfect peace and joy—my 'Aug.'s Mia,' from whose union has sprung up all the happiness enjoyed by Jule and Esther, by Marcus and Luce."

"*Rockend, March.* (*During an alarming illness of Marcus.*) —I have scarcely felt cast down at all; the clouds have looked very dark all round the earthly horizon, whichever way I turn, but it has only made the line brighter *beyond* that tells of the land not very far off, where the Lord Himself shall be our everlasting light, and the days of mourning shall be ended. The sea, the broad open sea is such a comforter, whether calm or covered with waves; and if ever there was a home fitted by its natural beauties to soothe and strengthen, it is this dear rocky nest."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, March* 26, 1845.— . . . . I need not say how near I am at this Easter time to you, my Luce. It is indeed of all others the season when the inward feeling seems to overcome the outward one, and life and hope to be given even when the outer things seem passing away. . . . . Dear Annie Maurice is dying at Hastings, perhaps is already gone. Frederick writes calmly, and says they have looked it in the face, that it has lost part of its sting, and that they can give all up to the will of God. Oh! what depths of sorrow have His children to pass through in the process of leaving earthly affections to rest upon heavenly treasures that fade not away. The time must come, sooner or later, when Christ must be all—all in time and in eternity. Why are we so unwilling to receive this favour, so slow to part with anything, to sacrifice our Isaacs for His sake and at His word who gave His own life for us? But it is the blow hanging over the head that makes the heart beat and fear arise. When it is clear what God's will is, then all is stilled—the mouth is dumb, for He hath done it. So I am sure will it be with this poor mourner. So will it be with you, my own sister, whenever the decree does go forth, and your beloved one is called to his heavenly portion. May it be delayed yet awhile, one's fond heart cries out; but even as it seemeth good to our Father, so may it be to us.

"Our Easter sunshine did not come till Monday, when the rain and vapours cleared away, and it was as with you like summer. It was too hot for me to walk much, and I sate down under the Rectory drawing-room window, watching the lambs that had stolen through the wicket, unable to resist the tempting green of the lawn, while Jule and Esther walked about enjoying the brightness, and then he came and read 'The first mild day of March,' which was so true a description of this day. You know how I share all your Easter feelings, and how our daily service here through last week's solemn recollections prepares one for the joy. I thought also much of last Easter Monday, when I took my dear children to the park and castle, and they sported in the wood and gathered flowers.

"Julius and Esther went to Mrs. Wisham after the service, and gave her the Communion. A little while before I had had a sweet visit to the dear old woman. I found her so low and cast down (I think quite from weakness), fearing she was a hypocrite, she could not drive away the evil thoughts that possessed her; and if after all she should be a castaway; she was so afraid that when she had talked to us she might have gone beyond the truth. After talking a little while she became calmer and comforted, and then shut her eyes and began praying as if no one was by, 'My dearest Lord, my lips are not worthy to speak unto Thee, but do hear me, and forgive me all my sins,' &c.; and then she went on in the most touching way, praying for us all, and as she held one hand fast, it was for me indeed a blessing to hear her. Then she opened her eyes and asked me to pray. Her old husband meanwhile had come in and stood behind the curtain; and when I had done he came forward, wiping his eyes and looking more softened than I have ever seen him. Her whole heart is now yearning over him; she can hardly bear him to be away from her, and he brings up his tea to drink with her, and does numberless little kind offices for her. One does long for her to have that *sight of Jesus*, that sure hope in Him which would brighten her suffering bed, but doubtless this discipline is needed to prove her faith, and if good it will be given to her, and ere long she will enter where no doubt or fear can again harass her soul.

"After service came the old people's dinner at the Rectory, so it was a day of true feasting, such as belongs to Christian pilgrims.

"I feel fearful of letting go the impressions of the past week, and the feelings connected with the Resurrection are so specially blessed. There is a tenderness inexpressible which I feel in the *nearness* of Jesus to His disciples at that time, as related to us, and it seems to bring Him so into the midst of one's home and heart to read of it; and then how one feels that it is in this world of care and sorrow one's only true peace to enjoy the hidden life with Christ in God, and to hear the voice of our Shepherd saying, 'Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' Illness, and suffering, and anxiety have of late been so present with us that even when all without looks sunny and bright, one feels it is only as a type of the peace and blessedness that passes not away that one can truly enjoy it. I often think how unlike Julius and Esther's newly married life is to that of most people, even to what mine was—it is so chastened and so solemn."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*April* 2.—Dear Annie Maurice was laid to rest on Monday in this churchyard. Eighteen men in white smock-frocks carried the coffin from the Rectory to the church, in relays of six at a time. It was very solemn and sad as we passed through the lane to see the hedges lined with primroses speaking of new life and spring, and before us the mournful procession winding along the road and up the hill to the church, which stood shining in the bright sunshine, as if to remind us that all is light in the heaven to which we believe that our dear Annie has gone.

"The grave was close under the great yew-tree, near Lina's, and with the setting sun full upon it. There we saw the coffin let deep into the earth, and heard the blessed words of prayer, by which we asked to be joined with those who are gone, that by believing in Jesus we may rest in hope, as Annie does, of the great resurrection, when her body will rise again to life."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*April* 6.—Again has it been permitted to me this day to approach the holy table of the Lord and to partake of the heavenly food provided there, together with the mourners who have been so deeply chastened. It is but a few days since we joined together in committing to the grave the earthly shell of our dear friend. May he who then buried his greatest earthly treasure be strengthened and comforted to feel that though apart in the body they are present in the Lord, and in that heavenly kingdom of which we see so small a portion, while she who has entered within the veil is permitted so much fuller a view. As I beheld the deep pit into which her narrow house was lowered, it seemed to say, it is not enough that we must *die*—not enough that self should cease to act, it must be buried, deep out of sight, hidden from all human consciousness. We are apt to conceive of the two acts as one, yet there is a great difference between them. The dead, those who sleep in Jesus, while they remain with us, are still like what they were in outward form and feature, we can scarcely believe life has departed from the cold and silent clay; but when they are buried, the dust returns to dust, the earth surrounds and covers them, all the particles of the body so much loved are dissolved, and no trace left of it, till the word goes forth to restore and bring it forth to new life in the great day of the Resurrection.

"And is it possible, I ask myself, that my warm and breathing body, this strong current of life which animates me now, shall in like manner cease to be, that I shall be still, and motionless, and senseless as the corpse on which my eyes have gazed with such intentness of late, as if to read in it some new discovery of God's wondrous works? No, it seems not possible; the feeling of personal identity is too strong. I myself cannot die. I live in Christ; and though at His call I may enter on a new and untried state of being, I shall but part with my earthly tenement, 'as a bird escaped from the snare of the fowler,' to rejoice in my deliverance from a cumbrous body that clogs the free and full exercise of all my powers. As the husk of the chrysalis I shall cast it aside, and rise out of it to soar above the dark clouds and mists of earth, into the pure and serene atmosphere of heaven, where dwell only those who are holy and heavenly—the perfected spirits of the redeemed.

"But stay my soul—yet awhile must I linger on, oppressed by this mortal which hides from me the glory I could not bear to look at, and am not worthy to behold. For a season longer I must be content to walk this earth as a stranger and a pilgrim, far from home, though ever advancing towards it; and there is so much work yet to be done by me and in me, that I must not wonder if it be a long time before the welcome call is given to enter into the joy of my Lord. Oh! to be increasingly taught how to separate myself from all but God, to know more of the hidden life of Christ in Him, and to die and be buried to all human affections and earthly pleasures. There is even now a resurrection life open to me, if I have but the courage to enter into it—a life which is without any personal enjoyments, except such as belong to the angels, who find their joy in doing the will of God, and acting as ministers to do His pleasure. Such would I desire to be—His angel—to accomplish His purposes, to minister to all around, and daily to find food and strength and joy in Him.

"In family life more especially it seems to be difficult to maintain an exalted standard, and to preserve a holy and serious demeanour, unmoved by the daily petty changes around us, judging by the light of the Spirit and the Word of God, while we show the greatest love and sympathy with all the infirmities and troubles of others. But why should I marvel that I find it difficult? Is it not because I count on myself as having apprehended something of the divine life, when as yet I have all to learn and unlearn, and ought rather to sit down on the lowest step of the Temple, and with the babes learn to cry Hosanna? It is so easy to talk, to write, to use good words, to frame beautiful sentences, to imagine lovely thoughts—so hard to come down from the high pinnacles of self-conceit and *feel* that we know nothing, and have practised little as yet of the meekness and love of Christ. But let me not be discouraged, self cannot die at once, it must be a slow gradual decay, only let me keep steadfastly in face of the enemy, not turning aside because he looks so formidable, but resolutely resisting every temptation by which he would assail me. . . . .

"Let me seek Thee, O Jesus, my risen Lord, and find Thee. Do Thou commune with me, and let me commune with Thee. Open to me Thy blessed Word. Teach me all I ought to know and to do; and make my heart—dead and cold as it is by nature—to burn with heavenly desires and the love of Thee, that so I may the more readily and cheerfully yield up all my will, and be satisfied henceforth to 'dwell alone,' for Thou alone art my portion, Thou wilt never forsake me."

The summer of 1845 was an eventful one in our quiet life. In June, my mother paid her first visit since the year of her widowhood to her beloved Alton home, and, overpowering as were the associations which thronged upon her, at the first sight of the White Horse, and the thatched cottages embosomed in their tufted elm-trees, the heart-felt burst of loving welcome with which the simple villagers received her amply repaid the effort. Amongst her cottage visits, I especially remember one to an old man named William Pontin, who after thanking her heartily for her "respectable gift" said, "I do thank God every morning and every night, that I do; but thank 'un as I may, I never can thank 'un enough; He be so *awful* good to I; and then it just *is* comfortable for I to feel that the Almighty's always at w'hom—He never goes out on a visit."

On leaving Alton we joined the Marcus Hares at Swindon, and with them underwent the terror of a frightful railway accident, near Slough. They accompanied us to Hurstmonceaux, and spent the summer at the Rectory, where my uncle Marcus Hare, after a short illness, passed peacefully into rest, on July 30. On the 4th of August, his body was laid amid the group of honoured graves which was fast gathering around the yew-tree in Hurstmonceaux churchyard.

M. H.'s Journal.

"*Hurstmonceaux*, 1845.—On Thursday evening (July 24), as we returned from Lewes, we were stopped as we were driving up to the Rectory with the news that dear Marcus was alarmingly worse. . . . . There were fluctuations till the following Tuesday, when all hope faded away. That afternoon he asked, 'Where is the Mia,' and taking my hand he said, 'Lucy was given to console you, and you are given to console her—and the children will be yours too.' He desired at five o'clock that the children might be sent for from Lime, and he spoke to each of them, and blessed them. At four A.M. on Wednesday morning I felt the last moments were approaching, and called Julius and Esther. In a few minutes they knelt with us by the bedside of our departing brother. Julius offered up two prayers from the visitation service, and then read the 71st Psalm. As we began to repeat the Gloria Patri, dear Marcus's breath began to intermit, and as we joined in the Amen his last gentle sigh escaped him. We again knelt by the bedside, and Julius uttered our heart-felt thanks, in the words of the Burial Prayer, to Him who had so graciously 'delivered our Marcus from the burden of the flesh and the miseries of this sinful world, to dwell with Him in joy and felicity.'

"The beautiful dawning of the summer morning, the glorious sun that shed its light on all around, and that entered that chamber of death, seemed truly the outward type of that blessed Resurrection life which he had now begun. 'There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.'"

M. H. *to the* REV. R. KILVERT.

"*August* 1, 1845.—At five o'clock, on Wednesday morning, our beloved Marcus gave up his spirit into his Father's hands, and literally 'fell asleep' without a struggle. For the last twelve hours his sufferings had ceased, and we had the comfort of receiving his parting words to each of us. He was ready to depart, though not apparently conscious himself how near the end was. With his habitual reserve he did not express much of what passed within, and it was therefore the more comforting to witness, though we could not hear, his happiness at the last. At the beginning of the night he was restless, but his wife began repeating texts of Scripture to him, and the effect was quite extraordinary in soothing him, and as she poured out one text and verse of a hymn after another (I taking it up when she was exhausted), he became perfectly still, and, with his eyes turned up to heaven, continued for about an hour gradually breathing less and less. . . . .

"Lucy begged to be removed from the Rectory the same evening, and I brought her here to Lime. She feels deeply her responsibility with her three fatherless children, but in weakness is God's strength perfected, and we have truly been taught how faithful He is to all who believe."

M. H. *to* MRS. R. PILE.

"*Lime, August* 14.— . . . I knew you would share our sorrows. Truly God has been with us, and it is an encouragement to faith to see a fresh instance of His exceeding love and mercy in the midst of such heart-crushing grief. I cannot describe to you the consolation my dear Lucy has experienced—such a vivid sense of Christ's presence, such a sitting in heavenly places with him who has now entered within the veil, that, except for short intervals, she has hardly realised as yet what the earthly separation is. She will not hear of it being called a bitter cup, for it has been mixed by the hand of Love. Since the funeral, she has rejoined us, and in the most touchingly submissive and even cheerful manner resumed her duties with her children—fulfilling so exactly Keble's words, 'Cheerily to your work again, with hearts new-braced and set—to run untired Love's blessed race.' Now she has returned to Rockend.

M. H. *to* L. A. H. (on returning to Rockend).

"*Lime, August* 14, 1845.—'The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty: He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy, He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing.' Yes, dearest, 'thy Maker is thy husband,' and your home and rest is in Him—a sure, never-changing sanctuary in which you will dwell for ever. Even now, while the waves and storms of this troublesome world are beating upon you, your vessel is fast anchored on the Rock of Ages, and you cannot be moved. Though your heart may be torn in pieces, and you must often feel as if life on earth must henceforth become a dreary thing, yet will your faithful and loving Saviour be ever near to speak peace to your soul, and bid you look on to that blessed dawn which will rise for you as it has done for your beloved; when you, like him, will breathe forth your spirit into the hands of your Father and his Father; then you will join fully in that blessed song of the redeemed, which as yet we can utter so faintly.

"Your earthly home is now like a body without a soul. He who animated and cheered it is unseen by your eye, but he will be ever near in spirit, and as you feel his presence in every object around you, it will help you to draw near to him where he is, in the secret place of the Most High, dwelling in that light which we cannot approach unto.

"Oh! how blessed it is to think that where Christ is there are His faithful servants with Him—'the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them.'

"'If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with the other,' and 'our fellowship is with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ.'"

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Rockend*, *Sept.* 24, 1845.— . . . One passage in Carr's Sermons is especially full of comfort to me—'All those things that once gave me so much delight, and that I dwelt on as the green spots in my life, are to me now little more than a dream. They are now dead to me, and I to them; and it is on my trials, my troubles, my bereavements that I can dwell with satisfaction; for these humbled me, these taught me faith, these drew me to God my Father; and what is any life worth which has not this tendency?'

"In this glorious view I sometimes seem to hear my husband's voice bidding me to rejoice, and then I speak aloud to myself all that I feel he would be saying; and I cannot tell you how full of love and tenderness my whole heart is; and I go straight to my Tower, and open wide the windows, and have a most blessed hour of prayer and meditation before my boys come to me."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Hurstmonceaux, Oct.* 12, 1845.—A second time in the course of four months has Azraël, the angel of death, visited our family, and carried away a beloved one from the midst of us; a second time has the message come with power—'Prepare to meet thy God.' How wonderfully and passing human thought has our Lord himself accompanied His messenger, and poured balm into the deepest wounds, so that even the frail vessel cast on the stormy seas of tribulation has not been shipwrecked, but has heard the voice of Jesus speak 'Peace.'

"Surely the experience both of the nearness of death and eternity, and the knowledge of the faithfulness of God to all who believe, ought to stay our hearts on Him, and help us to trust Him with our all, not for the present only, but for the future—that indistinct vision which our faint hearts are so apt to cloud with evil, because it is too far off for us to behold the light which falls upon it, and which will assuredly gild every dark cloud to those who look beyond the earthly limits, and seek in heavenly light to behold all things as in God."

The winter of 1845—46 was passed at Lime by Mrs. Marcus Hare and her children, until the middle of February.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, Feb.* 18, 1846.—To-day is the precious 18th, a day to give much thanks for, when my best half passed into the heavens. Twelve years have passed away since this our earthly separation. It is now 'but as yesterday when it is past'—quite passed from sight, from outward observation, yet to the heart and mind near and close as yesterday. What time or space can ever separate one from that which is part of one's own being? But every year lessens the outward separation instead of adding to it; and all we can wish is to hasten on after those who are gone before, to be framed and fashioned as they were, in the discipline of this daily life of trial, into the mind of Christ, that when the blessed call is given we may be ready to mount up and dwell with them.

"When I awoke this morning, it seemed so strange to feel that I was in a house alone, to know that no dear little merry faces would meet me on going down. But I was glad to be here, not at the Rectory, this morning, and to be quite alone. I seem to want the breathing-time, the perfect rest of this outward solitude. The responsibility of all the children, the thoughts and feelings for you—unexpressed and unshown, yet which have continually been pressing on me for some months, I now seem to feel opened to view, and I want to separate myself for a time from the earthly sympathies and interests of life to seek in Christ new life and power to go on. . . . Soon we shall be at home, and rest with Him who is beloved above all, and those who are dearest to our hearts next to Him.

'Through one short night may sorrow last,
But joy with morning's dawn will rise.'"

The only event which in 1846 marked my mother's home-life was the death (in June) of her dear old father, who had been failing for several months. Immediately upon receiving the news, we went to Stoke, and were present at his funeral. A fortnight after, we left this beloved family home for the last time, and Mrs. Oswald Leycester came to live at a house which belonged to her in New Street, Spring Gardens. During this year my mother's failing eyesight was a constant trouble to her. The following winter was passed at Hurstmonceaux.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H. (at Harrow).

"*Stoke Rectory, March* 4, 1846.—My journey was without any event, and we arrived safely at Whitmore at four o'clock. There was John Minshall and the old horse ready for us, and in two hours more we were once more at the Stoke door. But poor grandpapa could no longer come out to meet me. Grannie took me straight into the dining-room, and there he lies on a little bed by the fireside; another little bed is near him, and is screened from the door by a large folding red screen. He knew me by my voice, but cannot now see enough to distinguish one person from another, but he is better than he was, and his mind is quite clear. To-day is his birthday, and he is ninety-four. His beard has not been shaven since his last illness, and it is so long that he looks most venerable, like the pictures of the old patriarchs, and especially of Isaac in his bed blessing his sons.

"We have such lovely spring days here, but I have not walked beyond the garden till yesterday, when I went through the village to see old Molly Latham, and came back over the large field, and through what we used to call the Slough of Despond, and, as of yore, it was so wet that I got over my shoe-tops in mud. There are very few primroses in the hedges here, but such a quantity of pileworts. . . . . I have not been able to get to the island; when I went to the river and saw all the daffodils on the other side inviting me to come and see them, I could not reach them, for the first little bridge from Pilewort Island was broken down, and I could not jump over."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Stoke, March* 10.—On Sunday evening we had a touching scene. My father said he should like once more to have all the servants in to prayers. So at nine o'clock they all came in, and I read prayers, putting my mouth close to his ear on the pillow, and speaking as loud as I could. When it was ended, he begged them to stop, and raising himself in bed, addressed them with wonderful strength and clearness of voice. He urged on them the necessity of prayer—'if it is only for a few minutes, but remember words are nothing unless it comes from the fulness of the heart'—begged them to practise all they prayed for, and to be obedient to God's commandments, and ended with wishing them all to have peace now and at all times. 'God bless you all, and good-bye!' he uttered most emphatically, and the deep silence was only broken by some sobs from the women servants. We were much afraid he would have suffered from the great effort he had made, but he was not the worse. Generally he speaks very little, and for the most part it is completely—'reposing in decay serene, in calm old age his duty done.' The candle is burnt down to the very socket, but every now and then it flickers up before it is finally quenched."

June 27.—The dear, dear father is now numbered with our beloved ones in heavenly places. I can scarcely believe it. One has so often gone through the same process of anxiety and expectation, that it scarcely seems possible to realise that he is indeed gone—entered into rest, and freed from his worn-out, earthy tabernacle. The dear, beloved old man! What a blessing to have had him so long; but now that he is taken away, there is a blank no one can fill up. One more is gone to teach one to look up and fix one's heart more steadfastly where lasting joy and love are. All one's love for the dear long-loved father gushes into one's heart, but one does so feel he is the same, only exalted, purified, sanctified—no more doubts or fears—he sees and knows now that in Christ is all-sufficient love, and all-perfect holiness to cover all his sins. All his wonder, 'how can these things be?' is stilled in the contemplation of perfect Wisdom."

"*Stoke, July* 1.—At length *the last visit* has come, and I am at the home of so many years only to bid it farewell for ever. I come not to be welcomed by the tenderest of fathers, not to pray that I may be a comfort to him, but to give thanks that he is delivered from the burden of the flesh, that he is at rest and in peace. You may think what the house is—alas! you know too well—the desolation when the head, the master, is gone—when the one object to whom every eye, every thought turned from morning to night, from night to morning, is withdrawn, and the devoted servants who have nursed him so unweariedly mourn and weep like children over his loss."

"*July* 3.—The last tie is broken. 'He sleeps in calm earth,' and his narrow bed is made by the side of our mother and Charles. . . . . The sight of the pulpit and desk and pew hung with black served more than anything to bring home that he was gone—the father of his people, for such he truly was—the never-failing friend. . . . . In the afternoon when we all dispersed I went to the island, and sat in the bathing-house and looked on the calm river flowing on just as it had flowed ever since I can remember it—unchanged while so many years have rolled on and brought to me so many changes; and here I sought to dedicate myself once more to Him who abideth for ever, and is a Father who can never be taken away. . . . . I think, as far as the lesson of death goes, it is almost more instructive when the shock of corn is fully ripe when it is gathered in than even in earlier life. The being taken before the number of days is completed, may be peculiar to the one gone, the consequence of disease, but where the thread of life has been spun out to the very extremity, there is no escape from the warning—we *must* come to this, however long spared."

"*July* 11.—One more letter from Stoke, dearest Luce, and it is the last. The time is really come when this chapter of one's earthly history must close, and when the tie which has bound one to this spot for forty years must be snapped asunder. But Stoke will still abide with us inseparably. Places, like persons that have been closely associated with our lives, cannot pass away. They become a part of one, and form a portion of that inward being that endureth always, let the outward changes be what they may. You may think how as I look round on the meadows, the peaceful river Terne, the beloved father's favourite willows, the large shady trees and pretty flower-beds and sloping lawn, I see at a glance all the past days of enjoyment and of sorrow that have been passed here, and the succession of dear friends that have passed away, while all the vague thoughts which have so often come across me of the probability of leaving it for ever, are now brought to certainty. It will seem almost like turning one's back on the dear father to go from hence; here he seems so present, I do not feel at all as if he was away. There is no mournfulness about the thought of him; it is only the feeling that instead of his lying helpless and suffering on a sick-bed, he is resting on his Saviour's bosom in peace and repose. But so it will be still. Those who die in the Lord, die to sight, only to live more truly in spirit, and it is a blessing to feel that for them the passage through the Jordan is over—that they are safe on the borders of the promised land."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*June* 28, 1846.—My dear revered father has been set free from his earthly tabernacle. Ninety-four years of earthly life are closed, and I believe that he has now begun that eternity of heavenly existence, the seed of which has been hidden in Christ. I believe that now his doubts and fears are ended, his questionings answered, his speculations solved, and that in his Saviour and his God he has found that full and perfect forgiveness and holiness for which he has so long yearned. One can only give thanks that at length he has been permitted to reach the desired haven. But to us who remain how large is the blank! Time has not been when we were without this most tender and affectionate of friends, nor do I recall a word or deed of unkindness from him through the forty-seven years of my life. In my sorrows he pitied his child and grieved over me, in my joys he rejoiced, in my interests he was interested, and if there is any good in my natural character, it is inherited from his love of occupation, his cheerful disposition, his peaceful temper, his observation of nature, and his pleasure in little things. How closely all one's past life and its circumstances seem bound up with one's being; then comes a change, and outwardly all seems to have passed away, but with the substance it is not so: that which has been, still is, and ever will be, so far as it was good and true, and in that sense our dear father cannot pass away, he lives and is with us still. When the earthly form is withdrawn, it is that we may more fixedly look on the heavenly, and by the breaking of a fresh link to this world be led onwards in heart and mind to seek the reunion, when we shall meet to part no more. Still more are our beloved ones removed from sight that we may set our affections more fully on Him who is ever unchangeable—'Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'"

"*Nov.* 22, 1846.—This my birthday is again permitted to return, and falls this year on the resurrection day of the week, as if to encourage me onwards to lay hold of the risen life in Christ, and feel that passing out of the earthly I must henceforth be more truly a partaker of the heavenly life. But how slowly do old things pass away and all things become new! One thing after another must be rent from us, one cloud after another overshadow us, before we can enter into the brightness of that light which is in itself pure and unchangeable. Mists and vapours rise up from the earth around us, which dim the clearness of our vision of the sun which shines in all his glory above our heads. But it is a blessedness for which I must be thankful that I know assuredly that the 'Lord reigneth,' even 'the Lord our righteousness.' In the year that is closed what mercies have I received, what unworthiness have I shown of the least of them; for the restoration of health to so many who are dear to me, for the translation of my beloved father to his heavenly home, for the strength vouchsafed me in all times of need. 'What shall I render unto Him for all His benefits?' I can only give my own self—all I have, and all I am. Seal the covenant, Lord, by Thy Spirit, that being united to Thee I may abide in Thee, and may bring forth more abundant fruit to Thy glory. I desire to surrender myself wholly unto Thee, O my God, to live more simply as one separated unto Thee, not finding my joy and comfort in the earthly blessings Thou so richly bestowest on me, but, while thankful for the gracious gifts, looking only to the Giver as the source of my happiness and the object of my life. I cannot shake off the habits of thought and feeling which many years have wrought in me, I can only ask of Thee, O Christ, to have mercy on me, poor and needy as I am, and subdue in me all that is perverse and wayward in my heart, and so fill me with Thy pure and heavenly love that all my narrowness and selfishness may be done away in the wideness of the love."

Much of the years 1847 and 1848 was spent by my mother with Mrs. Oswald Leycester in New Street, and in the autumn of 1847 my dear and venerable grandmother paid a long visit to us at Hurstmonceaux. The marriage of Archdeacon Hare had brought with it much of a feeling, though not a reality, of separation between Lime and the Rectory; and the influx of new associations, new interests, and fresh guests at her Sussex home made my mother turn with greater warmth at this time to the friends of her earlier life, from whom the almost too-engrossing devotion of Julius had hitherto comparatively separated her. The death of Mrs. Oswald Leycester, after a long and painful illness, in 1848, left a wide gap, in the loss of one who from the age of thirteen had lovingly filled a mother's place to her.

The family group at Hurstmonceaux Rectory were meanwhile occupied by ever-changing literary interests. The death of his dear friend John Sterling, in 1844, led my uncle in 1848 to bring out an edition of "Sterling's Essays and Tales," to which he affixed a memoir from his own hand. In the same year he plunged vehemently into "the Hampden Controversy," which was then agitating the English Church, and delivered a Charge to his clergy, whose interest was deeply felt, though its great length was complained of —not the length of words, but of thoughts—that he picked up all the thoughts that lay on each side of the road he was travelling.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*New Street*, *Jan.* 15, 1848.—Grannie is much better now and down-stairs again. It has been so wet since you went I have not been out till to-day, when the sun shines brightly; and I have obeyed its summons and walked in the garden to the end of the water, where I watched the divers dipping down for such a long time, and the band playing, and the soldiers passing to the palace."

"*Lime*, *Feb.* 13.—Here I am at our dear home again, and much did I enjoy the drive from the station through the familiar lanes. I find that dear Mrs. Piper (the old village schoolmistress) is just alive and that is all. She has been asking for me, and I am so glad to be able to see her once more and help to close her eyes."

"*Feb.* 29.—We are just returned from attending dear Mrs. Piper's funeral. We came up with the procession going up the church hill, and after the twelve bearers, who were all chosen by Mrs. Piper herself, came the mourners, and then all the children from both schools. Aunt Esther and I and all the other ladies of the parish joined the procession at the gate, and there were many people who had been her former pupils in the church. She was laid by the side of her husband, opposite the vestry window, and as Uncle Jule read the solemn words over her grave, it seemed as if she must have been present to hear them, so often has she talked of heavenly things to me, and so dear to her were the thoughts of going to her Saviour. I felt that I was parting with a very dear friend. . . . . She had been schoolmistress thirty-two years, and educated nine hundred and ninety-nine children before she gave up the school; and she was so much attached to all our family, and so much a part of it, that I shall miss her very much, though I am thankful her sufferings are over."

"*March* 12, 1848.—To-morrow will be my beloved child's birthday. Last year you came home on that day and we were together, now we are far apart; but you will know how my heart is full of you, and how I shall pray for every good gift to be granted you by your Heavenly Father. You will now be fourteen years old, and make the change from childhood to boyhood. I can desire nothing better for you than that following the example of Jesus, you may set yourself resolutely to your 'Father's business.'

"Remember always that as you have had the advantage of being taught what is right, you are answerable to God for showing before others that you are not ashamed of it, and will confess yourself on Christ's side. In many a quiet, but steady way, you may bear witness to the *truth*."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*June* 2, 1848.—This day has ever come to me with its own peculiar sense of mixed thankfulness and sorrow. In these last years more especially have I felt how my whole life has been linked to this day, and though in actual eye-presence we only lived for four and a half years together, yet has my union with Augustus now lasted for nineteen years. All that went before seems to have been swallowed up in the change that I underwent when I became one with him. All that has happened since is so closely connected with him, that it is all one with the life that we spent together in our short earthly intercourse. My visits to Alton have renewed the vividness and reality of what had become almost a dreamy recollection of blessedness, and how sweet and tender they were is not to be expressed. The first return there was overpowering in its emotions. It took all the strength that was in me, or rather that I could obtain from God, to still and quiet the thoughts and feelings of what had been, to keep me submissive to what is. I used that strength for the people whom I saw, the time was too short for personal feeling to find its place. But in my visits since, greater strength of body and calmness of mind have enabled me to draw nearer to Augustus, to our four blessed years of life, and to feel how deep a hold they had taken on my existence; and now, as time wears on, as blessings have been given and withdrawn, and my life has become of late more determinately and distinctly solitary, as far as communion and love with any one being is concerned, I can only strive to enter more fully into the hidden life with Christ, and endeavour, amid the tossings of heart and mind, of outward changes and fears, to find a sure resting-place in His love, an anchor of hope from which nothing but sin can separate me."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"20, *New Street*, *Sept.*, 1848.—There were such numbers of people and children in the gardens when I went out from Grannie's sick-room. It was such a contrast, but I rejoiced to think there were so many enjoying health and happiness.

"There had been a grand review of soldiers before the Horse Guards, and the band played beautifully; but I could not enjoy it, from fear it would distress my poor invalid. The fog was so thick I could only see dim shadows moving about, and the glitter of the spears when there came a gleam of sunshine.

"We have now been so long together that I miss my dear loving boy very much, and fancy I hear his voice all the day, telling me something he has been seeing or doing;

and you, too, will be lonely; but we have Christ near to us both, and He will comfort our hearts and give us His peace."

"*New Street*, *Sept.* 10, 1848.—I must have a Sunday's talk with you, my Augustus, though you are far away. How many dear Sundays have we spent together, and we are never nearer than on this day, when we use the same words of prayer and praise, and listen to the same lessons of Scripture. As the same sun shines over our heads, and we can both see it—in Bath as in London—so does Christ shine into our hearts equally in all places, and we may hear his voice speaking to us."

"*Lime*, *Oct.* 8.—Once more at home for a Sunday! I only want my dear companion to come, that we should talk together of the good thoughts which rise up especially on this day, and look upon the beautiful flowers, which still blossom in our garden of Eden."

"*Lime*, *Nov.* 1, *All-Saints.*—On this jubilee day I must write to my Augustus. . . . . These pouring rains are becoming serious now, as no seed can be sown for next year's harvest; but every now and then the sun breaks forth, and reminds us of the Sun of Righteousness, who will, we hope, shine more and more upon the heathen, giving them light and scattering their darkness. Is it not pleasant to think how all Christians will join together to-day—in China and India, Africa and the South Sea Islands, America, and New Zealand? When we go to bed, then their services will begin, and so twenty-four hours will be spent in praises to God for having sent His gospel to us, and prayers that He will give it to others. In this way will be prepared the great multitude that we read of in Rev. vii., who will come out of all nations, and sing praises to God on His throne May we, dearest child, be with that happy company of saints; but in order to be so we must struggle and fight on now, and help others to do so in the name of Christ."

"*New Street, Nov.* 4, 1848.—My dearest child will grieve to hear that our dear, dear Grannie has been taken away from us. It was all over when I arrived, and for some hours she had ceased to breathe. By a mistake in the train we were too late at Polegate, and drove on to Lewes, in the hope of catching the three o'clock train from thence, but we arrived ten minutes too late, and so did not get here till past nine. Poor Margaret met me at the door with the sad news that it was too late. She had fallen asleep quite gently at seven o'clock.

"You may come on Sunday. My own child, I shall be so glad to have you here; and in this house of death you will, I trust, learn many useful lessons, and realise more that we must set our hearts and hopes on the life that will never die. May God preserve and keep us all to serve Him faithfully while we have the power of doing so."

"*Nov.* 17.—We must all be the better for having looked on death so closely, and been reminded that to this we *must* come; and then, what will it matter if we have had more or less of this world's pleasures? . . . . The last morning in this dear house is come, and now I have the servants to take leave of."

"*Abbey Room, Norwich, Nov.* 19.—You will easily see me in this room, surrounded by the wooden faces and heads carved in the dark wainscoting, and looking out upon the side of the cathedral. I seem to have you very near me here, and to hear your delight over every old ruin and wall. We had a good journey, the only event our stopping at Cambridge, where Professor Sedgwick was ready to receive us, and we had a talk with him for ten minutes. At four o'clock we reached Norwich, and it was light enough to see the old gateway as we drove up to the Palace; but there are no flowers now to beautify the steps and palisade, all looks gloomy and wintry. After a drive yesterday by Kett's Castle, the Cow Tower, Mousehold, and the many lanes that are all so like one another, I went to the service in the Cathedral, and thought it more perfect than ever; and the daylight waning away from the beautiful east window, so like the gradual change of the diorama views from light to dark. I hope I did not like it *only* because of the beautiful music or architecture, but because I was able to worship the Lord of this beautiful temple, and feel He was present with us."

1849 and 1850 were almost entirely spent by my mother in fulfilling the round of her quiet home-duties at Hurstmonceaux, which she now seldom quitted, having no longer her aged parents to claim her companionship and attentions. The circle at Hurstmonceaux Rectory was increased by the constant presence of Mrs. Alexander, who, as Mary Manning, living with the Malcolms, had been the intimate friend of my uncle's youth, and who, widowed and lonely, was now invited to become a member of his household. The summer of 1849 was saddened by the death of the Bishop of Norwich, followed with terrible rapidity by the news of the deaths of his youngest and eldest sons, Captain Charles Edward Stanley, at Hobart Town, on the 13th of August, 1849; and Captain Owen Stanley, on board his ship, H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, at Sydney, on the 13th of March, 1850.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*March* 5, 1849.--Yesterday was dear grandpapa's birthday. For how many years have we passed that day at Stoke! and now not only is he gone, who used to be so pleased with his children's love, but dear Grannie too, who loved the day so much,—and it seemed such a blank not to write to her upon it."

"*Lime, August* 18.—To-day is a day of rest at home, and I shall miss my Augustus much this evening. Our fields are now all so rich with their sheaves of corn, and it makes me often think of the Great Harvest, when 'the reapers will be angels,' as I see the men with their sickles cutting it down; and I pray that you and I, my child, may be among the sheaves of wheat, and not the tares, at that day."

"*August* 24.—I must write a few lines to greet you on the 26th,—your Hurstmonceaux birthday. It is a day of great importance to us both, for then first you became my adopted one, and I undertook to train you up for God, and you were given up by your natural parents to be wholly mine. God has put into your heart the spirit of a child towards me, although not by nature one; and I pray that He may put into your heart a true child-like love for God as your Father, since you are also adopted into *His* family, by your baptism in the name of Christ."

"*Sept.* 11.—I send you the sad, sad letters from Brahan Castle. Our dear good Bishop is with his God! . . . . Aunt K. says that now she feels the real comfort her children are to her. She is thankful that Grannie is spared this grief; and, amid the many thoughts which rise up for her, the chief is, 'how he earnestly desired he might not outlive his powers when he could not resign his bishopric, and the suffering it would have been to him if he had;—that the *rest* he so earnestly craved he will now have in its perfection.' . . . . I am going with them to Norwich."

"*Palace, Norwich, Sept.* 17.—We got out at Trowse, as they thought it would be quieter than Norwich, and had sent the carriage there. The beautiful flowers bloomed on the steps of the entrance and in the railing above, the cathedral looked solemn, and the trees and lawn peaceful and green; but how great a change had passed over the place! The house seems so desolate without its head.

When we sate down to dinner, each one felt in silence how great a blank was there. At prayers Arthur sits in the great purple chair; and the venerable white head and impressive words are no longer there."

"*Sept.* 22.—All the morning the clergy were arriving and pacing to and fro along the broad gravel walks. It seemed a long time till one o'clock, when all were gathered together in one great black mass before the chapel, and reaching as far as the ruin. We watched them from a bedroom window. After a time the pall was borne out of the chapel door, and then by degrees all fell into their places to follow it. They slowly, and with pauses, went along to the lodge gates, and when all had passed through, Aunt K. and I went to the dining-room to wait for the Dean and his son, who came to escort us by the private staircase to the cathedral, and took us to the Dean's stalls. When we first entered the cathedral, we heard one general buzz of the mass of people assembled. Every gallery in the choir was full of people in black. At length the bell ceased tolling, and the words at the beginning of the burial service were sung as the procession moved into the choir. It sounded most beautiful, especially as they gradually drew near and one heard the words distinctly. It took a long time before all the hosts of clergy and people were placed, and the choir and east end were filled. Then came the two psalms and the beautiful 15th of Corinthians, read by the Dean. When that was ended the Dead March in Saul struck up, which was played the whole time the congregation poured out of the choir into the nave, and most grand and elevating it was, seeming quite to lift one up to heaven. There seemed no end to the people as they passed out. At last, when almost all were gone, Mr. Wodehouse and Uncle Jule came back for us, and we passed along with a wall of people on each side, so that we were quite hidden from view, and thus we reached the grave. There we stood by its side, looking down into the open vault, at the bottom of which lay the coffin. It is exactly in the centre of the nave, under the hole that Rajah Brooke climbed into. The Dean read the prayers, but the sentences beginning 'Man that is born of a woman' were sung, and those 'I heard a voice from heaven saying, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours,' were also sung by the choir behind, and it seemed quite as if angelic voices were welcoming the faithful servant of God to his heavenly home. I could have stayed there for ever. There were only ourselves and the other relations and the servants just round the grave; we saw no one else. When it was all over, we paused for a few minutes, and then passed again through the lines of people into the north transept, and out through the passage to the palace. I have told you the facts, but I can give you no notion how impressive it was, nor how affecting—there were such sobs and tears from many present, from the school children, from the clergy by whom their dear bishop was so beloved. Outside the cathedral there were crowds of people—every window and roof filled. . . . . One of the little chorister boys said afterwards, 'I longed to have laid down in that grave, it was such a pity he should be *there*, and I *here*.' "

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Feb.* 18, 1850.—Sixteen years are completed since my beloved one was translated from earth to heaven. Oh! how truly can I now bless God for his deliverance from the miseries of this evil world; how little would I recall him if I could.

"Blessed Augustus! oh that we might follow thee here, so that we might live with thee hereafter. But many a step has to be taken up the hill Difficulty; many a fight to be fought before the victory is won, and we can be what thou wert on earth, still more what thou art now—perfected in the light of the Father's countenance. I thought when my best beloved was laid in the grave, and all earthly things seemed wrapped in one black mantle, that henceforth my affections would no longer be a hindrance to me, that I should ever set my heart only where my treasure was. But it has been far otherwise, and I cling far too closely and fondly round one after another of those who are dear to me, and feel sadly bound to earth; their joys and sorrows are mine, and it is more hard to exercise faith for others, especially for my child, than for myself. . . . . Never was there a greater need than now of watchful prayer, of waiting continually on God, and seeking from Him guidance and wisdom, strength and light. There is so much of controversy in the Church, that we need to be able to give a reason for the hope within us, at the same time that we must exercise love and meekness toward those who differ. Here it is that I feel the want of greater knowledge to discern where and how I should oppose others, and when to be silent, and suppress the truth as it seems clear to me.

"The daily intercourse of loving affection must not be disturbed by disputes and discussions, yet even the weakest may declare the right view of things, and be blessed in doing so. Perhaps it is a happy thing to hear all sides, to be able to see the good in all. It preserves one from bigotry and intolerance, but it is far more trying in some ways than the decided adoption of one system, and condemnation of all that opposes or modifies it. In this condition I often find myself: with hearty sympathy with those who hold evangelical views on all the doctrines of the Gospel, and in estimation and love of the Word of God as the only standard of essential and vital truth, I feel that in many of them there is a narrowness of feeling alien to the

Spirit of Christ, and also to the varying wants of weak and ignorant human beings. In heaven we shall need no forms, no discipline, no rites. The Church Triumphant will be one, whole, and undivided, and all the varieties of the different living stones of that building will only make the temple more glorious, more rich and harmonious. The sounds of praise will rise up within it in one united strain without any discord. But here, in the Church Militant, we must expect divisions, differences, and discords; for so long as sin and self exists, so long will they mix even with the holiest purposes and make them imperfect in accomplishing their end."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, March* 11, 1850.—In two days more you will be sixteen years old! I can scarcely believe that my dear little child, who used to run by my side, and play with the flowers he had gathered, is indeed so nearly approaching manhood. . . . . You are now old enough to seek after knowledge for knowledge's sake, and to desire to learn correctly and *solidly* what you can. A mere smattering of knowledge is worth nothing, and I hope my Augustus will be something more than a mere *dilettante*—one who only skims over the surface of learning, picking out that part which is pleasant or agreeable, and leaving out the rest. In everything there must be pains and labour taken to master the difficulties, and acquire the uninteresting and dry part, which may be called the *bones* of the system, whatever it is. There may be taste and beauty in a drawing, but if the perspective be faulty and the lines crooked, it cannot be really well done. So it is in languages: there may be pleasure in the writings of poets or historians, but numberless errors will be made in translation as in composition if there is no accurate knowledge of the grammar. And it is not only because of the *attainments* of study that it is needful to be diligent, but because it only through this discipline of mind that the character can be formed rightly, and the extravagancies of imagination so sobered, that one can see things truly and accurately. In a Life of Socrates which I have been reading, it is mentioned that the great business of Socrates was in his public speeches to convince the people that they had 'a conceit of knowledge instead of the reality;' and this is exactly what you will find to be your case by discovering, as you learn more, that as yet you know only the outside and superficial part."

XVII.

ABBOTS-KERSWELL.

"He who begins in the way of prayer, must conceive that he is beginning to frame an orchard, or garden, for the contentment and delight of his Lord; though yet it be in a very unfruitful soil, and full of weeds."—St. Theresa.

L. A. H. (who had now gone to live entirely in her farm
at Abbots-Kerswell) *to* M. H.

"*ABBOTS-KERSWELL, April* 4, 1849.—How very near you and I have been to each other during the last Holy Week. Never did I pass a more peaceful one; and I could see you looking out on the moon, and knew, as if by you, every thought that passed through your mind. Seldom does it fall to the lot of any to have so exactly homes after their own hearts as you and I. I could never wish to move from here—though, alas! the lovely, peaceful-looking village is not as peaceful as it looks, and Satan is as busy as in other places. How I long for you when I go my cottage rounds. Not a creature has been to ask for anything, and it is therefore more satisfactory to send for them, and let them see they do not lose by not begging. We discovered in one of our visitings a little white cottage up in a corner, looking very pretty and retired, where lived such an afflicted woman, quite horrible to look upon, but one of the most really

Christian characters in the place, with joy and peace shining from her scarred countenance."

"*April* 13.—How much I have to tell you of our life, our peaceful life here. I feel that I could well put up a stone for Ebenezer, for hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and will He not to the end? Our earthly *home* seems passed away, but happy resting-places still remain, and we are on our way Home, and I do not think a really happier creature lives than I am, except when sin from without and within forces itself upon me. I think you and I are happier with our absent husbands than most with their living ones, but our affections are too deep not to try us sometimes, when memory brings back the *shadow* of all that is preparing for us in the *substance.*

"Our days are much too short; this place to me is only too delightful. I would gladly never move. Every day the interest increases as one gains fresh acquaintance with the people. I have found another very good old woman, who lives alone, and was reading her Bible as I went in. *Flavel* is her delight! She was just like you and me; said she was never so happy as when alone—that her neighbours say how dull she must be, never able to go out, and living quite alone, but she said, 'I tell them I am never *alone.*'

"Then it is such a refreshing sight to see the clear pure sparkling wells up and down—the water running close to the cottage doors. There is one well I cannot describe; you must see it some day, and instantly Wordsworth's lines will come into your mind. This afternoon we ascended the hill and went such a walk. About two miles off is Woolborough Church, through the loveliest lanes, you can scarcely get on for stopping to look at the view—the two Tors and all that high ground you see from Rockend, and which here seems close to you, and the other way a wild expanse of moor and heath, distant hills and villages, the water near Teignmouth, and again in another direction the beautiful Bradley woods! It really is surpassingly beautiful.

"*April* 18.—My interest in this village increases as I come to know more of the poor. The first poor woman I told you of is dying. I visit her daily, and carry her a bit of dinner. She is very ignorant, but has read, and now it all comes back. She told me she had thought much in the night, and that it had come back to her mind, all about Christian in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' crossing the river, and how she had never *felt* what it meant when she read it. My other old woman, too, who delights in Cheever, I like very much, and I cannot quarrel with her for her prayer-meetings, as she cannot ever get to church; but the clergyman lectured her well for her sin, and told her to remember Korah and Abiram."

"*April* 30.—How much I have to tell you of walks, drives, sittings out on my camp-stool, too beautiful to describe. So very happy is my life just now, so entirely shut out from the great world. I can only bless God for each day as it comes, and make the most of it. I could fill sheets with my cottage visits, each morning and afternoon a round such as you make, only mine is done walking, every cottage being close. There is such poverty as makes one's heart sad, and when one looks down into the lovely vale from the heights above, the feeling that life is a struggle to almost each cottage circle prevents the enjoyment the scene might give; still it makes me more thankful that my steps have been guided here.

"Yesterday morning L. and I walked to Woolborough Church, quite the most beautiful country church I ever saw, with richly-carved screen and pillars, and a curious old monument of the Courtenay family. . . . I do not know when I have spent a happier Sunday since my little boys left me.

It was a poor sermon, but the church itself preached in every part of it. . . . . The whole neighbourhood is filled with little villages and parishes and churches, one lovelier than another. On Thursday we went an exploring drive, through lanes of surpassing beauty, till we thought it time to inquire our way, and found we were near Ashburton. Then another day we took the pony and went another delightful round. You might think I find plenty of leisure here, but the days seem too short for all I want to do—the mornings divided between my child's lessons and looking after people, and afternoons in visiting the poor, or taking long walks and rides. Then I am doing great things in a small way as to works: had a parish-meeting called on Saturday to decide whether I might make such and such improvements, pulling down a wretched old cottage, building a bridge leading up to the church; and it was unanimously agreed I might do all I wished; so for the expense of £10 I am going to make the parish a present of a most tidy place, instead of untidiness fit only for Ireland. . . ."

"*May* 9.—I cannot tell you, dearest, only you know how I enjoy this life. To me, beautiful fields and flowers, and May weather, and lovely walks are almost as intoxicating and reviving as they were in early youth, and the far brighter sun of another life seems to illumine all. In every sweet and lovely view I seem to have a foretaste of the renewed Eden that I firmly believe our waking eyes will yet behold—the thought of how near the end may be gives me a glow and outward feeling that often sends me on rejoicing, even through this sinful, sorrowing world. Sin abounds—yes, awfully so, even in this peaceful, smiling vale; but grace will overcome, sin will have an end, and the time shall come, and that not far distant, when *all* shall love their Saviour, when every face we look on shall reflect the same joy and love. I often sit and look down on this *perfect* spot outwardly, and think how nothing is wanted to make it paradise but for all to be Christians in deed as well as in name: the cottages hidden in the orchards in full bloom, the church tower rising up in the midst, not a hundred and twenty yards from each dwelling—the white house of the clergyman surrounded by its smooth-shaven lawny slope, standing quite in the middle of the village, looking as if it said, 'Come to me for all you want'—beyond, the wild heaths and rich meadows—and to the right, our own beautiful plantation, and sloping fields where you may walk for hours and meet no one. I keep the evenings for my lone walks, the afternoons are for my village round. Yesterday I walked to Woolborough Church to meet Annie Hare. As I sat in the church porch, I felt as if I had not a wish or want in the world, only that sin were out of me, out of the world, for the only ugly thing in this world is human nature —the curse has fallen lightly on the vegetable creation."

"*May* 12.—Yesterday we had our school-feast. The table was laid in the beautiful sloping field close to the farm, from the top of which you look down over the whole village. Our flag from Rockend was flying on the top of the slope, and seven smaller ones, handkerchiefs bought at our village shop, for which the children ran races. Each child brought its knife and fork, and plate, and a ticket that all might be right. . . . . Many from the village flocked round to see. There never had been known such a day in this primitive place, and the old people said they never remembered anything of the kind, so you may guess the enjoyment it was to see 'young and old come forth to play on a sunshine holiday.' Each child had a cup of cider, and they *did* eat. Just as I said the grace for them, vivid and present as at the time, rose Alton lawn, the quince-tree, the round plantation before the door, and Augustus's own figure and voice, as he spoke that grace from the moment of which

I always date the first love of my heart for him. That 2nd of June, this 11th of May—how changed, how different!—all gone, who made our lives one bright sunny day, from year's end to year's end, and yet in the memory of these years, life is not yet sunless. Marcus and Augustus are with us still—prompt every action, every pleasure—and the thought of their approval, though secondary, is and ever will be a blessed encouragement. I don't know that I ever felt more alone than I did yesterday, or yet more entirely happy and peaceful. I did miss our bright-faced boys, and T. was rather too near my heart for perfect enjoyment; but all was peace within, and you well know, dearest, how you were by me. After dinner, began the games. L. hid nuts and walnuts, and the children hunted for them—such fun and scrambling. Half the children rushed into the orchard, where we had put up two swings and a see-saw; and L. was like the queen bee, when she ran the whole mass buzzed after her. Then there were races. When all was over the visitors assembled, and she presented each with their prize, at the end of the long poles; and down the green hill they all ran, bearing their flags on high, and shouting with delight. Then orchard and swing again; and at five, all assembled once more at the table, had currant loaf, buns, and milk, and departed. The mothers and friends were there, standing up and down the field. Just as they broke up, the bells began to ring, some of the villagers hoping we would not be displeased."

"*May* 24.—Yesterday, at Torquay, I saw Mr. Garratt. . . . . He dwelt so much upon the work of the Holy Spirit—how we were now living under that ministry till Jesus returns. The Comforter is our teacher—will be so, will guide us into all truths, *if* we will only seek his help. He said this was the truth he was daily learning more and more—not to be led by any human teaching or minister—

not to think, oh, if this parish had but a different clergyman, or if such a person were but here to read to this poor person. He said God knew what was needed whenever He gave us our work; and let us do it without a self-sufficient or desponding thought, do the best we can, and depend upon the Holy Spirit helping us. I cannot tell you how his words have come blessedly in to help the thoughts of this season. The last words he said, as he shut me out of his little paradise, were, 'My dear friend, keep this in mind, that we are living under the ministry of the Holy Spirit; look not to self or man, look to that Spirit only.' I have since felt as if I had so much overlooked the third person in the Trinity, and I now pray over and over again the collects for Ascension and Whit Sunday, and feel they contain all I want, no other words can express half so well. 'Leave us not Comfortless'—'Grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgment in all things'—'Evermore to rejoice in His holy comfort.' This is a blessed season. I do love Ascension Day; it seems as if the 'return in like manner' were so near, how near perhaps we none of us think."

"*May* 27.—Is there any joy in this life like hearing of our precious children—that they are well, happy, and—most blessed news of all—*morally* well? My letters to-day are full of comfort. . . . . How one loves to think our own blessed Lord had a mother, and He can feel for a mother's weakness!"

"*May* 30.—My poor Eliza no longer needs my visits. I was with her at half-past eight last night, and at half-past ten she fell asleep, I trust, in Jesus. How I did again go through all the bitterness of death, all that I never dare dwell on for a moment, that solemn agonizing night of the 30th of July, as I stood by her dying bed, and heard the incoherent ramblings, saw the glazing eye, and felt that already the last struggle was begun. It seems at last to have come so suddenly. For nearly seven weeks since I have been here she has been the one great absorbing interest in our village life; and when I last read to her, on Friday, she was so alive, and listened so attentively, I thought she would live for weeks—nay, even perhaps recover. She did not know any one last night, and there were so many round I did not feel as if I could say anything. I did just say, 'Eliza, do you feel Jesus is near you?' She answered, 'Yes, yes,' and then went on with her poor rambling about her husband and children. The old mother sate by one side the bed, the husband, who is now heart-broken, leant against the bed-post, the sister stood over her, and there were others in the room. How I longed to be able to read and pray! but I could only stand praying silently. . . . . This morning I heard the passing bell tolling in solemn tones to the little village that one of its members had passed away. There is something very touching in a secluded spot like this, so small a population that it is like one large family, to hear the church-bell close to one on these occasions; we are so very close, its voice is in one's ear. We have had two weddings since we came here, and have watched the bridal party pace up the church-path; but this is the first death, and I intend to attend the funeral.

"A wedding makes me very sad, a funeral never. I thought so of you—at these times I want my other half. To-day I felt I could not stay in, so have lived out of doors, and wanted you. I took my writing things and books, and encamped on my favourite spot, above the plantation, where more than anywhere else my own Marcus is ever by my side. . . . . I sate and looked over the leafy woods, the running stream below sweetly murmuring in my ear. These are days in which one cannot but be very sad, but there is always a peace and rest mingled with such sadness; one can calmly think of all one loves laid asleep, for does a doubt ever cross one of His love and unchangeable goodness who died for sinners, and then His coming again once more never to leave us, does that thought ever leave one. What do they not deprive themselves of who refuse to open the page of prophecy—to me it is a constant sunshine. This world, this beautiful world, which on a May-day like this seems almost a garden of Eden, even with all its thistles and briars—as Irving says, if this earth was deemed of God worthy to be the place of contest between Christ and Satan, why should it not be worthy to be the place of His triumph?

"It seems so strange and silent to have no one coming from the house of sickness with a saucer for a bit of meat or a baked apple. Every day that poor woman has been our one chief object, and it was so near, I could run in at any time. No ministering servant of our Lord has been sent to comfort or pray for her, and those of another communion who would have visited her, were chased away. But God knew whether she needed human help, and Mr. Garratt's words have often been a comfort to me."

"*June* 2.—Just such a day as this, nineteen years ago, the table was spread beneath the quince-tree, and the beloved Aug. and Mia looked on at the happy children, and felt that in the world more perfect happiness could not be found than day after day ushered in upon Alton. Is it possible nineteen years have passed? It seems as yesterday, and yet what waves have rolled over our heads since then. I always feel when taking my lonely rambles and revelling in the luxuriant beauty of these lanes and fields, that every feeling of my heart is being echoed back by you. Yesterday, at four o'clock, were you not standing by my side, as I stood with my little one beside poor Eliza's grave, and listened to those solemn words, saw the coffin lowered down to its last home, and looked round on the weeping mourners? It was such a touching scene; for she was much respected and loved, and very many attended, most of them Dissenters. L. and I stood at our door, and then fell in with the line of mourners, just behind the poor husband and children. Her grave was dug in a quiet grassy corner, and I thought, as all departed, a more perfect picture of an English churchyard and funeral could not be, so very calm, and peaceful, and lovely all nature looked.

"On Sunday morning when I was sitting behind the hedge in our orchard, I heard an excellent sermon, and joined in heart with many voices singing some of Wesley's beautiful hymns in the open air. I could not, though I believe I ought, feel that the minister was doing wrong. I only felt, 'Oh that the time were come, when in every village through the world such scenes shall be going on on Sunday evenings, and instead of the sounds of rude noise and angry words we might hear the prayers and praises of assembled people ascending to God. And why not in the open air? I walked up the field with our farmer afterwards, and we heard the voices of many singing hymns as they returned to their homes. 'Why, there you see,' he said, 'the meeting can't be very bad, for those people would have been singing something very different if they had not been there.'"

"*April* 10, 1851.—T. and I have been deepening a brook in the plantation, and every day as I pass the primrose-covered hedges and listen to the rippling brook with nature bursting forth into life all around, I can only say, 'Lord, continually stir up the sleeping springs of love within our hearts, and let them run over in praise and thanksgivings, for great are the mercies preparing for us, if we do but open our eyes and live by faith.'

"Every evening this week at half-past seven, think of us gliding from our little parlour into the old church lighted up with tallow candles, where it is literally two or three gathered together. We have service and a sermon, and it is so sweet when the few join in singing the evening hymn, and we come out into the dark, and the simple villagers quietly turn homeward."

XVIII.

FAILING HEALTH AND FOREIGN TRAVEL.

"We know for us a rest remains,
When God will give us sweet release
From earth and all our mortal chains,
And turn our sufferings into peace.
What we have won with pain we hold more fast,
What tarrieth long is sweeter at the last.
Be thou content."

PAUL GERHARDT.

FROM the time of her widowhood, in 1834, to the end of 1850, my mother's life had been passed in almost complete seclusion. She had never left home except to visit the immediate circle of near relations, whose life was almost one with hers, and, in the summer of 1849, to pay a long visit at Haslar to Sir Edward Parry, who, from early association, was regarded by her with almost sisterly affection. From this time circumstances brought a change in the routine of her life. The desire of giving pleasure to her son was her first incentive to the foreign travel, which proved so beneficial to her health, that it was ever afterwards resorted to as a remedy in her various illnesses, and which was certainly the means of preserving her precious life for many years to those who loved her. In July, 1851, we went for a few weeks to Rouen, Caen, and Falaise, and were on that occasion first accompanied by her cousin Miss Leycester, the loving companion and tender friend who shared the anxieties of many after years of sorrow and sickness. From Lisieux we paid an interesting visit to M. Guizot in his beautiful château of Val Richer. The autumn and winter were spent quietly at Hurstmonceaux. In the spring of 1851 my Uncle Julius had the first of the alarming illnesses which terminated fatally in 1855. In that spring also he received a severe shock in the secession of his friend and co-Archdeacon, Henry Manning, to the Church of Rome.

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Jan.* 12, 1851.—So far are we advanced in a new year! It is like plunging into an unknown region, of untried circumstances for good or ill; we know not what may be in the course of this year, how many trials, sorrows, and crosses, nor how many mercies, joys, and comforts. But we may safely leave these in a Father's hands. Will He not make a way of escape out of the coming trials as surely as He has done out of past ones? And are not all things, of whatever nature they may be, parts of that heavenly discipline and training which is to fit us for our heavenly portion? If we could more frequently look on all around us in the light of a passing scene, through which we must travel to reach our home, we should feel we ought not to be so much moved by what we see and hear. It does not belong to us, it must not cleave to us; we must rise above it, and out of it, and keep a steadfast, calm fixedness of purpose amid all that seems so changeful and trying. Nor ought we to be too much cast down and burdened, as is the case with some kind and generous hearts, by the sins and sorrows of others. There is a purpose in these no less than in our own troubles, and all will work for good, if by faith we commit that working to Him who is the Ruler and Governor of all outward events. To see the light behind the clouds, the bright gleam in the dark distance, is a blessed Christian privilege, of which few avail themselves. Lord, teach me to do it more frequently, and so to keep a fixed eye on Thee, that I may steer my poor weak vessel this year steadily to its haven, with Christ as my Pilot, my Pole-star, my Anchor, my Abiding-rest and Home. I carry Him with me in all places and at all times. Why should I fear? Why should I grieve or be disquieted? I will hope in Him who is my salvation."

"*Feb.* 23, 1851.—Seventeen years have now ended since, in the chamber of the Via S. Sebastianello, my Augustus passed through death into life, since he was committed to the dust in that Roman burial-ground of which Caius Cestius is the pyramid. No Christian church sanctifies that ground, yet the same Saviour watches over it; and He will one day call those saints who lie there to meet Him. Each year is hastening His coming, and with fresh joy should we hail its approach; while each year makes me give thanks more truly that my beloved one is safely removed from all the strifes, confusions, and anxieties of these latter days. His tender spirit would have been sorely grieved by the divisions of this our day, and his weak body would have been spent in the effort to reconcile or convince those who are perverse, ignorant, or prejudiced.

"In looking back I can see only mercy in the dealings of my God—wonderful love and forbearance has been shown me—deliverance from temptation and suffering—answers to prayer. Shall I not trust and not be afraid? Sufferings must come, anxieties are at hand, perplexities may arise, but Thou, Lord, hast not ever left me desolate : oh strengthen my faith, confirm my love, and help me so to rise above the affairs of this world, and so to set my chief affections on Thee, that whatever comes I may have a heart kept in peace, stayed on Thee.

> 'Sometimes a light surprises
> The Christian while he sings.'

There is a gleam of heavenly light which cheers the soul when all around looks dark. Were we more in prayer, in meditation on God's word, and faith exercised more on the perfection and love of Jesus, surely this gleam would shine more unto perfect day. The power and might of earthly love can only give way before a mightier love, and that is in Christ alone."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*March* 16, 1851.—Dear Uncle Jule is not any better. . . . . We are very anxious about him, and I have indeed much need to pray to be strengthened in submission to God's will, whatever it may be. . . . . Yesterday poor James Page came to tell us his wife died the night before. She was dying on Friday when I went to see her, and I could scarcely understand what she said; but when Esther saw her an hour after she had revived, and was able to talk, and to try to comfort her poor husband by telling him to trust in God, who had been so gracious to her. She said she was 'going a long journey, but it was a pleasant one.' James told me he was sure she was quite safe, and 'that was his biggest comfort.' It seems strange to think of her as gone, we have watched over her so long.

"Mrs. Alexander came at four o'clock, and took me a drive to see her bank in the Boreham Lane. It was indeed beautiful, with a perfect bed of bluebells for the length of a long field, and there was also a carpet of primroses near the Park-gate that was lovely. My evening was solitary; and I had time to think of and pray for all the absent ones. May God bless you, my Augustus, and strengthen you to find flowers in your work, though not in your lanes."

"*April* 8.—Archdeacon Manning came here on Friday last. Uncle Julius was afraid it was meant as a farewell visit, and so it proved, though he said not a word which could imply that it was so. Yesterday came the sad news that on Sunday last he had joined the Church of Rome!"

ARCHDEACON HARE *to his* CLERGY.

"Alas! by a mysterious dispensation, through the dark gloom of which my eyes have vainly striven to pierce, we have to mourn over the loss, we have to mourn over the defection and desertion of one whom we have long been accustomed to honour, to reverence, to love;—of one who, for the last ten years, has taken a leading part in every measure adopted for the good of the diocese;—of one to whose eloquence we have so often listened with delight, sanctified by the holy purposes that eloquence was ever used to promote;—of one, the clearness of whose spiritual vision it seemed like presumption to distrust, and the purity of whose heart, the sanctity of whose motives, no one knowing him can question. For myself, associated as I have been with him officially, and having found one of the chief blessings of my office in that association,—accustomed to work along with him in so many undertakings, to receive encouragement and help from his godly wisdom, and, notwithstanding many differences and almost opposition of opinion, to take sweet counsel together, and walk in the house of God as brothers,—I can only wonder at the inscrutable dispensation by which such a man has been allowed to fall under so withering, soul-deadening a spell,

—and repeat with awe, to myself and to my friends, 'Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'"

M. H. ("The Green Book.")

"*June* 22.—Whitsuntide and Trinity have passed, and we have now entered on the series of Sunday lessons which bear on the Christian life, the spring and source of which is Love. In God, who is Love, we have the fountain and fulness of Love, and it is only by dwelling in Him, and merging our own selfish life in His loving one that we can be made like Him. Could we but bathe ourselves in that ocean of Love, and come forth anew in His likeness who sought not His own good, loved not His own glory, willed not His own pleasure, how blessed would life become, even amidst all its trials. But Self rises up to bid us worship him, in many disguises it is true, and often so craftily deceiving us by specious excuses and pretences, that we are unconscious of his devices. In time of prosperity especially, it is difficult to discern always where Self is actuating us, and where the love of God or our neighbour is the ruling motive. When trial or contradiction comes, we see and feel the difference between our will and God's will."

L. A. H. *to* M. H. (in France).

"*Rockend*, *July* 24, 1851.—There is something very pleasant and soothing in the thought of the two sister cousins of early days, brought together and finding themselves hand-in-hand for a few brief moments in the journey through life, with one heart and mind looking on the same objects, and in everything seeing a faint shadow of the glories preparing for them in the land of promise:—

'If thus thy meanest works are fair,
How glorious must the mansions be?'

And I am sitting in my Tower, looking on the bay, and obliged every moment to jump up, when I hear the porpoises snorting: it is such a curious sight, the shoals of mackerel coming in, and playing on the top of the water, and the shoal of porpoises following them."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime*, *July* 31, 1851.—Here we are once more, in the quiet, green, peaceful home. I am just returned from the accustomed walk to Gardner Street and old Mrs. Wisham, giving thanks all the way for living in a land of liberty and truth, where the poorest cottager has the comfort of her Bible, and is dependent on no priest to give her pardon or salvation. Little do they know in this country what their privileges are.

"It was a little past ten P.M., on Tuesday, when we heard Fausty's bark at Lime Cross, and were rapturously welcomed at the door on our arrival. . . . . I feel quite strange at home still, for though we have been only three weeks away, the change is very great. The stillness is almost oppressive here, and I am only just beginning to get used to it. To-day the heavy veil has been taken up, and the green and trees are very refreshing, and the flowers are lit up by the sunshine again."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Sept.* 2, 1851.—Your letters are bright sunshine, and I feast on all you say. How can you and I, dearest, ever be low, or without the song of praise in our hearts? When God called away our own two dear husbands, He pitied us; He knew the idolizing natures of us, and He would not leave us comfortless. Out of their ashes rose young Augustus and my children to cheer us. And how beautiful it is to me to see how you are inspired, and enabled to do things you never could do alone, for the sake of your young Augustus. How for their sakes one loves to brush up old historical knowledge, and live over again for them what once we have prized for ourselves. Our *own* lives now may be hid with Christ, and our joys centred in His promises; but our outward lives are bright and sunny in our dear children."

M. H.'s Journal.

"*Oct.* 30, 1851.—I called on Ann Hoad at Gingers Green. Finding in how much poverty she was, I released her from a long-standing debt. It was a lesson and type when she fell down on her knees to thank me, and with many tears seemed as if a load had fallen off from her that had pressed day and night. Such gratitude, Lord, do we owe to Thee. Such, do I say? Oh, what are our little debts to each other in comparison of the numberless debts we owe to Thee. May I lie down at Thy feet in overpowering love."

"*Dec.* 4.—A refreshing visit to old Mrs. Wisham. The dear old woman, at each pause of the verses read to her, made her simple commentary in Scripture words or those of prayer. She was full of wonder at the love of Christ, at the fall of the angels; full of anxiety to be kept from sin, especially of the tongue, as 'Moses who spake unadvisedly.'"

In 1852 an accident in her own garden, and the long confinement consequent upon it, laid the foundation of the ill-health, from which, though spared to us for many years, my mother never entirely recovered. Henceforward her gentle life was often filled with much suffering to herself, and with great anxiety to those who watched her. The form of her malady was peculiarly trying to one of her active mind, and to one who had hitherto found her chief earthly interest in intellectual pursuits; she had no acute pain, but a general oppression, deafness, and trembling in every limb followed any exposure to cold or damp, and, in the earlier years of her illness, became most apparent in the spring months, when her system was weakened by the long cold of the winter. When any mental agitation aggravated the symptoms, complete unconsciousness ensued, and she often remained entirely insensible, icily cold, neither heart nor pulse seeming to beat, for many hours together, in which to all appearance life was totally extinct: but at such times she was always restored to us after a period of terrible anxiety, rather better than worse for what she had undergone, and believing (as long as the remembrance lasted) that she had been enjoying all the beatitude of heaven. At other times she would lie in a state of 'waking coma,' not insensible, but unconscious to outward things, hearing the angels singing to her, and wandering mentally amid scenes of unfathomable beauty. Her visions never took any form but those of loveliness, her impressions never breathed anything but peace; indeed, her unconscious was but a reflection of her conscious life. When the hot weather returned, especially if she had the assistance of elastic foreign air to aid her restoration, she entirely recovered, and retained no recollection in the autumn of what had passed in the spring months.

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Jan.* 18, 1852.—The Christmas season has passed by, the new year has begun, and the various interests and occupations which have attended it are now come to a close. There have been the church services and the Christian rejoicing, the family love and kindness, Christmas gifts, servants' presents, school-feasts and rewards, last of all the entertainment of neighbours in social festivity. Each week has seemed to bring its own portion of duty and work, and now all this is ended, and we are settling down to the year begun, in more of regular life. How much there is to be done, how much to be feared, in the coming year! but as far as we can see, the interpretation of prophecy does point to the present prospect with unusual clearness; and events as they are before us seem to be the exact fulfilment of what has been foretold. But whatever storms await us, God is our refuge. He will uphold and defend all who trust in Him. To do His will, to promote the knowledge of His truth, to lead—if it be only one soul—to the love of Christ, this will be our greatest blessing."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Jan.* 9, 1852.—On New Year's Eve it was one of our pleasantest sights in the room to see G. G.'s old father and mother sitting side by side in one corner, and looking as happy as any of the children; and the old man was so delighted with his present, a woolly comforter of my knitting, and carried it home like a child. That was the last time he went out. After lying quite unconscious for three days with a seizure, he breathed his last yesterday at twenty minutes after four. It is quite touching to see the old mother; she is so calm, composed, and peaceful, but seems like one in a dream; she cannot realise the absence from the fireside of the companion never separated from her for fifty-six years. It is a singular fact, of which there are so many instances, that the first question his daughter Anne asked, when she came over from Torquay in the middle of the night, was—'what hour did he die?' for her brother Edward had come down from the bake-house that afternoon, white as a sheet, saying to them, 'Our father is gone, for I have just seen him pass by me.' It was exactly at the very moment in which he died."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime*, *Feb.* 20, 1852.—This morning at seven o'clock the dear little deaf and dumb woman, Mrs. Pears, died. I had been to hear about her from her sister, and returned home, when, going down the slope by the steps towards your garden, my foot slipped on the frosty grass, and I came down with one leg bent under me. I called for the servants, but they did not hear, and with difficulty I got up and hobbled to the kitchen. They helped me to the drawing-room and my sofa, and John went off to fetch Dr. Cunningham, who says the side-bone is broken. My leg is bound up and laid upon a cushion, and I must not move it for some time, or leave this room. . . . . I have so many comforts around me that I can only be thankful, and regret my confinement chiefly because I cannot get out to the sick people. It is a great blessing to have lived so long and never to have injured one's bones before."

"*March* 8.—On Saturday, Uncle Jule came to tell me that our dear old friend, Mrs. Wisham, had entered her rest. She had been in such a suffering state for some time that it is a happy release for her and all around her. But it is indeed a loss for us to part from her, and to lose her warm interest in everything that concerns us, and not to hear her holy words and prayers. It is losing a friend, and we all feel it so.* The funeral will be on Friday, and I am so sorry not to be able to attend it.

"I feel that one does not know till one has tried how inconvenient it is to have one useless member that must not be moved, and the being forced to lie constantly in one position is very tiring. But I enjoy looking out of the wide window on the green lawn with its crocuses, and the blue sky. At this moment the sun is shining on the sea so brightly, just as I pray, my child, that God may shine into your heart, and make you reflect Christ's righteousness by following Him."

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* My mother had annually joined my uncle and Mrs. Julius Hare in commemorating their marriage by receiving the Sacrament on its anniversary with this humble friend, who had been bedridden for many years.

A succession of loving friends took turns in nursing my mother during her confinement to her sofa, among others her sister Lucy.

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*March* 3, 1852.—I look back upon my flight to Hurstmonceaux with the happiest recollections, seeing all the dear faces, and just coming in to the Rectory for the morning prayers after that early walk through those fields which tell me of happy hours that seem but yesterday, when I had one by my side whom I felt I should not have long. No place brings him back more to me than that walk. I stopped every now and then to recall the very look, the words of my own dear one, and then the dear loving faces that welcomed me at the Rectory seemed to assure me that Hurstmonceaux was not yet passed away, but that loving hearts still dwelt there. I often try when walking out at Hurstmonceaux Rectory and Lime to think what it is that gives such a peculiar, holy, heavenly charm to every object, and I believe it is that there I took my last view of this earth as my home, and felt that henceforward, like Christiana, I was to set out with *his* little ones, and not rest on the journey till we got safe to him in his far brighter home, and yet there is nothing to me melancholy in my walks there. I never feel happier, for my other self is there, the Mia, in whom the past and future are blended, full of blessed recollections and more blessed hopes."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*March* 14.—How often are our purposes frustrated and God's ways and thoughts shown to be different from our own! This Lent I had intended and hoped to have devoted to the work of the parish, to visiting and comforting the sick, to teaching the children. But God has willed it otherwise. He has said to me, 'You must be laid aside—be still, and know that I am God. Learn the lesson I have for you in your own heart.' Here, then, I desire to be taught what He would have me learn—submission and patience, and to spend more time in meditation and prayer, in spiritual communion with the Head, rather than in ministration to the members. Be it so, precious Lord! Thou knowest what is for Thy good and for Thy glory! Truly, His presence has been with me in this withdrawal from outward duties. Seldom have I felt more happy and peaceful than while a prisoner to this couch. My 'soul thirsts for the living God,' and He has refreshed me out of the pure streams of living water."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, March* 14, 1852.—We are arrived at the third Lent Sunday. In three more we shall reach Passion Week. I hope by that time to be set free, and to be no more a prisoner to worship God alone. I do so long to escape and 'go with the multitude who keep holiday,' but I have His blessed Word to teach me—His Spirit to guide me. It is still a Sabbath-day of righteousness and peace. . . . . One thing which I would urge upon my child is to seek for a generous spirit. I mean the endeavour to think and believe good in others, and to delight in helping them, and thus you will be delivered from petty feelings and narrow, worldly views. You will find this to be one of the characteristics of the *Brothers*, whose *Guesses* are the expression of those thoughts and feelings which made them so beloved by noble and Christian minds, — freedom from self, love of truth, and desire of benefiting and living for the good of others and the glory of God. These, dearest child, are what distinguished your uncles, and what, I trust, may be your portion and inheritance through God's grace and mercy. Remember this is the one thing needful—to belong to Christ, and to be like Him. . . . . You will meet with plenty of annoyances and discomforts in life, but if you do not dwell upon them it is astonishing how much lighter they will become."

"*March* 23, 1852.—Yesterday was quite an eventful day. At half-past eleven, Miss Holland's chair was drawn to the door, and in I stepped, supported on each side. It was a strange feeling to be again in the open air. The morning was lovely, no wind, and bright sunshine; and truly did I enjoy it. They drew me first round the lawn, and when its circuit was made I begged for a further emancipation, and was taken through the fields and along the high-road to the top of the hill. You may think how great a change it was —A. running to and fro with primroses and pileworts gathered in the hedge, and shouting out, 'Here, Aunt Augustus,' as she poured them into my chair, and the dogs careering over the field."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Easter Day, April* 11.—The Lord is risen! How did my heart fill with joy and thanksgiving as we this day sang 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day. Hallelujah!' For six weeks I have been kept from the worship of God in His sanctuary. On Palm Sunday and Good Friday I have again been permitted to offer my prayers and praises in the midst of the congregation, and to-day again I have had this great delight, which one never so truly appreciates as after long privation. Oh, how loving and merciful has my God and Saviour been to me, His unworthy child, in bringing me through this confinement so well, in giving me so many outward comforts, so much inward peace, and in now giving me power gradually to resume my usual habits. May the partial love of friends never deceive me into the belief that I have been holy, or good, or worthy; but let the experience of Christ's mercy and the knowledge of His truth and love deepen in me the conviction of my own utter helplessness and sinfulness in His sight, and fill me with love to Him who has *so* loved me."

"*June* 2 (*after her first serious illness at St. Leonards*).— This blessed day has again come round. Three and twenty years have passed since in Stoke Church I was wedded to my beloved Augustus! How much of blessing has that union given me, nearly five years of pure and entire happiness with my husband on earth, and since his departure I have still lived with him in fellowship of Christian love, and in his brother and in my young Augustus have preserved something of his tender affection. How graciously has my God dealt with me in all his ways! sparing me too great privations, and giving me so many loving ones to fill up the blank which would otherwise be too great.

"Lately the circumstances of my life at St. Leonards, and infirmities of body, have prevented me from rising up as I would do into heavenly places. Oh, Thou who knowest that the spirit is willing though the flesh is weak, quicken me by Thy Spirit, and teach me what I may do to glorify Thee, and how to profit by Thy present dealings with me. For the first time in my life I have of late been led to feel that life is doubtful on earth, this weakness and derangement of bodily powers may even end in—*death*. Oh, may I watch and be ready. The Lord of life and death can bless the remedies, or He may see fit to increase the disease; whether I wake or sleep may it be in Jesus and to His glory, and then whether strength is renewed to serve Him here, or taken away and my future life spent in serving Him in heaven and not on earth, all must be well. I must take the appointed means, and leave the issue to the only true Physician.

"How little one can realise the change from this all-engrossing world to that state where we shall be present with God. Yet any day or any hour may bring this about. May my marriage-union with my Augustus be the type of that closer bond with Jesus my Lord, that in His love I may be ever drawn nearer, and 'accepted in the Beloved.'"

M. H. (NOTE-BOOK).

"How many of the perplexities of the world, the mysteries of life, and the confusions of philosophy, would be removed by a simple and clear apprehension of the Scripture truths, that 'the heart is deceitful above all things,' and that 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.'"

"The most difficult of all attainments is self-distrust."

"If we would be united, it must be by looking to the same centre. Is it not to teach us that here alone we shall find the true bond of unity, that so many different sects are permitted in the Body of Christ?

"'As Thou art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us.'

"In Christ we may all join in one spirit, and so form one body, whatever be the diversities of worship, doctrine, or tastes.

"The longing for a visible Head is probably to prepare us for the coming of the true and only Head of the Church."

"The catechism of the world adds to the Church Catechism one duty more—to the duty to God and duty to our neighbour, it adds duty to ourselves; and this duty is one which no one is slow in fulfilling. Would that the other parts of our debt were as truly and faithfully performed as this one."

"I looked upon the wall of a room which had been newly papered. It brought to my mind immediately the soiled and torn condition of the old paper that had daily met my eyes, until I had ceased to notice its deformity.

"So is it often with our sight of our own faults. They are so habitually before us, they fail to awaken any perception of their nature, until the contrast of a nature renewed in goodness and truth reveals the real ugliness of what existed before without our being conscious of it."

"Eloquence has such a mighty power over the human mind that many are apt to forget that there is no necessary connection between this and truth. A man in a passion, or a madman, will often pour forth a torrent of eloquence, yet all his premises may be wrong or false. So may a powerful preacher, or an ingenious and spirited advocate, energetically and impressively declare his doctrines or his cause, and yet both may be far from soundness or justice. We must not allow ourselves to be swayed by intellectual subtilties, or wisdom of words and thoughts, any more than by passionate feelings and human kindnesses, in our estimate of truth. Let it be tested by the Word of God, let His law be our standard, His apostles our authorities; and though we may often have to give up the human idols whom we admire or love, we shall be preserved from much error and sophistry wherewith the Devil seeks to ensnare us under the form of an angel of light."

"The different modes in which different and differing people desire to do God's will are as lines converging to a common centre. When the true-hearted meet in the centre, in the real knowledge and love of God, the distance of the varied lines from each other has vanished away, and all is one."

"*Feb.* 6, 1853.—In contemplating a person we love, in speaking to such a one, in admiring him, what is it that excites our love and praise? Is it the dress he wears, or the beauty of the house in which he dwells? Or is it the goodness and love that dwells in himself? Surely it is the character and mind of our beloved one, it is that mind and character as shown forth to ourselves, that especially wins our affection.

"And so it is with our best Beloved, with Jesus our Lord. We cannot love or know Him better from the beauty of His temples, the splendour of His services, the attractions to our senses and imagination in fine architecture, in beautiful music, in grand paintings. These may stir our feelings for the brief time that we are present with them, but we are not to walk by feeling but by faith, and these teach us nothing of Christ. In the written Word we learn to know His love, and by His Spirit it is shed abroad in our hearts. We love Him who first loved us, and learn what it is to worship in spirit and in truth. While therefore we delight in pleasant sounds and beautiful forms, let us never be deluded into the belief that holiness or religion can be promoted by anything short of Christ Himself."

("*June* 29, 1853.)—Charity. What is its true place in the scheme of our salvation? Maurice, in his desire to meet Unitarians in their assertion of its necessity, places it in the foreground of Christian truth. But is not this to choose for ourselves, instead of adopting the apostolic order of things? St. Paul says, indeed, that Charity is greater than Faith, because more enduring. But he lays the foundation of Faith before the superstructure of Charity is erected. To do otherwise is very much the same as if we were to attempt to plant a tree by taking its highest branches, with all their beautiful clothing of leaves, and putting them in the ground, instead of fixing the root or sowing the seed of the plant, and then seeing it spring into life and grow up into a tree.

"The result of the one must be gradual decay and withering away; that of the other will be increase and growth unto the perfect tree—bearing fruit in due season, even the fruit of Charity."

"It is from the mouth of the ignorant that we hear the words 'I know;' from the diligent and well-informed we hear, 'let me learn?'"

"The confusion of fancying ourselves or others *insincere* because we are *inconsistent*, is a very mischievous error, leading to despondency and cowardice in our own case, and to harsh and unfair judgments of others. If we were to call it weakness, or prejudice, or changeableness of feeling or opinion, we should often come nearer the truth. How wise, how good should we be, could we see our own follies, prejudices, and weaknesses, with the same clearness, with the same annoyance that we do those of others. But then they would cease to annoy us, for the moment of sight in such cases would be the moment of dispersion. All would vanish at the magical touch of that honest truthfulness which could discern them. Folly would be transformed into wisdom, prejudice into candour, and weakness would rapidly be metamorphosed into strength."

"The life of a holy Christian should be one perpetual Sacrament. Every moment of his daily life may unite him by faith with Christ, so that his clothing, food, home, friends, work, and leisure may all nourish and feed the life within, and bring into his storehouse things new and old to enrich the mind of the spirit from without. By thus receiving Christ in His providences and His creation, by His outward no less than His inward teachings, we shall be fashioned after His likeness and grow to manhood in His kingdom."

"*March* 5, 1852.—The great secret of happiness is to throw one's self into the circumstances that surround one, and learn their lesson, and not desire nor look for some other. So also in persons, if we could value and profit by what they *have*, and not be vainly wishing for qualities they have not, we should benefit by them far more, and be spared the disappointment and mortification we so often feel in finding so little of what we desire in the society around us. It must be a barren land that produces nothing good. But it is not always that one sees it on the surface. We must dig for it, and thus discover many a secret treasure."*

C. S. *to* M. H. (Contemporary Letters).

"*Canterbury, Jan.* 1, 1852.—The profound quiet here equals Lime. We are living so much amongst the illustrious dead, that we shall forget how to behave amongst the living. But I shall go away with a happy, peaceful sense of what this place has been to me."

"*April* 16.—I can scarcely believe in my sixty years. I feel strongly how much cause I have for gratitude in not having any personal reminder of the advance of age. Comparatively speaking, I hope this may make me only more instead of less ready to do what I can with the remainder of life and strength. Certainly I feel increasingly the shortness and uncertainty of time, and how all is and ought to be measured accordingly; also an increased sense of *waiting* upon whatever is sent to bear or do, trusting that the same strength that has been given will be given again. The 71st Psalm, 18th verse, is my case."

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* Fragments from my mother's note-books have appeared from time to time, with the signature *a*, in the various editions of the "Guesses at Truth."

L. A. H. *to* M. H. (during her illness).

"*June* 9, 1852.—I do so yearn to be by you, and as I cannot, I am every hour breathing up grateful thanks for the very great mercy of providing us with such a companion as dear Charlotte. There is no one who could be more congenial, and it is so very sweet to think of the two who in happy Toft days were so near and dear to each other, now brought together in the closest tie of all, oneness in Christ. Oh, sometimes I wonder how it is, when we do realise in some measure that life is opening upon us, that we are so faint-hearted, so utterly cast down at the idea of any one one loves dearly being near that Home. I ought to rejoice if I thought you were soon to rejoin your Augustus, and yet, even though the separation were to be very short, I feel as if the rest of this journey without you would be so utterly lonely. I must ask God, if it may be, to leave you to us, and though I have no faith in presentiments, I have always had a kind of inward feeling that we two were to be left to travel on together till old age."

"*June* 14.—I have found it difficult to get away from you for the last week, and old days and old memories have risen up, till my heart has been almost too full—for what have you not been to me ever since I could love anything. But it has been only sad for myself, for your letters have breathed such sweet peace and calm cheerful resignation, I could only think of you as I have always done as one of the happiest of living beings, and those two lines seemed to be ever your language :—

'While here to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.'

One feels how with you life hangs on a thread—how soon the line may be overstepped between slight and serious illness, but to you there is nothing alarming. It is long since you shut up your home on earth, and set off on the heavenward journey, looking for no rest or lasting enjoyment till there. It is no sad prospect for you, dearest, to have transient glimpses given into that blessed world of light and love, where so many you love are safely housed; but for us, oh! it is hard not to wish you spared to us yet awhile, and I know for our sakes you will do all you can to preserve that precious life."

MRS. ALEXANDER *to* M. H. (absent in Germany).

"*August* 15, 1852.—The dear Archdeacon is better than when we wrote last; during these beautiful days he has been out a good deal in the garden, and though he comes in exhausted, still the quiet morning in the open air is good for him. Landor's visit has been a great enjoyment to the host, and still more so to the hostess, for I never saw Esther so animated, so amused, so drawn out. The mental vigour and effluence of Landor is indeed surprising. He gave his rich stores without stint, and was so gentle and well-bred that he seemed more pleased to receive than to bestow. He was occupied all day by his books, pen, or walking, and claimed not a moment of anybody's time; but you may suppose there was a beautiful display of summer lightning at breakfast, dinner, and in the evening! Bunsen's visit you will have heard of—curious contrast of mind and habits! I watched the two as they walked to and fro in the garden; sometimes standing still in the earnestness of discussion, Bunsen with all the action and vivacity of demonstration, Landor like a block of granite, immovable and apparently unimpressible! Mr. Empson came with Bunsen. He is the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey, a very interesting man, but in bad health, and so fast fading away, that I had difficulty to restrain tears from falling as I looked at his bent and wasted form.

"You know that James Page has ended his pilgrimage; long has he lingered on the threshold of eternity. The dear Rector wishes to read the funeral service himself, and I shall accompany him if I can. He is to be laid to earth this day, at five o'clock."

"*August* 26.—Here I sit in 'the Idle Room,' sole historian of the Rectory. The dear master and mistress left it yesterday for Tunbridge Wells. . . . . I have been occupying myself in trying to make reforms in the garden, but Elphick * and groundsel are too much for me. I called at Lime one day and the bell was answered by barking furies, enough to dismay a stouter heart than mine. Judging by the sounds, I should say they are in good *strong* health, and if their duty be to terrify visitors, they do it well."

Having vainly sought health at Hastings and Eastbourne, my mother was ordered again to try the effects of foreign travel, and in the middle of July we proceeded, with Miss Leycester, down the Rhine to Heidelberg, where we found a charming lodging, with a lovely oleander-fringed garden, overhanging the steep side of the hill close to the castle. The month passed there was one of great enjoyment, and my mother gained strength daily in drives upon the lovely Berg Strasse, and mornings spent in the courts and gardens of the castle, which were so near as to be like our own domain. During the latter part of our stay we were joined by Mrs. Stanley, with her son and daughter, and her niece Miss Penrhyn, on their way to Italy. After they left us, my mother had regained strength sufficiently to enjoy a short tour, by Baden, Strasburg, and Metz, to Treves and the Moselle. Hence I returned to England, and she went to Kreuznach, where her health became for the time completely re-established.

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* The gardener at the Rectory.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Kreuznach*, *Sept.* 2, 1852.—The *Marianne* (Rhine steamer for Cologne) was soon veiled in mist, and we could see no more. Soon our own steamer began to move down the river; and I could not forbear sketching the castles again, thinking them much finer than those on the Moselle, but the villages less picturesque and the banks hardly so pretty, being exclusively vineyards. Then we reached Bingen, and found an omnibus, which, after a dull drive, brought us to this pretty place."

"*Sept.* 9.—We have been several expeditions. One day we took Lady Fanny * to Rhein Grafenstein, a high hill on which we all had to get out to walk—a lovely walk through heathery woods and rocks, to a view which would be beautiful on a fine day, but we had no sunshine. Another day we went to Dhaun Castle, in pouring rain, by a long drive which you would *now* think beautiful, but which was monotonous—river in valley with vineclad hills, and large green pastures covered with purple crocuses."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Rome*, *Oct.* 5, 1852.—When we entered the Campagna, I wondered how a place covered with such luxuriance of vegetation—as the thickets of wild vines and wild figs throwing themselves about everywhere—could be unhealthy;

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* Her old friend, Lady Frances Higginson, whom she much enjoyed meeting again at Kreuznach.

it is such a free, open breathing-space. . . . . When we reached the Flaminian gate, and saw the obelisk and the three diverging streets, it was so exactly what I knew, that I could hardly believe I had not been there before, all was so familiar. We went that very afternoon to the Capitol, and ascended the tower; and then the well-known Forum, and arches, and Coliseum, and St. John Lateran appeared. The prints give you an exact representation, except perhaps that you do not take in the large proportion of dull town that there is, and the admixture of very common buildings. Then suddenly came a gleam of light for a few moments, and the Campagna was lighted up with a rainbow. I never saw anything like it; of *that* no print or picture can give you the idea.

"Our second drive was to St. Peter's, but we only took a general glance. I was anxious to get to my farthest point first—the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. It is indeed the most perfect place of rest one can imagine, and *for him*. The rose-hedge was in full flower, clustering thickly all round the grave and round that of Bunsen's children, and there were two aloes at the foot, and the pine and cypresses."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 19, 1852.—Months have passed away since I wrote in this book, months of blessing unspeakable. My health has been by God's mercy restored. He has renewed my powers, and has again given strength to do His work. Oh, that I may have profited by past experience, and with deeper self-knowledge and more readiness to help others, enter again on the duties of life! . . . ."

The spring of each succeeding year now brought with it renewed anxiety in the alarming state of my mother's health. Now, too, the hand of death began rapidly to break the links of the loving brotherhood and sisterhood who had so upheld and comforted each other. In the spring of 1853 my mother was called upon to mourn her sister-in-law, Lady Charlotte Penrhyn, who passed, after a long illness, with beautiful thankfulness, into the better life. In 1854, Miss Clinton, the faithful friend of so many years, was also taken away. In January, 1855, came far greater trial, in the death of my uncle, Julius Hare, and the breaking up of my mother's second home at Hurstmonceaux Rectory, connected to her with so many sacred memories.

The autumn of 1853 was passed by my mother at Ashburton, in Devonshire, with Mrs. Marcus Hare. In 1854, her illness again obliged us to resort to foreign air, and we went with Miss Leycester to Switzerland, which again completely answered as a restorative. The summer and autumn of 1855 were passed at Malvern and in North Wales; those of 1856 in Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Scotland. Owing to illness and infirmity, few letters or journals from my mother's hand remain from those years, in which others were generally employed to write for her. From fragments of her correspondence which remain, I select the following, as belonging in some degree to the story of her life:—

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Abbots-Kerswell, April* 10, 1853.—For the first time all my children have left me. They are in the right place, and

. . . . soon my pangs will be wearied down, and—all is teaching the lesson that we have no abiding city here. It seemed such a change from the fulness of riches to the depths of poverty, from Friday to Saturday evening. On the one there was such joy and gladness round our little hearth —the two dear boys with so much to hear and to tell; on the other I was alone. . . . . When I came back from taking T. to the station, it did seem very still, *very* silent; and I felt I could only get through the long evening by earnest prayer, and with my Bible and Bunsen's hymn-book. When they are gone, to pray for them. How one's whole soul pours itself out, and *how* near it brings all together, the loved and absent on earth, the loved and safe in heaven. It seems but yesterday one's children were never far from one's side,—and now they are dispersed, fledged, each beginning life's journey. That promise came powerfully to my mind yesterday, 'Leave thy fatherless children to me, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.'"

"*Good Friday*, 1853.—(*After a serious illness.*)—I must write a line to my own Mia on this sacred day, and tell her how mercifully God has dealt with me. I have thought so much of Lazarus raised from the dead, to follow our dear Lord through all His sufferings. This has indeed been to me a 'stille woche,' a calm, solemn week. How on a sick-bed all comes before one. You and I have often wondered how we should feel if death seemed very near, which it never did to either of us. Now I know, for I did not think I should recover. One is afraid of dwelling on feelings when so very weak, being so fearful lest one should be deceived and the peace and calm be only weakness; but I think something was real, and that to those who have been in the habit of living on the thoughts of His coming, death cannot be a terror. I thought I was going to the eternal home, instead of the earthly one I was thinking of preparing. It was like catching a glimpse through the celestial gates, and hearing the hallelujahs. It has been an illness so entirely without suffering, it has seemed as if Jesus were gently leading me to the opening of the Valley of the Shadow of Death,—just to show that there were no terrors there with Him to guide.

"Perhaps Monday may see me down-stairs again, but I expect I shall 'go softly' for a long time, and not be in any danger of over-exerting. The uppermost feeling of thankfulness has been that I was permitted to get back to this dear spot. The peace and quiet of this little room has been perfect; no sounds but the cock waking up his friends, the gentle baa-ing of a pet lamb, and the old church clock telling the hours."

"*April* 25, 1854.—*You* know what the house is after one's children are just gone,—the silence, the desolation; and how it seems for the first few hours so like a faint image of the still greater separation,—the pang that every little object gives, when it is standing there useless. I have been feeling very much since they went yesterday how much more comfort we should have in parting with our Christian friends, if we could realise the *home* where we are so soon to meet. Here we are constantly looking forward. It is very seldom our happiness arises from *the present*. The boys were both keeping up their spirits with—the summer holidays will soon be here, it is not a long half, only seven weeks. And *how* soon, how far sooner than we think, may that 'meeting in the air' take place, when Christ's people shall be caught up to meet Him, and all His saints with Him."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H. (at Oxford).

"*Lime, March* 5, 1854.—I have just had the delight of going once more to our dear church, and when we returned the sun had pierced through the mist and dispersed it, and it is now most bright and beautiful. I have feasted on Lime dainties in the drawing-room, where Faust has been keeping me company, and I have now been walking round the field. Some lovely primroses are out in the hedge-bank, near the holly, going to Lime Cross; the hedge and furze at the top have been cut very low, so that the road is visible; the pond is full and clear. I come along its banks, up by the strawberry-beds, pick some violets in your garden, and take a turn round the kitchen garden; and now I am reluctantly come in, and am telling you of my Sunday's walk, which you will follow without trouble. No words can tell how I enjoy the sight of these refreshing country scenes, and the pure sweet air, scented with violets, which are in full profusion under the south-west wall of the house."

"*March* 12, 1854.—My beloved Augustus's birthday is at hand, and to-morrow he will complete his twentieth year. I can scarcely believe you are so old, so quickly have the years passed since you were a little boy running by my side. May God bless and preserve you from all evil of body and mind, and strengthen you to serve Him. I thank Him for having given you to my care, and for having put into your heart a true love for your adopting mother. You are able now to repay all the anxieties of earlier days, and hitherto you have indeed done so by your tender care and loving attentions, especially in the last two years, when my infirmities have so much increased. I hope, my own Augustus, that this year may be a very profitable one to you, and that the life at Oxford may prove a means of fitting you for God's service; and that both the instruction you receive, the knowledge you gain, and the society you join in, may work together for your good, and may stablish your character in manly principles, in expansion of mind, and in love of truth. I need not add a sermon to the little book I send; so I will only exhort you, while you desire to be useful to your fellow-creatures, not to forget that you yourself must first draw out of the well-spring of the word of God, which is ever new. Do not judge of what is truth by the inconsistent and imperfect lives of even sincere Christians, but by going to Christ's own life and words. Beware of the opposite snares of superstitious credulity and over-estimate of outward and visible religion, and of rationalistic unbelief. To be a true Christian, and not a High or Low Churchman, must be your aim. But, above all, seek to be 'quickened in spirit' by the Spirit of God, that you may be not almost but altogether His child, and a faithful soldier of Christ, able to conquer your besetting sins and temptations to selfishness, of whatever kind it may be, and to forgetfulness of God's presence and love.

"This is a most lovely day; and oh! how I enjoy a country Sunday! all the crocuses look so bright, and there is such a profusion of violets."

"*March* 13, 1854.—The sun shines brightly on your birthday, dearest Aug., and thankful I am for this day in which you were given to me. Villa Strozzi rises before me, as I travel back in thought to 1834, see you a little baby in Mrs. Benedict's arms, and how rapidly these twenty years have passed away. Yet they have carried with them many from this earth, and in the next twenty, how many more will also pass out of time into eternity. Perhaps we may be among the number! Though I am, humanly speaking, most likely to be so, yet God often orders things differently from our calculations, so that you may be taken first. May we be ready when the Master calls, at whatever hour."

"*May* 28, *Lime.*—Oh how lovely! The lines are fallen in pleasant places. It is so bright and warm and sunny here, and the garden is filled with gay colours, snowdrops, hepaticas, and violets, which scent the air. You need not be uneasy about me, dearest, for, by God's blessing, I think I shall again be restored to health. 'Mistress come home again!' was the interpretation of Faust's welcome on my return. . . . May my child be more fashioned after the likeness of Christ, who sought not to please Himself. Serve Him with the same loving devotedness you show to me, and you will find that 'His ways are pleasantness and His paths are peace!'"

L. A. H. *to* M. H. (in her increasing illness).

"*June*, 1854.—I think over and over again all my precious visit to Lime, and feel as if I ought not to have one anxiety. You talked to me, you played to me, you sang to me, you were, if possible, dearer than I ever felt you to be, and you are better than you were last year, still I feel as if all were in their turn passing on through the dark river, and that neither you nor I shall be long left behind. We need not look on, the *present* is ours.

'Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I live or die.'

I love that hymn more than ever. I read a sentence yesterday in a Whitsunday sermon, which I will end with. 'The happy Christian is no enthusiast, he is one of the most reasonable men in the world. Ask him why he is happy, and he will open his Bible and point to some truth there, enough to make any one happy. The Holy Spirit has carried it home to his heart. Our own frames and feelings may change, but our consolations are based on God's word, and those who enjoy them can account for them."

"*June* 25.—I feel as if for you, my Sister, I had no prayer to breathe, but only thanksgivings.

"I *know* that the everlasting arms are beneath you.

"I *know* the door to our heavenly house is open wide, and the whole company of the redeemed awaiting you. Is not that enough.

"*There* may we meet, every sorrow forgotten."

"*July* 17.—I fear no evil tidings, I know all will be well with those I hourly commit to Him, but to go about as usual, as light-hearted, is impossible. 'Cast all thy care on me' does not mean that we are to have no care, only we may cast it all on Him, and feel satisfied He will bear it. I like that expression in Rutherford—'Remember, when you bear the cross, the heavy end is borne by Jesus, the lighter end by you; and do not make the burden double by trying to bear both.' Dearest Mia, not happier, safer, better were you in that first journey than now; then there was heavy, bitter anguish *coming*. Twenty years have passed of anxious watching over the young Aug., and now the home, the heavenly home, seems in sight, and the toilsome journey nearly ended; and though a few more months or even years may have to be travelled over, with much bodily weariness, the silver cord will be gradually loosed, and the happy spirit freed."

M. H. *to* MRS. R. PILE.

"*Lime, Oct.* 15, 1854.—You will have heard that I was not so immediately better on going abroad as I usually am, and I really began to fear I should not get rid of my ailments; but, by God's blessing, the change to mountain air at Chamounix did wonders, and I quite revived under its influence, and have not as yet lost the good effects. I often suffered more pain before, but I never was so *oppressed* in body and mind, and I feel proportionately thankful for being again able to resume my usual habits, and to lose the shaking of limbs and loss of power in all ways, which was so distressing. With my devoted nurses, Charlotte Leycester and Augustus, and my faithful Mary Gidman, I had every comfort, and when I recovered we greatly enjoyed the scenery of the Alps, and saw much that was most interesting."

My uncle, Julius Hare, had returned home to Hurstmonceaux Rectory very ill just before the Christmas of 1854, and from that time he scarcely ever left his room. While she remained at home, my mother visited him every afternoon, and even then he seemed worse than he had ever been before. After her health obliged our removal to London, his illness increased. A few days before his death there was a gleam of hope, but on the 22nd of January pain of the heart set in and this became darkened.

"So great was his weakness that a short portion of the Scriptures, or a Psalm, was all that he could bear; for the fever and the dryness of the throat impeded his articulation, and made conversation difficult. In this way the 17th, the 23rd, and the 71st Psalms were read to him, and portions of the earlier chapters of St. John. When the 17th Psalm was read to him, he said, 'Thank you for choosing that dear Psalm; it is one of my greatest favourites.' Meanwhile his patience and his thankfulness never failed. Two days before his death, in detached and whispered sentences, and for the last time, he offered up a prayer in which were these petitions: 'We thank Thee for every dispensation of Thy providence, and pray that, whether painful for the moment or pleasant, they may bring us nearer to Thee in child-like confidence and trust;' and then in a true pastoral spirit he expressed his last prayer for the beloved flock of his parish; 'that God's blessing might rest on them and their minister;

that they might all be taught of God; and be led to seek more and more earnestly the way of eternal life;' after which he repeated slowly the Lord's Prayer—the prayer he loved so well.

"On Monday evening, the day before he died, the beautiful 121st Psalm was repeated to him, verse by verse—'I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, whence cometh my help'—with pauses between the verses, and an offer to cease if it were too much for him. But he smiled even then, and, though unable to speak, nodded his assent and his wish that the Psalm should be continued. On the same night, as one feature of his religion had long been a delight in the frequent communion of the Lord's Supper, it was suggested that his curate should administer it the next day, if he would wish it. 'Very much,' he whispered, 'if I am able. It would be a great comfort.' But before the day dawned he no more needed the memorials of an absent Saviour. He was present with the Lord. . . . . When it was said to him in the night of his passover that he was going to his heavenly Father's home, he faintly answered, 'I think I may be;' and after a short pause added, 'Bless the Lord for all His mercies to me.' But his last clear words were remarkable; for they were in a voice more distinct and strong than he had reached for several days past, and in answer to the question, how he would be moved. With his eyes raised towards heaven, and a look of indescribable brightness, he said, 'Upwards, upwards.' Soon after that he passed from earth to heaven."*

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* From the funeral sermon preached at Hurstmonceaux by the Rev. H. V. Elliot.

My mother received the news of her brother's death with tearful calmness, and nothing would induce her to waver from her determination to return to Hurstmonceaux before the day of the funeral.

It was on the 30th of January, a cold and piercing day, that the last Hare of Hurstmonceaux was buried. The coffin was carried from the Rectory to the church by eighteen bearers in white Sussex smock-frocks, followed by a number of his friends, his servants, about fifty of the clergy, and a long train of his poorer parishioners, who fell into the procession as it passed through the different villages. The widow joined the other mourners at the foot of the hill leading to the church. As we passed into the churchyard, it was covered thickly with snow, but the church was lit up with the full sunshine, and the effect was beautiful, on looking back upon the winding road filled with a throng of people as far as the eye could reach. The grave was by that of his brother Marcus, a little in front of the great yew-tree, round the trunk of which was ranged a group of some of the oldest parishioners, one old man especially who had lived in the castle in the time of his Rector's great-grandfather, and who had insisted on being brought to the church to see the last of the family with whom he had been so long connected. All the concourse of clergy standing around in the open air repeated the responses, and all the clergy and all the people, as with one voice, said the Lord's Prayer, when, broken by sobs, it was especially solemn and thrilling, and the words "Thy will be done" came home to every heart.

The weeks which followed the funeral were occupied in dismantling the Rectory. All its treasures were dispersed, the bulk of the fine library being presented by Julius Hare's widow to the library of Trinity College, at Cambridge, and the collection of pictures to the Fitz-William Museum. My mother's intense desire to be of comfort and use to others, gave her an amount of strength at this time which was astonishing to those who had looked forward with the utmost dread to the effect this long-expected grief would have upon her; but her effort at self-command proved too great for her physical powers, and after Mrs. Julius Hare had moved to Lime, and the last link with the rectory life was thus broken,* she fell into a state of unconsciousness which lasted for sixty hours with scarcely the faintest hope of recovery. Yet after that time she was again given back to us.

M. H. *to* Mrs. R. Pile.

"*Feb.* 13, 1855.—You will not wonder that I have not written to you under such a pressure of anxiety and distress as we have had of late to endure. You know what my dear Julius has been to me ever since I lost my beloved husband, and what the Rectory has given me of happiness for twenty-one years past, and you can guess what this loss is. Still, God is gracious and merciful; my Augustus is left to be my comfort, and my health is, I believe, stronger on the whole than last year. . . . No one could guess what Julius suffered from his great patience. Well, the corruptible body no longer presses the incorruptible spirit. He sees and knows all truth, and no discordant spirits fret his loving mind. We have another treasure in heaven to join us to the heavenly company; and oh! may we set our affections more truly there where Christ is."

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* The Living of Hurstmonceaux, which had been long in the family, had been sold by Francis George Hare in 1854.

L. A. H. *to* M. H. (during Julius Hare's last days).

"*Jan.*, 1855.—Well do we know, my own beloved sister, what passes in each other's hearts, and are indeed together by that bedside; but, even in this most sad season of anxiety, can we not see that guiding hand that sent you to London. 'The Mia' has done her part: her sympathy and invisible influence are even now soothing that beloved brother, but it would have been too much for her bodily powers, and I am daily giving thanks that you are not there. Dearest, I cannot spare you both, and, though the spirit would have been willing, the flesh would never have gone through it all. . . . . I know the sweet calm peace that is your portion, nothing can ever deprive you of that. Another and another will be added to the blessed company above, and our turn will come at last; and then there will be no lamenting, for all will be complete when He shall come who now lets us mourn, that we may have greater rejoicing by-and-by. If we look back, you and I, to 1834 and 1845, what a life of lonely desolation lay before us; but how swiftly the years have fled, how many mercies have been given! How very precious our last week together at the Rectory was! There was a depth of *felt* tenderness like that which friends might feel who were met just before parting for distant lands never more to meet; but we may hope to meet again, where there shall be no fear of parting."

"*Jan.* 26.—I thought I was fully prepared for Mrs. Alexander's sad news, but one never is at first, though to-day I can give thanks for our dear, loving, beloved Julius, that the burthening body is cast away. Mrs. Alexander's letter conveyed all the calm she wished; it was a falling asleep on that beloved wife's bosom, with no witness—just as most he would have wished."

"*Jan.* 30.—One turns from the newspaper accounts of the Crimea almost with a thankful sense of relief to the thought of our beloved Julius, gone from this scene of misery to those bright and happy fields of endless sunshine, to the company of the just made perfect, to all he is *now* taking in. To you now I turn as the most precious treasure to be guarded; may you still be spared, my own Mia, mine only now, for who else knew what you were to them? Esther did not know our Augustus, but I knew all. Dear Esther! is she not indeed now our sister—the three widowed ones—one in heart and sympathy!"

"*March* 28.—If you are well, I feel sure that Lime is the best home for you, with all the sweet spring influences and nightingales—sad but blessed recollections mingling with the fallen leaves, but bright and glowing hopes springing up with every green bud and blossom, speaking of a resurrection to unfailing sunniness in a millennial world."

"*April* 18. (*After my mother's long unconsciousness at Lime.*) —I am told to write very little, so I shall satisfy myself with what is indeed the beginning and the end of my song—'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.' The last words you wrote to me, and which I believed might indeed be the last, have never been out of my mind, they seemed such a blessed, peaceful ending to the correspondence of above forty years. These were they—Esther was just coming, and you close your letter with, 'and *now I too must rest.* Bless the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever!'

"Well, dearest, and you did rest. The Lord who giveth His beloved sleep, gave the poor, over-wearied brain rest;

and though a trying rest to those who watched, it did its work, and now you are once more sent back to cheer and strengthen us all, who love you so tenderly, as our hearts in the last fortnight have too strongly shown us. You are sent back to tell how great things the Lord has done for you, and to bid us more singly, more earnestly fix our eyes on Jesus.

"Yesterday my children went back to school, and when I returned to my lonely copse, and sate down and looked around, and the wood-pigeon's note was the only sound, I felt as if there was room for nothing but thankful joy in my heart, as if I could only give thanks for my children, my restored sister-friend, my beautiful retreat, where all nature seemed to be saying, 'If ye be risen with Christ, set your affections on things above;' there all shall be restored, and no more winter for us, no more death for you."

"*Sept.* 28—Dear Mrs. Pile! what a comfort her visit will be to you! so, with her very name, come back bright visions of that Eden life, when earth was indeed a paradise to you, and which tell of the future when it shall be renewed and restored, so far brighter and sunnier, where no death or separation can come. Faint not, neither be weary, my own Sister; many a time have you upheld my steps and spoken cheering words; do not despond, because you cannot always feel bright and hopeful. The body is the clog, but He on whom all your hopes rest, whose you are, is just the same, *no* change there. Only when very weak and faint and low do we *fully* take in all the comfort of those words—'*my* God, *my* Strength, *my* Redeemer, my hope is in Thee.'

"Sweetly can the soul retire with Him and repose in Him.

"With Him our darlings are safe, *all* is safe, only believe and pray."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Feb.* 18, 1855.—On this day my greatest earthly comfort is in the love of my dear boy, and all the hope that God has given me in you, that He will give you grace to walk in 'the footprints' of the dear uncles who have passed from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant, and who are called from their labours on earth to praise Him amid the armies in heaven. . . . . To-day I visited the grave for the first time, and could hardly believe it could be the last resting-place of dear Uncle Jule. I have settled not to leave Hurstmonceaux, at least for a time, and it is quite a relief to my mind. No parish can ever have such an interest for me, and I could not bear to leave that dear church."

C. S. *to* M. H. (on Sir Edward Parry's death).

"*June* 12, 1855.—Dear Sir Edward! One can hardly believe that he has really passed away from us, little as we saw him of late years there was his warm noble heart always ready to receive one. His death, with the exception of being abroad, seems to have been all that could be desired —peaceful, without suffering, all his family round him, and his own mind what it was sure to be anywhere and everywhere. . . . . I try not to let the exception from bodily infirmity make me forget that age does come on, but it is very perceptible in the fact of how all seems passing away like a moving diorama, each successive person carrying away another bit of the past."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Dec.* 2, 1855.—A blessed advent to you, my Augustus! It tells us of Christmas at hand—of judgment to come. May we rejoice in the one and be prepared for the other, and seek for Christ to dwell in our hearts now, so that we may not fear to see Him when He comes the second time to receive us to Himself."

MRS. ALEXANDER *to* M. H.

"*Jan.* 2, 1856.—Yes, dearest friend, I do live over this time with you. I know that our thoughts and feelings are the same. There is in the hearts of both a mournful, vacant place, never to be filled up. Yet we give thanks that our beloved friend and brother has ceased from the earthly conflict and entered into rest. One by one the bright lamps, the cheering lights of our path, are extinguished. May the deeper shadow quicken our homeward path, dearest friend! We shall soon be summoned to follow those who gave to earth its colouring of gladness. . . . . There are moments when it seems strange that we should weep for those whom the Lord has already gathered in! But, alas, we cannot always feel thus. Our poor bereaved one, who sits apart this night! may the Lord pour strength and peace on her solitary watchings. 'Peace and joy in believing,' let that be our prayer for our dear Esther."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 12, 1856.—I am astonished to find that I have not for four whole years made any entry in this book of thought or feeling. This long cessation in itself shows the inability which has pressed heavily upon me of writing or thinking in this long period. . . . . How many changes, what trying events, what anxious fears and sorrowing days have been mine since 1852!

"My own ill health for part of each year—the illness and death of my beloved brother Julius—and the consequent sweeping away of all the Rectory friends and interests, which were so dear to me—the anxieties about my Augustus in body and mind— the sad realisation of our fears about M.—these are all dark features in the past which I can only briefly allude to. The mercy of God has upheld me through all, and has made a way of escape in all trials, and strengthened me to bear them.

" . . . All my misdoings I would confess and bewail to my Father and my God, earnestly asking for His forgiveness and for grace to glorify Him more truly in the time to come! I have great need of a more fixed faith. I want a deeper and a brighter view of that unseen world to which I am hastening, that all fear of death may pass away, and that love to Christ may dwell more fully in my heart; and, oh, may the Jesus of yesterday be the same to me to-day and for ever."

In 1857 the increasing fluctuations of my mother's health, and her susceptibility to damp and cold, rendered a longer absence abroad desirable, and we left England in July for fourteen months. I had then left Oxford, and, except for a few weeks at a time, was never again separated from my mother during the fourteen years in which she was spared to be our joy and blessing. We were accompanied to Lucerne by Miss Leycester, and after her return to England, in the autumn, were joined by my mother's widowed niece, Mrs. Charles Stanley, and by her friend Miss Cole. With these companions we visited the Italian lakes and all the principal cities in Lombardy and upon the Italian coast of the Adriatic, reaching Rome in November. The following spring was spent at Naples and Amalfi, after which our winter companions returned to England, and we spent the summer most happily in a pleasant cottage in the lovely green valley of the Baths of Lucca, surrounded by friends. In September we slowly returned homewards, after some interesting days passed amid the Protestant valleys of the Vaudois, by the Simplon and Lake of Geneva.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H. (during a temporary absence
in Austria.)

"*Pension Faller, Lucerne, August* 1, 1857.—. . . . The beauty of the ascent to the Engelberg exceeded all we had expected, and also its fatigue! Our bedroom was like Andermatt, devoid of all but beds and straw chairs, from which I was glad at half-past eight to retire to bed. There was scarcely anything to eat; and on Wednesday, having waited in vain in the hope of something to nourish life, the truth flashed on us, it was *Jour Maigre*,—not even strawberries. These were our discomforts; but we were amply compensated by the exquisite beauty around us, such *pics* and snow glaciers glittering like silver, and the woods below with their châlets, and even the convent itself was striking from its size. We had a most delicious excursion —I in a chair—to the Taschbach waterfall at the end of the valley, on Wednesday evening."

"*August* 15.—On Wednesday behold us carried in two chairs up the Brunig. It was very steep and rocky; I got out at one bit, and was pulled up by the guides. They sang and carolled and *yelled* out the Ranz des Vaches, till the valley below rang with the echoes, answered by other invisible guides at a distance. It was beautiful; but at the Kulm the fog covered the mountains, and we could see little of the valley of Meyringen, &c. Yesterday we set out from Lungern at ten. The Wetterhorn and Wellhorn were perfectly splendid, their silver peaks cleaving the sky. We had a charming driver, who sang Kuhreihen all the way."

"Our poor dear Fausty is no more! He pined away after we left home, and was found dead under the apple-tree."

MRS. JULIUS HARE *to* MRS. R. PILE.

"*Dec.* 5, 1857.—It was my sister's great wish to reach Rome by Nov. 17—her husband's birthday; and on Saturday, 14th, they arrived there. She says a deep calm filled her soul, as she drove past the well-remembered scenes; but when she reached the inn, and found herself alone in her room, such an overpowering sense of thankfulness filled her heart at the wonderful mercies of the journey—of the last twenty-three years, and of the time when she was last in Rome, that she was quite speechless for a time. On the afternoon of the 17th, with her young Augustus and her faithful Mary Gidman, she once more stood beside the grave under the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. She does not seem to have been excited by it; rather it seemed a dream; but she could raise her thoughts in prayer and praise. Since then she has been daily enjoying the interesting sights and scenes in Rome, and seems wonderfully well in health and vigorous in mind."

M. H. *to* MRS. R. PILE.

"*Rome, Christmas Eve.*—The return of this season brings to my mind my friends in England, and my dear poor at Alton; and I regret I have not sooner asked my dearest Mary to employ her usual kindness in providing my winter gifts for them.

"The return here was, as you will well conceive, a trying and affecting one, and all the sorrows and all the mercies received here nearly twenty-four years ago came forcibly before me in revisiting the same scenes. You may guess that my earliest visit was to the resting-place of my beloved husband, looking as peaceful and lovely as it did when I saw it last in all the anguish of widowhood, now when I visit it in the chastened thankfulness of so many years of blessing and mercy. Of Rome itself I saw comparatively little in that first sad visit, but now I find interest in seeing, with my second Augustus, its manifold interests and beauties. We have had splendid weather, a cloudless sky, and the hot sun so enables me to bear the coldness of the weather, that we can even still sit out to draw in sheltered places. We lead as regular a life as at home, our faithful Gidman pair* managing everything for us as usual. I cannot describe the loveliness of the views around Rome—of the old ruins, the mountains in the distance, and the wide Campagna in its solitary and wild character."

"*Naples, April* 12, 1858.—. . . . I am glad that the winter has passed so well at Alton without much illness. Ours in Italy has been wonderfully beautiful, and, with the exception of ten days of severe cold in January and February, it has been most enjoyable, and hot sun and clear sky have made one feel as if it were almost summer. The effect on me has been wonderful. Not a day's illness have I had since I left England last July. We remained in Rome until after February 18, and greatly delighted in all its manifold interests of art and nature; and my younger companions also enjoyed the society of many friends. I made an effort for their sakes to enter occasionally into it, but was thankful to be quiet when it was not necessary. We all moved to Naples in the latter part of February, and have since then been in this neighbourhood, seeing its various beauties. Among its interests you may imagine Pompeii has been one of the greatest. The excavations have as yet uncovered only one-fourth of this buried city, and what more treasures may be hidden no one can tell. In the Museum at Naples are the most beautiful statues, which have been found quite perfect; and the gems, and utensils, and various articles found are most curious and interesting. But still more so is it to go along the narrow streets, which still show the ruts made by the chariot-wheels, to see the painted doors of the houses, to see earthen jars still in the very spot where they were transfixed by the fatal doom which, in 79 A.D., hid the whole city from sight, till it was re-discovered in 1755. It does truly take one into the regions of the past; and when one sees the grand form of Vesuvius rising above one, with its smoke ever issuing from it to bid one 'Beware,' it seems marvellous that any one should have ventured to build or live again under its awful danger, yet one continued series of towns follows its base all the way to Naples.

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* Mary Lea had been married to John Gidman in 1846.

"We have been for some days to Sorrento, Amalfi, and Salerno, and much enjoyed the beautiful mountain scenery and donkey-rides—going up and down steep stairs of rock as easily as on a level road. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the Bay of Naples on one side, or the Bay or Gulf of Salerno on the other. And then the Temples of Pæstum, which are of the most exquisite Greek architecture, and known to have existed 600 B.C., were most interesting to us. . . . . I trust the end of August may find us near England. Though good for bodily health, this wandering life is not one to suit my *home*-tastes, and truly thankful shall I be to be once more in our land of liberty and truth. On Good Friday we went to the service in the Cathedral of Salerno, in which a preacher went on for the whole three hours of the crucifixion, preaching upon our Lord's last words, in the most exciting language and with the most violent action. At the end of every half-hour he prayed extempore, and then followed a quarter of an hour of beautiful singing and music. The sobs, groans, and cries of the congregation resounded through the church, and many fainted and were carried out. It was exactly the effect described as the result of Wesley's sermons: some, we may hope, would retain an impression."

Mrs. Julius Hare *to* M. H.

"*Nov.* 7, 1857.—My own beloved Mia, the dearest blessing of your own precious one, and of *our* precious one, let me press you most tenderly to my heart as we stand together in heart on the sacred ground where this will meet you. Your own Augustus's words will speak to you as you go to the Pyramid:—

> 'Hush, who dares with impious breath
> To speak of death?
> We know he only sleepeth,
> And from the dust
> Truth hath decreed a glorious resurrection;'

and other voices too will speak to you from heaven, dearest, to tell you that though all seems a dream as you stand there, yet the blessed reality is near to you and not afar off, and that those who die and those who live are alike living with the Lord. I am so glad I shall be at Lime when you first reach Rome. Where better could our spirits hold communion together than in that dear home, I by the side of the yew-tree, you by the pyramid, and both, I trust, passing from the visible to the invisible, not seeking the living among the dead, but lifting up our hearts that the everlasting gates may be opened to us also, and we may pass with them even now into the rest that is in God."

"*Lime, Nov.* 16.—Here, in this dear home, I am sitting, with the window open, and the sun shining on a garden still full of flowers, and on a lawn so green that the very blades of grass sparkle with it, while not a brown leaf is to be seen on its neat surface,—the most ethereal clearness in the air, and the most brilliant sunshine. And where is my beloved sister? *I* should say she is here too, for I can hardly believe you are really far away. At other places I have felt the distance, here I can only feel the nearness. And though I have as yet no dear words from you since I came, yet never have I needed them less. There is your chair, and I see you sitting in it, amid the usual peaceful calm that ever presides in these dear rooms, and sometimes I could almost talk to you; indeed I do often give you a loving word out loud, and though there is no response it never seems to fall back drearily, for the living presence is there, though the outward form is far away. . . . . Oh, how your love was cherished, how it gladdened the heart that felt it to be its greatest earthly blessing, and that felt it to be so only the more when he had one who so fondly shared that feeling with him. And now, dearest, he would join me in blessing you for the precious love which you so richly give me, and which seems to me only to grow dearer as the distance between us is greater."

"*Lime, Advent Sunday*, 1857.—Before this sacred day closes I must write to the Mia, that before I leave this beloved home we may once again talk together. This day thirteen years! How vivid is my recollection of that solemn day, when first this parish became my home—the earnest dedication of body, soul, and spirit at the altar, the receiving from my husband's hands those pledges of the diviner love which had united us together, the overpowering sense of responsibility and mercy. And this, followed by years of blessing, often chequered indeed, but so full and rich that only now do I begin to know what it was. And to-day the husband is in the upper room with his Lord, the beloved sister with whom our lives were bound up, in a distant land, and I—at the grave of one, and the empty home of the other. And yet it has been good, oh, so very good to be here. These three weeks have flown by too fast for my wishes, except that they bear one onwards to the true Advent, when the Bridegroom will return to us, and we cannot afford to stop the wheels of time if they bear us on to *that*,—no, not even here, where I should love to remain a while longer. Never have the dear people been so affectionate and grateful as this time; they seem to concentrate on me during your absence the love they usually share between us, and make me your representative in receiving it, so I must transfer a portion over the seas to you."

"*Innocents Day*, 1857.—If my letters reach you as speedily as yours do me, this will greet my Mia on New Year's Day, and most lovingly do I wish you the best blessings during the new year. In what form they may come we know not, but we do know and can trust in the love and wisdom of our heavenly Guide and Counsellor, and feel sure that through whatever paths He may lead us, He will be with us and enable us to hold fast by Him. So that He abide with us all will be well, and our eyes will be opened to see, not the grave, or the 'three days' in which all hope seemed excluded, but the blessed Presence even in the commonest earthly things, which will make our hearts burn within us, and enable us to go on our way rejoicing."

"*Clifton*,* *Jan.* 25, 1858.—Your tender words of loving sympathy reached me, my Mia, on the 22nd, and thus came very near the day of my desolation. I knew you would go to the Pyramid if you could; and I thought of you there, in my lonely afternoon's walk over these downs with the distant views of the Welsh mountains, which took the place to me of the Alban Hills on which you were looking; and though so very far apart, we were yet near together, thinking of and praying for each other. Dear Ma-man, as usual, was so considerate in all her arrangements that I might be by myself all day, that she made the excuse of a severe cold not to come down-stairs. In the evening, at eight, I went to her room and lay on the sofa; and though we did not venture to speak of what was filling both our hearts, yet we spoke of many things bearing upon it, and before I left her I read the chapter so full of life and hope —1 Cor. xv. The blessed words, 'As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly,' contain such a mine of comfort, in the thought of those in whom the promise is already fulfilled, for us who yet remain awaiting the fulness of the time. It is *this* which gives me the best comfort in thinking of my beloved one; for though the suffering of this life was grievous for him to bear, yet out of that came so much blessing as a heavenly discipline, that the sense of relief does not separate itself in my mind from the blessing. But that all the longing and seeking of that noble heart after righteousness and truth should now have found its full satisfaction in God, and in the light of His presence, that everything that was not light is made clear, and that no earthly infirmity or suffering hinders the glory of that light, for this I can give thanks even in the dreariest moments, and, God knows, some are dreary enough. But oh, the lovingkindness of God! When one looks over past years, and sees that wonderful chain of love through everything, linking to itself the various events of life, and making them all bear upon the gracious purposes He has for us, one is indeed humbled to have been so thankless, so mistrustful, and would seek to go on in the lonely path of life with loving trust in Him, and keep one's eyes and heart open for all which it may be given one to do in helping and cheering others and bearing their burdens.

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* Mrs. Julius Hare spent much of the years of her widowhood at Clifton with Mrs. Alexander.

Till this time three years ago it seemed impossible but that you must be the one of the three from whom the first separation must be. Oh, how different are the ways of God from our thinking! You, comparatively restored, in the land of your earthly sorrows and your heavenly joys; I, *here*, in one sense *alone*, with the memories and blessings which can never be past to me, and which only become more precious as time goes on. At this season I know how your thoughts are with me, as mine with you; for how we have been one in this love God only knows, and we will each bless Him for the other for all the sustaining help and grace which He has given us, through the inwardly sorrowful path He has called us to walk in."

"*Feb.* 1, 1858—*My* month is past, and we now enter upon *yours*, and yet both are so closely linked together that each belongs to the other, and we would not and cannot separate them. Strange and unreal it will seem to you at times to be in the very place during these solemn days of remembrance, and yet at other times it will seem to realise it to you more than when you have been so far away in body from the spot, which yet you have been so near to in spirit. May He to whom the Past is Present, and whose love has been so manifested in both, be with you, my sister. 'He *was*, and *is*, and is to come.' What a strength and certainty those words give us, in the confusion of mind which often comes over us in thinking of events, the *result* of which forms the reality of our daily lives, but the distinct details of which often seem almost lost to us in the dimness which the clouds of earth cause to rise between us and them. How truly Mrs. Browning says :—

'Places are too much
Or else too little for immortal man.'

Sometimes one cannot bear them, at other times one can hardly bear to be away. But how great the blessing, that our tender Father knows all our feelings, understands them *afar off*, and is not wearied with our waywardness, but calls us not as we ought to be, but as 'women grieved and wearied in spirit,' and *as such* receives and comforts us! Oh, the rest of not having to be other than we are, when we are before Him; but knowing that He knows all our weakness and sin and desire after Him, pities all, and meets all.

"*Feb.* 22.—This is your last day in Rome. May the same merciful guidance accompany you on your further journey which has been so manifested to you in all the way the Lord has led you since you left home. I have just laid down my Bible, after reading the beautiful morning lesson (Deut. i.); and how truly is the history of the Israelites in the wilderness reproduced in the history of the Church, both as a body and in each individual member. The sure, faithful guidance, and, alas! the no less sure rebellion and mistrust on the part of those who are guided. But blessed be God, He does not weary of us, and in the very things against which we murmur the most, works out oftentimes our greatest good. Oh, may He enable us to trust Him more simply and faithfully, and then our path through the wilderness would oftener cross a myrtle and a shittah-tree in full blossom, instead of only the thorns and briers which tear our feet, and on which we are too apt to fix our attention."

"*March* 31.—Your welcome letter from Amalfi, dearest Mia, comes fittingly on this day—a day when in the unutterable agony of desolation which it brought to me three years ago, your sweet home, our own dear Lime, and my dearest Mia's heart were open to receive me. I see your dear face of loving sympathy, as you stood in the hall, and received me silently with a tender kiss, and sent me to my room. It seems to me now fresher than ever—the actual pain of all that was involved in that last night and morning in my blessed Rectory-home—keener than ever, and yet with a sense of thankfulness that the actual, outward part has not to be gone through, that it was once for all, or rather once for *always*, but that the present part of it—the living suffering—remains only for me; the visible part to others is gone by.

"Well, too, it is, that such a day should fall on this Wednesday in Passion Week, when one's heart may be stilled under any personal recollections by the thought of Him whose journey along the way of sorrows for our sakes we are endeavouring to follow step by step, and who endured, as seeing Him who is invisible, as seeing the end to be accomplished for us. And truly, when one looks within and sees in our own hearts the necessity for all the righteous discipline sent to us, its perfect justice, as well as love, one has the witness for the necessity of those sufferings in our Lord's work of redemption, which would else be such an inexplicable mystery. 'He learned obedience by the things which He suffered.' Oh! may He teach us that gracious lesson by those things which He gives us to suffer, and enable us in His strength to go onward, thankful for all He sends us, willing to receive anything from His hand.

"The scenes around you, dearest Mia, are not indeed 'helpful,' but I trust your spirit will be upborne beyond the outward discords, and that at the Cross of our dear Lord you may be able to feel His gracious presence, to see His face of love, and to hear the words of peace which He utters to those who are watching there. And when you receive this, those meditations will have passed into the brighter ones of Easter, into which may the Spirit of Life lead us to enter more and more, so that through the grave and gate of death we may pass to our joyful resurrection, and even now sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H. (in Paris).

"*Home! Sept.* 18, 1858.—Yes, dearest Augustus, I can really date from home! sweet home!—and no need for me to tell you with what feelings of thankfulness I do so, after fourteen months of wandering and change. I was received by Esther at Hastings, and we came on together by the five o'clock train. It was a fine moonlight night as we drove in at the well-known gate, and when we reached the door, the Gidman pair, who had preceded us by a few hours, came out to receive us, as if we had only been away a day! There was the tea-meal all spread out—a beautiful jar of roses on the table, and large figs and plums. It seems still a dream, and yet the sight of travelling-boxes keeps up some connection with the past.

"Well, we had our tea, and a good night; and to-day I look out and see the luxuriant beds of flowers, 'as fragrant and as fair' as John Gidman himself could have made them. They are really beautiful—quite an avenue of fuchsias to your garden.

"There could hardly be a greater contrast than between our two circumstances—in the hot and noisy streets of Paris, and in the tranquil repose and sweetness of Lime. But we are one in heart, and one, I trust, in desire to fulfil God's will wherever we are."

"*Sunday, Sept.* 19, 1858.—How different from our Dijon Sunday! Then, panting indoors and suffocated out of doors; now, in the quiet shady repose of my garden, looking on the luxuriant flowers, and worshipping God in the church of our parish and home! Our dear old church looked beautiful in comparison with the bare rooms we have been reduced to of late; and the well-known smooth face of Edwin Smith, the shrewd one of Taylor, and the venerable Ned Burchett, were more pleasing sights to look upon than crowds of smart bonnets. Maria Hare gave thanks for her 'restored health, preserving mercies during her absence, and for her safe return;' truly they have called for heartfelt praise and thanksgiving. All have given hearty greeting and welcome, but the heartiest of all has been poor Mrs. Soper, whose placid face brightened up and was radiant with delight as she almost shook my hand off. Joe was delighted when I said I was pleased with his work—'Oh, you be, then all *is* right.' Mrs. W. Isted, in her ecstasy, forgot even her own troubles, in admiration of my looks and joy at my return. Mrs. Medhurst had been looking forward to the day of my coming with such anxiety, and was anxious to know if I had been to Jerusalem. This is the most definite question as to our travels I have yet had. Miss B. talks of the school, Mr. J. of the sick people. I have never once mentioned to any one in the parish anything connected with our tour, more than if we had not been out of England, except to M. A. Medhurst and old Wisham, who asked about the Roman Catholics. It does seem most extraordinary, because most natural, to be walking or driving in these leafy lanes, and I could almost forget we had been elsewhere in brighter skies or grander scenes."

"*Lime, Oct.* 2, 1858.—Oh, it is such a comfort now the evenings are so long and so cold, to be at home, and not to be travelling, and going in and out of inns, &c. I occupy my old chair in Peace Corner, and you may picture the old mother sitting alone, now setting her things in order, now looking at old drawings, now taking out her crochet or her book, or musing on the past and on her Parisian child."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 3, 1858.—Two whole years have passed since I last communed with myself in this book, and in the interval I have traversed half Europe. I went out weak, I have returned strong. During fourteen months my God has in His great mercy preserved and upheld me from all accidents, illness, and dangers—through all difficulties and trials. Once more have I been permitted to return to my peaceful home and to my sister Esther, and to kneel with her before that table of the Lord where we have so often shared and received the blessed food from my now sainted brother! Never does he seem so near as when we offer our thanksgivings in that place, and know assuredly that he is amongst those heavenly hosts who join their praises with ours. Have I not also drawn very nigh to the other blessed one who rests between the aloes of his Roman grave? Here at Hurstmonceaux, there at Rome, the two who were so united on earth, now lie far apart until the resurrection. Yet do their spirits dwell with Christ, and in measure as we dwell in Him, do we ascend to where they are, and live together continually. 'Draw me and I will run after thee,' is my prayer and my need, for sadly does my spirit often cleave to the dust. Now that I am again restored to home life—to quiet and unexciting occupations—oh, be with me, my Lord and God, and help me to build up my soul anew in heavenly desires, to spend and be spent once more in Thy service, breaking through the reserve that has crept over me, and endeavouring to help all within my reach in their heavenward course."

"*Lime, May* 22, 1859.—The *lull* of my present life, in being restored to my peaceful home without interruption, and able to devote my solitary hours to thoughts and prayers for heavenly things, is one for which I am truly thankful. It seems as if it gave me back to myself once more, and to all those feelings intertwined in my past life, which the wanderings of my later years seem to have clouded over. There is so much to be recollected that is useful and encouraging. . . . . In reverting to the great trial of my life, there is so much of wonderful grace and mercy attendant on it, that I can only adore Him who so ordered it to His glory. In comparing it with the latest sorrow that has befallen me, there is a wide difference. In the one case it was as if all the waves and billows were flowing over me, but in the midst of the storm a bright light was seen and a voice heard that said, 'Peace, be still;' in the other, it was a dead calm, with a leaden sky; the will was subdued into silence, but the loving hand that struck the blow was not unveiled. There was no joyful consciousness of the nearness of the chastening Father, yet perfect submission to His decree; whereas, in the former instance, the conflict between nature and grace was strong, but the victory was triumphant. How far change of circumstances or of health affected me, and how much of the want of spiritual life has been owing to physical and natural causes, God alone knows. Faith, I trust, has been exercised though feebly, and love may have been in being, though for a time pressed down and silent."

"*Lime, June* 16, 1859.—To-day will close my solitary life, which for the last month has been uninterrupted. For years I have not thus lived alone, and it is truly good to have a time to commune with one's own heart and with God, undisturbed by the pressing interests of friends and events—to have time to review the past and prepare for the future. I have read old letters and lived over again days long gone by, and the departed have stood by my side, and whispered their loving words, and I have awaked up from the dream and asked, 'Did these things really exist, and such happiness—was it ever mine?' And then I feel that, though passed out of sight, all is still there—the love unquenched, the hope brightening day by day as I go forward to the land where there is no parting. And all that has been, is now, save that which was of the earth, earthly. But the outward scene—how is it changed, and the inner man too! how little I seem to have left of that fervour of spirit with which I once rose above all the trials of the past into communion with a loving Saviour and God. And the difficulty of maintaining an even walk, a calm and heavenly frame amidst the tossings and changes of all around, the conflict of opinions, the varied anxieties, the interests of the world in which one lives, this I find not lessened but increased as life advances. Formerly I had my appointed work to do in this place, and however imperfectly done, and however little result there might be, there was a definite course open to me. I cannot feel this to be so now. It is hard to piece on what has been snapped asunder, and others fill the gap and one seems no longer needed. One is so apt to seek and long after encouragement, and outward signs of good done, and not to be contented with the noiseless, unmarked, uninteresting effort, here a little, there a little, which seems to be hardly worth making, and to leave no perceptible effect. But this I strive to resist. To my God I desire to offer every small as well as every great deed, and He can bless irrespective of the unworthiness of the doer. It is one of the blessings of home that one can show some little love-tokens, speak some words of sympathy and comfort, which elsewhere would find no object. More and more do I cling to this home, and feel, with all its defects, no other could be like it to me. And as present circumstances are, it seems to be permitted to me to stay here. Oh may the holy Comforter teach and guide me aright to order and direct my life and my spirit in accordance with His will, and to use faithfully every talent committed to me, and be less like the fig that cumbereth the ground than I have been of late. Unfaithful as I have ever been, yet, O my God, Thou hast had mercy and spared me: wilt Thou not still forbear, and bless Thy unworthy servant?"

"*July* 17.—This brief season of rest is ended, and I must go forth again into the wide world. It is good for me, I know, so I must not reject it—good for the weak body that is unstrung by heat, and quite as much so for the mind and spirit that flags with it, and which is often impatient of the opposition of others. Oh, would that in steadfastness of heart I could carry into all places a firm, unyielding, heavenward purpose, judging of all things as in the light of God only, and manifesting it to others. I read of the wondrous faith and courage of the martyrs, and recognise the strength given them from above, and yet my poor faithless heart shrinks from expressing an opinion contrary to that of those I love. I too often bend to those whose standard is lower than mine; I do not seek to raise theirs to mine. O Lord, hear and help Thy weak servant, and gird her with Thy girdle of righteousness and truth, arm her with Thy armour, that she may stand unmoved in the good and evil day alike, and maintain her post as Thy soldier and servant."

In the autumn of 1859 we went to Scotland, and afterwards to Northumberland and Yorkshire, where my mother joined Miss Leycester at Filey. It was during this northern tour that she received the terrible news of the frauds and defalcations of the family solicitor, and the almost total ruin of our family—the widow and children of her husband's eldest brother being deprived of almost everything they possessed, and suddenly left without any means of subsistence; and the widow of Julius Hare being also a severe sufferer, besides having to feel acutely the betrayal of trust by a person in whom she had placed unlimited confidence. Her own losses, though heavy, were slight by comparison with those of the rest of the family, and my mother gratefully continued to acknowledge the power which was still left to her of assisting and comforting her suffering relations, till, four years after, the widow of Julius was removed where silver and gold are no longer needed; and about the same time, immediately after losing her mother, the daughter of Francis Hare, by her own indefatigable exertions, had recovered such a proportion of property as enabled her to pass with comfort the few years in which life was still spared to her.

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 16.—'Goodness and mercy' have truly followed us in our going out and coming in. Not one accident has befallen us in all the hundreds of miles we have traversed, enjoyment has been richly permitted, kind friends have received us, and outwardly all things have prospered in our wanderings. . . . . One sad cloud has dimmed our path. The distress which the wicked treachery of one man has inflicted on so many near to us, has been an anxiety and sorrow which still presses on us heavily. Still, though arising out of sin, we ought to carry it to God, and ask that out of evil good may come; that increased faith, humility, and love may spring up in the trial. The 'uncertain riches' flee away, but the sure and certain treasures of heavenly good things abide for ever, and those who are planted on a Rock cannot be moved, though all the storms of this troublesome world rage against them. . . . . Lord, make crooked things straight, disperse the clouds of prejudice and error which gather round those I love, show them the right way, and, while I see and lament their faults, let me not overlook my own—'be gentle to others, and severe towards thyself.'"

"*Christmas Day*, 1859.—A few words let me write on this blessed anniversary which, while it recalls the one great foundation of our Christian hope in the Saviour's birth, also brings to mind the love of many living and departed ones, whose thoughts are with us now, or were with us in times past, to cheer and comfort us through the coming year, and sympathise with us in the past one. As years go on, we find the old number diminish, yet in the past year God has graciously spared all those dearest to me, and at this special time I can look around and give thanks for all. Blessings without number has He granted to me and mine, and how little have I done for Him!

"Oh that Christ may not only be born in me, but grow unto the perfect man. . . . . We are unworthy of Thy goodness, forbearance, and love, but, O Father, look on us with compassion, and do for us, and all we love, abundantly above what we can ask; and 'in all the changes and chances of this life,' and as year follows year, and Christmas succeeds Christmas, let us be advanced on our heavenward way, and fitted more and more to share the inheritance of Thy saints. 'Peace on earth, good-will to man, glory in the highest.'

> 'Soon and for ever
> The soldier lay down
> His sword for a harp
> And his cross for a crown;
> When the faithful reward
> Of each earnest endeavour,
> Christians with Christ shall be,
> Soon and for ever.'"

In March, 1860, we first knew that we should be obliged to leave Hurstmonceaux, and the summer was sadly passed in preparations, in leave-takings, and in looking for a new home, which was very difficult to find. Many places in all the southern counties of England were examined in vain; and my mother was on the point of giving up the search as hopeless, and going abroad for several years, when a little property near Hastings was suggested to her, which met all her needs, and which, under the name of Holmhurst, became the happy home of the later years of her life.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, March* 2, 1860.—I had just finished my letter yesterday, when Mr. Taylor came in with a long face—'Unpleasant news to tell you'—and verily it was unpleasant. The whole of the Lime estate has been bought, not for the sake of the land, but of the house and garden! Yes, it is come at last; and the dear, sweet, peaceful home of twenty-five years must be left, and a new one sought. . . . . The new owner is most civil and friendly, and there are six months before us, to look out, and do what we can. When there is no doubt or possibility of anything else, one must not dwell on the dark side; and having been provided with this home for twenty-five years, I will trust that God will show me where to pitch my tent for the few remaining years of my pilgrimage, but, as *you* know, it will be a great sorrow to me to leave this place.

"The last link of the Hare family with Hurstmonceaux will now be broken. Lea is much upset, and neither she nor I have had much sleep. She has, of course, been *packing up* in her waking dreams, and I—trying to commit my way to Him who has ever been so loving and merciful to me.

"I am sitting in a flood of sunshine, the garden looking so bright, and the sea shining! You may imagine the distress of our parish friends!"

MRS. JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*March* 5, 1860.—God only knows what your sad news is to me,—for you, for myself, for our dear people. My thoughts are rarely away from you, and from the inexpressible sadness of the decree which has come to us—'Ye must depart.' Together, dearest Mia, we have clung to that sweet dear home, truly through evil report as well as good report,—clung to it, for all that it has been to us and to our beloved one who loved it so dearly,—and for all that it has been since, in keeping the holy associations around it that no other place could have. I have been out this afternoon in a solitary place where I could weep freely, and think of it all. God help us, and teach us what He would have us learn by these bitter sorrows. No one but you and I can know how very bitter this is, because no one knows all that is included in it, and that can never be elsewhere. My own dearest Mia, I would I could have borne the whole of this keen cutting away of what we have loved so dearly, but that cannot be, and I can only pray that you may be directed to some place, where at least your health will be benefited, and where you may find some poor to whom you may be a blessing.

"In this Easter may our risen Lord be nearer and dearer to us than ever before; and then in whatever sepulchres our earthly hopes may be laid, the heavenly visitants will be there to remind us that we are not to seek the living among the dead, for, because our Lord lives, we live also."

MRS. ALEXANDER *to* M. H.

"*March* 23, 1860.—Your letter, dearest friend, came bearing all the sweetness of March violets,—and all the precious affection which has brightened many successive birthdays—days not always gladdened by many visible flowers. I know that your prayers and loving wishes will ever be with me. As we draw near to the last mile-stone of life's journey, we review the road with—it may be—increased clearness of vision and deeper solemnity of feeling,—we dwell on the beautiful and happy portions with a fonder tenderness,—and we look at the trials and sorrows and places of sore conflict, but how changed their aspect in the light of God's gracious mercy!

"At this very time, dear friend, a very keen severance is sent to *your* heart. You may believe how I share your pain and that of dear Esther! The removal cannot loosen, but it will draw and strain the fibres which bind both to the beloved spot."

MRS. JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*Lime, August* 15, 1860.—For the last time, from this dear home, I must say a few words to you, dearest Mia, of love and blessing. When I think of all that it has been to me during the twenty-three years which are now just closing, I can only say, 'Bless the Lord for all His mercies, and forget not all His benefits.'

"May He bless you, dearest Mia, for all love and blessing you have given me here, and in the new home may His presence be with you, and make it truly a *resting*-place whilst you continue your earthly pilgrimage; and though it can never be what this has been, yet if He is with you, the blanks will be filled up, or only felt so as to draw you nearer to Him.

"The partings which have filled the last days have been sad indeed, but calm and hopeful; and I trust the dear people have been encouraged to look up, in trust and hope, to the Friend who will not pass away. And now, Lord, what wait I for? Truly, my hope is even in Thee, who art our habitation and our rest. The earthly home is broken up, but Thou remainest the same, and Thy years have no end. Bless my beloved sister, and her dear child, and this dear parish. Hold them, and the precious seed we have sown in Thy garden, in Thy holy keeping, and unite us all in Thy love here, and in Thine everlasting kingdom in the day of Thine appearing."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Lime*, *Sept.* 2, 1860.—This year has well-nigh slipped away, and yet I have recorded none of its events, nor any of the various thoughts and feelings which have stirred my soul since it began. But those have not been unimportant. A great change has been brought about through no wish or effort of mine, and therefore I must believe it is from God. It was a grievous thought at first that we must leave this dearly-loved home. For twenty-six years, Hurstmonceaux has indeed been such to me, and for twenty-five years have I found a safe refuge at Lime for myself and my child. It seems to have become a part of our very life. But it is needful to be taught that earthly homes, like earthly friends, must pass away, and that we 'build on no tree of the forest'—it must be cut down.

"Hurstmonceaux, associated with so much of sorrow and joy, with those departed from our view, and with those who are still with us, must ere long cease to be our home and abiding place. Strangers will walk in this garden and fill these rooms, and the name of Hare will pass out of the parish where for so many years it has been known and loved.

"So be it, Lord! since Thou hast spoken the word, 'Arise and depart.' Only let me learn the true lesson of this decree, and do Thou in Thy mercy blot out the sins which have marked my stay in this place, and, in removing elsewhere, enable me to begin anew, and with more steadfastness of purpose serve Thee. These breaks in life are useful if they lead us to make a fresh start heavenward, and rouse us from the slothfulness that creeps over a continuous life in one spot. I can see that we may find it better to be elsewhere, and that God can make it so, if He makes His abode with us.

"O Lord, though all else may change, Thou art the same in all places and times. May I press forward to the home prepared for those who fear Thee, and be weaned from earthly treasures by the gentle voice which tells that they must pass away."

"*Lime, Sept.* 23.—The last Sunday—the last day in this beloved home! It is come to this after six months' preparation; but there has been much to alleviate the sorrow and give hope for the future. This change is unconnected with any death, and is accompanied by no sad future prospects. A pleasant home has mercifully been provided for us, and in many ways I can see now that it will be better for us to leave this place and pitch our tent in another. In all this I have much cause to thank God and take courage. And when I look back to the twenty-six years in which God has blessed me here, how can I doubt or distrust His future care and love? When in the 'first lone days of widowhood' I found refuge at Hurstmonceaux, a dear brother received and sheltered me, and, so far as tenderness and attention could do, he endeavoured to soothe and comfort me. Through many years he was my one daily friend and blessing. Then came a change which added another dear one to the number, and then yet another. Still his love knew no change, and unweariedly and devotedly did he continue his brotherly care, till illness and infirmity deprived him of the power of doing so, and gradually broke down the outer tie which had been bound so fast.

"That portion of life ended, a new one began, but still Lime was my home, and Hurstmonceaux became dearer than ever, as associated with what can never be recalled. All the childhood and youth of my Augustus have been spent here, and this too has endeared it beyond other places. I can hardly yet believe we shall find our home no longer here, but so it must be. And as I pass in review all the mercies of my God, and recall all my own unfaithfulness, and how poor and worthless have been my services, I can only marvel and adore His loving-kindness, and fall low at His feet and say, 'Lord, forgive my iniquity, and blot out my transgressions.' Let me set forth anew, O Lord, as a pilgrim on earth, with Thy rod and staff, and so set my heart on Thee, that in all places Thou mayst be my dwelling-place and home, I in Thee, and Thou in me, until I return here to my last resting-place."

At the end of September, my mother went away to

Sheen, leaving us to pack up. Each day was a long leave-taking. On Oct. 5, in the gloaming of an autumn evening, when the setting sun was streaming through the diminishing leaves of the old abele-trees, and throwing long shadows upon the green lawn and brilliant flower beds, we delivered up the keys of our dear home, and walked away from it for the last time.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Sheen*, *Oct.* 4, 1860.—My last letter to Lime! Farewell to my beloved home; its beauty and its peaceful happiness are no more for us; but we must be thankful, deeply thankful, for all it has given us for twenty-six years past. Lime is dead, but Hurstmonceaux still lives, and will not depart from us so long as loving hearts remain there, and that churchyard exists."

"*Oct.* 8.—I felt a shock to-day when I heard of 'the key being given up,' the close of the Lime chapter of our life. God be praised for it, and may He hallow our new home with His presence and love."

XIX.

HOLMHURST.

> "Remember that some of the brightest drops in the chalice of life may still remain for us in old age. The last draught which a kind Providence gives us to drink, though near the bottom of the cup, may, as is said of the draught of the Roman of old, have at that very bottom, instead of dregs, most costly pearls."—W. A. NEWMAN.

OUR new home, only fourteen miles from Hurstmonceaux, was situated on the high narrow ridge of hill which divides the seaboard near Hastings from the richly-wooded undulations of the Weald of Sussex. The house was little more than a cottage with a few better rooms added to it, but its winding passages and low rooms were well suited to our old pictures and carved furniture, relics for the most part of Hurstmonceaux Castle. The principal rooms opened upon a little terrace with vases, whence one looked down through upland oak-studded meadows to Hastings Castle and the sea; and a narrow garden, filled with variety of wood, rock, and water, all alike in miniature, rambled on either side along the edge of the hill.

To break the change in our lives, and for the benefit to my mother's health, it had long been settled that we should pass the winter at Mentone; and as soon as we had taken possession of Holmhurst, we proceeded thither, visiting Orleans, Bourges, Avignon, Nismes, and Arles upon the way.

Mrs. J. Hare *to* M. H.

"*Nov.* 29, 1860.—By this time, dearest Mia, you will be settled in your new quarters, and may much good and blessing attend you there. It was well you stayed long enough at Cannes to find out its attractions, as if not, you would have been the only travellers who ever gave an indifferent report of that land of beauty, which dear Bunsen used to call 'the Paradise of Europe.'

"Yesterday the message of his emancipation came, and his suffering body no longer chains down the immortal spirit. His end was mercifully tranquil; and before he passed into the state of partial unconsciousness in which he has lain for many weeks past, the full revelation made to his spirit of the pardoning love of his Saviour, and his childlike reliance on His merits, were indeed most blessed. In those days, when he seemed dying, it was indeed as if heaven had been opened before those around him; and most affecting it was to hear how that great mind was brought to feel that all was nothing to him at that hour but the merits and love of his Saviour. 'All bridges that one builds through life fail at such a time as this, and nothing remains but the bridge of the Saviour,' was his declaration one day; and this was evidently *the* bridge upon which he was passing over the river of death.

"And now the two friends are again united; and I give thanks that my dearest one was spared the sorrow which this would have been to him, had he been the survivor."

Our winter at Mentone was by far the most delightful of the many we have spent abroad. My mother entirely enjoyed it. The walks and donkey-rides were inexhaustible, the scenery surpassingly lovely, the climate delicious, and a pleasant circle of friends occupied the villas, which, thinly scattered over the orange-gardens and olive-groves, then formed the whole colony.

M. H.'s Journal.

"*Mentone*, *Nov.* 28, 1861.—What a pleasure to wake up here in the Maison Trenca, and to know that there is no more travelling—inns, stations, omnibuses, tables d'hôte—that here we are arrived, and are not to move again for a long time.

"Maison Trenca is on the side of the 'fruitful hill' covered with olives, on the Genoa side of Mentone, about half a mile from the town. The ground floor of the house is occupied by M. Trenca, with his wife and children. We have the first floor; and nothing can be more suitable or convenient than our apartment—a drawing-room with a balcony, and three good bedrooms to the south-east, looking on the sea, with the large red-tiled Pension Anglaise just below us, and on the left hand the fine rocky coast stretching out to Ventimiglia, only partially hidden by the olive-trees in the garden. To the north is our dining-room, a very good kitchen, and small spare room.

"It was a wet morning. No matter. Here we are, and thankful to rest after the fatigues of yesterday and of many past days. In the afternoon an interval of fair weather enabled me to get out, and I found a delightful terraced road leading straight from our garden to the town, with villas above and olive-trees below and the lovely view seen through them, while Mentone, with its high houses and old archway, reminded me both of Amalfi and Porto-Venere. Nothing can be more picturesque than the narrow streets of the old town, closed in by dark archways above, and filled with bright figures beneath; the latter, for the most part with handsome Italian faces. Most lovely was the view as I returned, with the golden light on the hills and rocks, and the clear blue waves breaking on the beach below."

"*Dec.* 1.—What a beginning of December! A hot sun which would be in England that of May or June; no cold wind; a truly Italian day. I went to draw on the terrace in the morning, and in the afternoon we went through the town to the beach below it, and sate there to draw the castle tower. Nothing could be more exquisite than the colouring. All day men have been at work cutting down the olive-trees in front of our house to give more sun and view. It is frightful to see them perched on the slender boughs, and cutting away branch after branch. One of the men is quite a picture, with his red handkerchief on his head and his handsome oriental face."

"*Dec.* 5.—'The rain is over and gone,' and gladly have we once more sallied forth in sunshine and blue sky. At one o'clock, Theresine came with her donkey, and we went to the bridge and villa on the Genoa road; she with our two camp-stools placed on the crown of her flat hat, and with a red handkerchief underneath, was a most picturesque figure, and her handsome face completed the picture. At the villa gate I dismounted and we went in, and down the terraces and steps to a walk whence the great gorge and the old aqueduct and bridge, with the high peaks above, made a most splendid scene. The villa itself is enchanting, washed by the blue sea, with its berceaux of vines and roses, and large trees of heliotrope and jessamine. When we went away, Theresine had added a large bundle of oranges to the weight on the top of her head, from which she gave us two or three beautiful ones."

"*Dec.* 12.—A splendid morning encouraged us to go off to Monaco, driving away from Mentone through the avenue of plane-trees, across the torrent, which was so swollen on our arrival, and along the Nice road for a long ascent, till we turned off on the left to Monaco. A custom-house of the most primitive kind marks the boundary of this petty domain.

"Monaco is situated on a long peninsula jutting out into the sea, and dividing it into two lovely bays, of which one is backed by a very fine mountainous crag. On the crest of the promontory are the town and palace, entered through a gateway by a beautiful smooth gravel road, a perfect contrast to those beyond the precincts. This leads up into the town through avenues of cypresses, and is bordered by gigantic aloes, some with their flowering stems towering into the blue sky. I sate to draw in a charming sheltered spot, surrounded by aloes and euphorbias. The promenade, through which I returned, is a public one, and most beautiful with masses of aloes and cactus of ten or twelve feet high, shrubs of geranium still in flower, and myrtles, pines, and carouba trees, forming a mass of varied and Oriental vegetation as a foreground to the sea, while in the far distance a snow mountain peeped up above the nearer ranges."

"*Dec.* 12.—At one o'clock I set off on Lisette with Theresine to follow Augustus to the Cape St. Martin. The road wound through olive-woods and splendid orange-groves till we came out at the Cape, bordered by great white rocks over which the waves were breaking. It is a most wild, romantic spot, covered with firs and pines, and the ground carpetted with an undergrowth of myrtles—the beautiful view of Monaco and its crags on one side, Ventimiglia and Bordighiera on the other."

"*Dec.* 31.—A beautiful bright day and clear air. I gladly escaped from my cage to enjoy the glorious sea, whose waves rolled up in long lines across the bay. In this wondrous climate carnations are still blooming, with blue salvias, roses, geraniums, malvas, and white starry marguerites. . . .

"And so ends 1860. God be praised for all the preservation and mercies which have attended me and mine from the beginning to the end of it."

"*Jan.* 1, 1861.—The new year has begun with sunshine and brightness, and loveliness in all around. It is difficult to believe in its being winter.

"The sea was most beautiful with its white-crested waves rising amidst the deep blue. I took a long stroll through the olive-woods, and came round by the cemetery, where it was so sheltered and warm that I sate on the steps of the chapel, and there gave thanks to Him whose wondrous works of beauty were stretched before me."

"*Jan.* 26.—Augustus went off to Grimaldi, and I followed on a donkey at one o'clock. The ascent was most unpleasant with its precipices—a 'mauvais pas,' indeed, on the narrow ledge of the mountain, where one false step would have been fatal. Lisette, however, did not fail me, and we got safely over the perilous way, up to the wild and picturesque village on the side of the mountain, embosomed in olive-woods. Arches and narrow streets, crooked and filthy, were more romantic than pleasant. But the tower of the Grimaldis, beyond the point, is a lovely subject, and we found a delightful position to sit in amidst rocks and euphorbias. The waves dashing up over the rocks beneath the Roches Rouges were magnificent; and rising up in a column of spray through a hole in one of them, like a miniature Geyser. There is something in the clearness of the sea that adds to the effect; the varied blue and green was most lovely."

"*Feb.* 14.—We drove in the afternoon, an unwonted luxury. The sun had been clouded over, so it was not bright, but the views were still lovely. At Ventimiglia the snow-peaks were partially hid under mist, but looked very unearthly, and of the purest white where visible."

"*March* 8.—At two o'clock Augustus and I set out for the afternoon laden with our drawing apparatus. It was very hot as we went up the narrow stony ascent into the olive-woods. There we found the banks covered with white periwinkles, and after a time we went down into the orange-groves, over a little bridge crossing the torrent, and again mounting the other side of the hill, came to the Trencas' Campagne. It was a pretty simple cottage, in front of which a large fig-tree stretched out its branches, and, in this sort of piazza, chairs were placed, and we sate down to rest, with M. and Madame Trenca, who, with their little Louis, come to spend every afternoon there. He superintends his labourers, and she brings her knitting, and goes about with him. By-and-by they took us into the orange-groves close by, and there M. Trenca plucked off a large number and gave us, so that Augustus was heavily laden for our return. They look so rich and golden on the trees, it seems a pity to gather them, but the number is so great they lie strewn on the ground unheeded. A friend of the Trencas now joined their party, and while we retired to draw the cottage, they sate before it, and the children played together.

"Above the door is an inscription with texts—'Here we have no abiding city,' 'Peace be to this house,' &c. On the other side is a large blue sun-dial painted on the wall, and under it, 'Nous consumons les années comme une pensée.' There is a small room looking out on the sea above stairs, then a bedroom reached by a ladder and a trap-door. These, with a room below, now filled with wood, and a small kitchen, form the whole of this primitive abode, where M. Trenca lived before his marriage. They told us their violets sold for twenty-eight soldi a pound, nearly one franc and a half. One cannot imagine a life more simply enjoyable than this of the Trencas'—having just sufficient to do, and not too much to prevent their benefiting by the beauties around them and living in peace and comfort and love."

"*April* 26.—Augustus and I mounted L'Amore and La Guisa, and, with Ravellina, went up to Santa Lucia. The new green of the avenues and valley of Cabruare was quite lovely, and nothing could be more beautiful than the scenery and woods as we wound up the steep rocky path of the mountain. The fir-woods, and the rich carpet of myrtles, rosemary, and lavender, made the foreground to the fine mountain range of S. Agnese. We stayed for two hours drawing at the chapel, and most delightful it was on that point with the amphitheatre of beauty surrounding us on each side."

"*April* 30.—Our last day at dear, sweet, lovely Mentone. May God be praised for all its benefits."

"*May* 1.—A lovely day with a cold wind. At eight A.M. the omnibus was packed, the rooms stripped of their boxes, and we went down the garden walk, accompanied by the Trencas, M. Trenca saying, when I spoke of going home, 'Ah, la patrie c'est bon d'y retourner, cependant toute la terre est au Seigneur.' We bade them an affectionate farewell. They were very tearful over our departure, and little Louis roared out of sympathy. At last we were fairly off, and looked our last on Maison Trenca, Pension Anglaise, and the streets of Mentone, with many parting words from those we passed. Beautiful S. Agnese towered up as clear as ever, and the fresh green made all look lovely in its spring brightness. Augustus and I went in the coupé, and the servants inside, so we saw the grand views well over the Turbia precipices; but it was a relief when we turned to descend, and Monaco was left behind, so that the lingering good-bye to Mentone was over. . . . ."

" *Valence, May* 9.—We have had a prosperous journey. The first night we slept at Antibes, and left in a lovely morning, when the whole snowy range of the Maritime Alps were melting into the clouds, behind the delicate tints of the nearer hills. Our way lay through most luxuriant country by Grasse to Draguignan; the corn, vineyards, olives, flowers of every hue, hedges and fields of roses, the young green of the fig-trees, and all the spring vegetation, quite a relief after the comparative bareness we had been used to, beautiful as that was. At S. Maximin we stayed to see the fine old Gothic church, and the venerable sarcophagus said to be the tomb of Mary Magdalen, and the gorgeous gilt shrine containing the piece of 'incorruptible flesh' which the Saviour touched!

" From Avignon we made an excursion to Vaucluse, through a long expanse of plain, with little variety except a picturesque village here and there. The road up to the fountain is an easy ascent by the side of a lovely blue rushing stream, which tumbles over the rocks in its course. The amphitheatre of yellow rock here forms a great chasm, immediately under which is a large pool. No fountain is visible, but the water seems to emerge from under the rocks, and at low water you can see it more plainly. It is a singular, rather than a beautiful spot. The town is picturesque, with an old ruined castle on one of its heights, and backed by the grand gorge of rocks. As we sate to draw it, the nightingales sang most sweetly."

" *May* 12, *Grande Chartreuse.*—We came here from Voirons, ascending in a sort of gig from St. Laurent du Pont. I never saw anything more exquisitely lovely than the spring green of the beech-woods, mixed with the dark firs, or more grand than the gorge of rocks and cliffs under which we passed, sometimes going through galleries like those on the Simplon, at other times isolated crags rising out of the deep valley beneath, while at the bottom of the ravine a torrent rushed along amidst the woody banks. The road is perfectly good, and there is no steepness of ascent till the mass of buildings of the monastery appear, like a small town enclosed within a wall. On asking for lodging at the Infirmary, which is appropriated to lady visitors, we found the sisters had only just arrived, and their box followed us into the house, so, as it had not been inhabited all the winter, it was like going into a cellar. . . . In the morning, Lea and I walked up the wild romantic paths, through fields covered with the most lovely gentians, forget-me-nots, yellow anemonies, and oxlips, and then through fir-woods towards St. Bruno's Chapel. Nothing can be grander than the situation, and the variety of the woods makes the colouring lovely; but I am disappointed not to see one monk with his white cowl: all without the walls is solitude, it is like a gigantic prison."

The only shadow over my mother's happy winter at Mentone, came in the news of the death of her only brother, Mr. Penrhyn, and the impossibility of being with him in his last illness. The loss of his warm welcome and unfailing sympathy made a great blank in her return to England, though she was much comforted by the loving attentions which she always received from his four children, and which she warmly and tenderly appreciated. In the following spring (of 1862), on March 5, the day preceding the first anniversary of her brother's death, came greater grief in the parting with her beloved sister, Mrs. Stanley, endeared to her in a whole lifetime of unbroken confidence and revering love. It gave an additional interest to her little Holmhurst that this dear sister had seen and enjoyed it, and that their last intimate companionship was associated with the new home. Here my mother remained quietly for nearly two years. From letters and journals of this time are the following extracts :—

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Holmhurst, August* 22, 1861.—Yesterday, to vary my thoughts, I went to Hollington, and called on old widow Wellar, who had just been cheated out of her spectacles by a pedlar, who pretended to examine them, and exchanging an old broken pair into her case, carried off hers. She had told the 'p'lice,' but was in great trouble. Then I had a long talk with old Burgess, which is really a treat, for he is a kind of Bunyan in his spiritual experiences and histories. He told me how he had an ungodly neighbour, 'all for the world, and never going to church.' He could not forbear going to talk to him about his ways ; he looked uncomfortable, but said nothing. Next time Burgess went, he said : —'After you were gone I could find no rest ; your words stuck in me ; you told me to pray, but I did not know what prayer was. At last, in my distress, I went into the little parlour alone, and knelt down :—"Lord, teach me to pray." He heard, and I had no more difficulty.'

"Do you like a Sunday walk round the garden? The basket is quite luxuriant and brilliant with its geraniums, yellow calceolarias, and ageratum. The borders, too, are filled, and their flowers gorgeous. Here one or two lingering roses appear. Those over the verandah are blossoming wildly and picturesquely over the ivy at the corner of the drawing-room. The dark purple convolvulus, mixed with the jessamine, is beautiful. Mr. Blackstone, who has just been here, says we have 'the poetry of Hastings without its prose.'"

"*March* 11, 1862.—My own Augustus will well know how my heart is with those in Alderley churchyard, and now C. L. and I join in spirit in the solemn service over our dearly-loved sister, and pray for all who are so deeply bereaved. . . . .

"And now, my Augustus, that one of my dearest earthly treasures is taken away, you, more than ever, will be my comfort and solace, and your tender care and love soothe and cheer me through my remaining years. May I be strengthened, if it be God's will, to continue yet awhile with you, until your heart is more firmly resting on Him who can stay it in all trouble, and who will never be taken away from you. Your birthday is at hand, and it is one good of your absence that I can on paper express what in speech I could not do, of earnest desire for your good in the coming year, and health and blessing on my adopted one, for all that you are to me. . . . . We have all the same enemy to contend against—Self. Self-seeking, self-pleasing is so natural to us that only the Spirit of God can cast it out; and oh! what blessedness when such is the case, and all the unquietness of our poor weak hearts is stilled by His voice. May the present trial lead us to live more closely to Him; and for all His blessings in this our home, and for all the love given us in each other, may we live our thanks. God preserve and bless you, my Augustus, and make you more and more a true and faithful follower of Christ, as you are a loving and daily comfort to your very loving mother."

"*Sept.* 2.—I miss my darling most in the garden, and long to admire all to you as I take my Sunday walk. The sea is its *best* blue, the jessamine is all out, the convolvulus is beginning to mix with it, and the asters are blooming."

Mrs. Julius Hare *to* M. H.

"*Nov.* 21, 1861.—My first and most pleasant work this morning must be to send you a greeting, dearest Mia, for the day which is so dear to all who love you, and which in other times has been brightened and cheered by the love, which prized it so much, and ever hailed it with increasing tenderness as years went on.

"And though 'they reckon not by days or years' where the beloved husband, and brothers, and parents are 'gone to dwell,' yet the love that brightened special days on earth remains, and is perhaps yet allowed some exercise towards those upon earth whom it delighted to bless. But this we know not; enough for us to know that they are with Him who is love, and that all His manifestations to us, amid the darkness of this world that surrounds us, are from the love in which they and we are united.

"Blessings on your new year, dearest Mia, from Him who giveth liberally, and who in the course of the last year has again 'established your border,' and given you so much in the place of what He has taken away. May He be with you in the new home, even as He was in the old one, and make you the minister of good to others, as well as the receiver of His bounty."

M. H.'s Journal—("The Green Book").

"*Nov.* 24, 1861.—My last entry in this book was in our old home, this must be in the new one. Above a year has passed since our transfer to the fresh dwelling-place, and in this time God has mercifully guided us where to go, blest us in our wanderings, and brought us safely to our home again. One great sorrow has befallen me in the interval, in the loss of one associated with my earliest recollections, and who had ever been to me the kindest of brothers.

Short was the warning, but it found him ready; and so blessed was the close of his outwardly blameless life, so ripened was he for his heavenly inheritance, that it took away the 'sting of death,' and, even to those who are left, seemed to make the consolation equal to the grief. For myself, I was thankful to be where I could be alone with God, and rest every care and thought on Him, undisturbed by the secondary causes which often distract the mind. I could feel that my beloved brother was safely landed on the eternal shore, and give thanks.

"Of lovely Mentone, and all the enjoyment and health it gave, I cannot now speak. It was a bright vision of beauty to rest in memory, a season of peace and comfort of soul to be thankful for. It is now six months since we returned to England and took possession of this new home. What thanks do I not owe to my ever-merciful Father for appointing our lot in such 'pleasant lines,' and giving me so 'goodly a heritage'—one so suited to all our needs, so exactly meeting the wishes and tastes of our whole household! What can be my prayer, but that 'I and my house may serve the Lord,' and that while we share His gifts, we may do so in dependence on Him, desiring to glorify Him in the place He has put us in.

"My 63rd birthday is just passed, and it brings with it a long register of mercies past, of sins forgiven, and of prayers answered. Should it not encourage me to cast every present care, anxiety, and want on Him who has so blest me? Help me, O my God, to do so! and do Thou for me and my dear Augustus abundantly more than I can ask for, filling us with Thy grace, and love, and peace."

"*March* 30, 1862.—It is in sadness and sorrow I again take up this book. God has visited us in chastening; and the sister I have looked up to from childhood, adored in youth, and clung to as my best earthly friend and comforter through middle age, has in one week been taken from us. It seems hardly possible to believe that the energetic mind, so warmly interested in all that was going on, should have ceased to be amongst us. . . . ."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*March* 29, 1862.—I have scarcely been able to think of anything lately but you, my own Mia; and those lines of Southey's are never out of my mind—'Not to the grave, my soul'—which always carry me back to *our* young days, the ash-tree on the hill at Alderley, and the many rides and walks and sittings-out which memory keeps fresh and bright as ever. Every day I feel and realise more and more that Death is not, will not be to the believer so much a change as a perfecting of all begun in Time here. It will be ourselves free from the flesh and the self of sin and the temptation of Satan. I have just been meditating on the chapter of Moses in the mount with God. With Jesus, the man, the friend, the same for ever, we shall certainly not have *less* personal intercourse in heaven than Moses had on earth. The difference will be that *we* shall then be raised and glorified to fit us for His company, instead of His humbling Himself to meet His people upon earth."

Mrs. Julius Hare *to* M. H.

"*March* 8, 1862.— . . . One by one, my beloved sister, the links that have bound you here are loosened, and you (whose frail body we have so often watched with such anxiety) are left alone in your generation, at least of nearest ties. He who has called you to this estate will be with you, and give you greater nearness to Himself. For that you have been ever praying whilst your life was so rich, and now He answers you in a way you little looked for, in 'an hour you thought not of.' 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee'—calleth for thee to heal thy wounds, not indeed by restoring to earthly life those that are gone; but by giving you His own supporting presence, in which is the fulness of life, and in which you are one with all who are with Him.

"Dearest Mia, I feel as if I had a right to a double tenderness of sympathy and share in your sorrow; for you know well what this loss and sorrow would have been to him who loved her so much—and *you* so devotedly, and that if he *could* have loved you more than before, he would now have poured out all the most cherishing fondness of his loving heart."

To M. H. *and* L. A. H.

"*Sept.* 10, 1862.—Though I have not been able to speak with you on paper, beloved sisters, my heart has often talked with you, and I love to think of you together, true helpers of each other's highest joy, and seeking to rise together from the littleness of earth into heavenly places. Many thanks for all your loving thoughts and helpful prayers for me during the last month of serious illness. I should have written yesterday, but felt constrained to copy out a hymn for ——, and send it her with a note, just to tell her the peace and rest which comes, not by struggling to believe, but just by looking up at Him. It is *rest indeed*, and worth any depth of weakness or illness to feel it, and to see, when you can think or feel nothing, the answering look of love which is returned to the uplifted heart, or rather, which has first drawn it to look up, that it may see what there is there for it.

"Oh, that all our dear children may be led into that light and rest! I think of them each and all, and just lay them before Him, asking Him to give them *filial* hearts towards

Him. The Confirmation Prayer—'Defend, O Lord, &c.'—seems to express all I would say for them."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux Place, Oct.* 9, 1862.—Here I am a visitor at our dear old home, looking into this pretty park, with its fine trees, hardly as yet turned in foliage, and now I must go forth on my round.

". . . . The shrubbery was most pleasant, with the sun glinting through the trees, the brown dry leaves crackling under foot, the castle in full sunshine below. The churchyard had its usual sheep feeding in the long grass, but the neat little fence kept our sacred spot free, and it was trim as a garden lawn. Lovely was it on every side,—the downs soft and clear, the whole scene in full bright sunlight. Mrs. Harmer was full of gladness when she opened the door and saw my face. The sons came in to their dinner, and then the father, who did not know me,—but when told, said he remembered my husband; they had been boys together, and then came a lamentation over the Hares. George Pellett has been to see me. He is 'terrified with rheumatism outwardly, and inwardly with wicked thoughts,' but had much that was interesting to say . . . It is a cloudless day, and Hurstmonceaux looks its very brightest."

My mother especially delighted in her Sundays. They were not only days of rest but of real enjoyment to her. Before going to church she always devoted herself entirely to thinking of and reading about the lessons appointed for the day, and referring to Jeremy Taylor, Leighton, Tauler, Olshausen, Calvin, Luther, Alford, Barnes, and other commentators, for their views on the subjects contained in them. She also *every* Sunday read and thought upon the Resurrection. In the afternoons she visited her garden, and sate out in the fields overlooking the sea, whenever the weather allowed. In the evening she played and sang hymns. With Henry Vaughan, she regarded her Sundays as—

"Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness pre-possessed in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in Time."

It had been a distress to her on our first settling at Holmhurst, that the church was at so great a distance. In the autumn of 1862, chiefly through the kindness of a neighbour, a little iron church was raised close to our gates.

M. H. *to* MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Holmhurst, Nov.* 23, 1862.—This morning the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and the sea shone resplendent under its beams, but still brighter has the inward sunshine been to me this day.

"It was a blessed sound as I went up my laundry stairs to hear the hum of little voices; and on entering I found Miss S. and Anne Cornford comfortably seated with two forms of little boys and girls, Miss S. with a class who could read, and Anne teaching a hymn. Then you may think what it was to go for the first time into that little church, and find it quite full—no carriages to-day, so it must have been the people of the place.

"Mr. Colpoys read devoutly; and when giving out the psalm to sing, said he hoped all would join, and also in the responses, and how important this was in public worship where minister and congregation were to join together. The singing was tolerable, and I can truly say of the sermon, that I rarely heard one so good, and never one more suitable or better. The text was Rom. i. 16. . . . And did I not walk home praising God in my heart, and kneel in my room and thank the Giver of every good gift for this, and beseech Him to bless this His gift to me, my household, my child, my neighbours, to the glory of His name, and to the salvation of souls! . . . The house being locked up, the whole household go to church. And I,—shall I not bless the Lord with my whole soul for all His benefits, and seek for grace and strength to glorify Him in word and deed for all He has done."

In the autumn of 1862, my mother's health again began to fail, and the winter was passed in great suffering and anxiety. In the spring we again resorted to the unfailing remedy of foreign air, and, in spite of her great weakness, reached Hyeres in safety, where she at once began to revive, and proceeded to Nice, where we passed several months in a small apartment which had a beautiful view of the sea on one side, and of the snow mountains across orange and carouba groves on the other. In the late spring we went for a short time to revisit Mentone, and then to Geneva and Thun, where we passed some time in great enjoyment at the Pension Baumgarten, before returning to Holmhurst. In these tours the faithful Mary Gidman was our constant companion, and if I went away for longer excursions, she always accompanied my mother in her rambles through the mountain pastures she so intensely delighted in. The extreme pleasure my mother felt in mountain scenery was fully shared by her sister Lucy, who spent this summer in Switzerland.

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Bex, July* 14, 1863.—Bex is most delightful, and though hemmed in by high mountains, the rushing waters of the Avençon, fresh from the glacier, breathe a coolness around. Our days glide by so peacefully, I never feel as if I wanted more than the few books I have. I do often look for my children, and feel a void, and think of the happy days with them in this beautiful land, but then I dwell on their happiness, and think what I would have given *then* to know how it would be with them. . . . . With these mountains, this sky, and the pine-covered hills, one cannot feel alone. We are climbing the mountains, not going down."

"*July* 30.—Are we not together on this day—we three loving sisters, left for awhile here below to give thanks for past earthly happiness, and to press onwards to the blessed meeting in our Father's house? I fear our beloved Esther is worse. . . . . She will read this, and know how near we are to each other, as eighteen years of mercies give us only fresh cause for saying, 'He is faithful who promised, for every day His promises are made good.'

"Mrs. F. Dawkins and her three daughters, who have the rooms over ours, are a constant pleasure. Some friend or interest will always be sent us that we may not be too lonely. This châlet is charming—the perfect peace and quiet—no sound but the rushing river Avençon under my windows, which, though muddy like the Arve, comes fresh from the glaciers, and so spreads a freshness all around. Yesterday morning the Dent, which looks down upon us, was covered with snow, while here it was like a soft September morning. The great heat is quite gone, the air is so balmy it is life to breathe it, and I never tire of sitting in the corner of my wooden balcony and looking on those granite peaks."

"*Bex, Sept.* 3.—I have waited to write that this might find you with Esther. How I shall look for your report, though, alas, now I feel it can but tell of that which one knows but never realises till the separation comes. I shall see you all three, the three who never can look on each other without bringing back the blessed past, and memories which will soon be changed to still more blessed realities. This may be your last meeting here; but I never can feel very sad when I think of our separation, though when it comes it is very different; but I have so strong a conviction we three shall not be very long behind each other, that it seems as if the meeting were nearer and more real than the parting."

My mother's meeting with her sister Esther, in the autumn of 1863, was indeed the last,—Mrs. Julius Hare passed away early in the following February, while we were at Rome.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Bologna, Nov.* 6, 1863.—Can it be twenty-nine years, my Luce, since we were here together? So it is, and as surely as our Lord Jesus was with us both, in those days of mingled joy and sorrow, so surely is He with us now: you, in your watching by a sick-bed, me in my wanderings far away. I wonder whether you recollect this picturesque old town and its beautiful pictures?"

"*Rome, Dec.* 4.—Nothing can live more quietly than we do here,—quite as much as at home. In the evenings Augustus reads to me something connected with the history of the day. There are endless interests, but as long as the weather keeps fine, we keep to the country and the views for drawing. . . . . As I walk over the Pincio on Sunday mornings, do I not think of those Sunday walks in 1834, when first the inward flood of sunshine illuminated the outward darkness of my life, and revealed the beauties of the unseen world whither my Augustus had entered—and can it be thirty years since then? I ask myself. Why should one ever doubt or fear, when the past testifies so truly that 'goodness and mercy have followed' one through all of sorrow and joy?

"The dry elastic air here gives me new life, and I am able to be out for many hours daily. The sky is splendid, and the Alban and Sabine hills, covered with snow, quite lovely. We still sit to draw in warm places: in the Forum it is like summer."

"*Jan.* 28.—The continued anxiety about dear Esther so presses upon me that I can think of little else. . . . . There is no place like Rome for times of sorrow, and where in the midst of the world, and a gay one too, one can be so retired and solitary. And there is something in the relics of past ages and all the old ruins so mournful, and yet, in the crumbling away of earthly grandeur, so speaking of the true 'Eternal City,' that one's mind is continually filled with thoughts of a future that cannot pass away. Then the Campagna, with its wild solitary aspect and lovely views, is so unlike anything else."

"*Rome, Feb.* 18, 1864.—On this day thirty years ago, you and I, dearest Luce, stood by the bedside and received the last breath of that beloved one who was then delivered from the burden of the flesh, and entered the rest prepared for those who love their Lord. And I can find nothing so congenial as to talk to you, my beloved sister-friend, on this day when you will surely be reading the same Psalm xc., and recalling the same scene in that room so near me now. From the Trinità de' Monti I look down daily on its windows, and can give thanks for the flood of light poured in upon me there, and 'take courage.' Thirty years! How is it all but as a day—a short day in God's sight, yet how long a one in all that has been crowded into it. How many dear ones have been taken away in this space of time from our sight, how many been given to fill up in some measure the blank. And she, our Esther, who is now hovering on the border-land, was a blessing given, now about to be taken from us. Can we not trust the Lord in our sorrow, while we praise Him for His goodness? I am so glad to be here on this anniversary, so solemn and so blessed, and to be able to spend it in a visit to the cemetery so sacred to me. There the growth of the aloes is a token of the years that have passed since they were planted . . . . . and you and I are nearing the haven of rest where it will little matter whether joy or sorrow has been our portion, if only we are wholly the Lord's, 'strengthened, stablished, and settled' in His faith and love.

"In this place one needs no outward spiritual communion. It is enough when alone to commune with Him who is the same that was yesterday when Rome was in its glory, and is to-day in its degradation, and will be in the future whatever be its course—and who has fashioned the beauties which still gird it round, and which can be equally enjoyed in all ages."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*London, Jan.* 30, 1864.—Our almost sainted sister lies close to me. Her gentle voice can now scarcely be heard, still the love at her heart's door is as warm as ever. She can still read a little in her Psalm book, but the seeing any-one causes such terrible suffering, she does not attempt it. It cannot last much longer, and then—the meeting, not the parting!"

"*Feb.* 29.—Our beloved Esther is now rejoicing in the better world. . . . . Just after midnight on the 19th her bell rang, and when the maid came in, quite in a clear voice, she told her to call her sister. As soon as she went in, she saw that the end was come. Esther pressed her hand strongly, stroked it tenderly, but could not speak. Only, in answer to L.'s inquiry, she said, 'All peace and mercy,' or some such words; and when L. said, 'Is Christ with you?' she said, 'Yes'—closed her eyes, and, like a wearied child, laid her head on the pillow, and without one struggle or even passing cloud over the mind, she was asleep."

M. H.'s Journal.

"*March* 4, 1864.—I have heard from Arthur Stanley of our dear Esther's funeral. . . . .

"It was at Highgate. She had expressed in her will, and also on a separate memorandum, a strong desire to be buried at Hurstmonceaux, but a short time before her death she called for her sister, and asked her how long she was likely to live,—'For if I last till the spring, I should still wish to be laid by Julius at Hurstmonceaux, but if not,—if the funeral is to be in this cold weather, the living must not be sacrificed to the dead, and I must be buried at Highgate.' So it was. Arthur says it was a raw, gusty, sleeting day. He read the opening part of the service in the chapel, and then they went in carriages up the hill, for the grave is nearly at the top of the cemetery, in the vault where her father and mother and Priscilla are buried, and where Julius had buried her mother and Priscilla together, and been so deeply affected, and had knelt by the open grave. The mourners stood, partly sheltered by a small shed, Arthur on a gravestone immediately at the foot of the grave, against a large cross, without a name,—which seemed to him well to suit the thought of her who was gone. There lay the three coffins below, and upon them her coffin descended, with a white flower or two thrown upon it,—and so that sacred lamp went out—went out, to our mortal sight, but to be rekindled, we may believe, with a better and brighter, but still the same celestial flame, where no cruel wind or sleet or storm shall agitate its keen pure light for ever.

"Her poor old dog Phloss pined away from the moment of his mistress' death, pined and vexed himself whenever the undertakers came to the house, and on the night before her funeral laid himself down and died—died, the servant said, just like his mistress, with one long gasp of breath, and ended a life bound up in our recollections with Julius, with Havelock, from whom it derived its name, and Julius's dear friend, Tom Starr, by whom it was given."

The winter of 1863-64 we again passed at Rome, reaching it, by a terrible and trying journey, through the flooded country around Ficulle and Orvieto, where the unfinished railway, and the difficulty of obtaining post-horses, made travelling most difficult for an invalid. Once established in the Piazza di Spagna, however, my mother began to revive, and her comparative health enabled her to enjoy this Roman winter more than any other. It was especially rich in the society of friends, especially that of the venerable Caroline, Lady Wenlock, who was living close by, and who in her great age preserved evergreen her wonderful gifts of wit and anecdote, mingled with a most winning courtesy and careful thoughtfulness for all around her,—of two of the daughters of our cousin, Sir J. Shaw Lefevre, who were passing the winter at Rome with their aunt, Miss Wright, afterwards my mother's kind companion and comforter in many days of failing health and strength,—and of Dean Alford and his family, whose well-informed interest in all that Rome could offer, added a fresh charm to all we saw there, as it has often done elsewhere. The first few weeks of this winter were perfect Elysium—the sketching for hours in the depths of the Forum, watching the sunlight first kiss the edge of the columns, and then bathe them with gold; the wandering with different friends over the old mysterious churches on the Aventine and Cœlian, and the finding out and analysing all their histories from various books at home afterwards; even the drives between the high walls, seeing the changing effects of sunlight on the broken tufa stones and the pellitory and maidenhair growing between them; the Sunday afternoons, almost invariably passed with my mother in the Medici gardens, walking under the pine-trees in the sun, and looking upon the distant Sabine mountains, in their chill, snow garb; the delicious excursions with the Alfords into the distant parts of the Campagna,—to Ostia, with its gorgeous marbles and melancholy tower and pine,—to Castel Fusano, with its palace, like that of the Sleeping Beauty, rising lonely from its green lawns, with its grand forest full of gigantic pines and bays and ilexes and deep still pools in the abysses of the wood, bounded on one side by the pathless Campagna, and on the other by the sea,—to Collatia, with its copses filled with violets and anemones, and its purling brook and broken tower,—to Cerbara, full of colossal caves with laurestinus waving through their rifts,—to Veii, with its long circuit of ruins, its tunnelled Ponte Sodo, and its columbaria and tombs. These are our winter memories, these and many quiet days spent alone with my mother amid Roman ruins and gardens, when her gentle presence, when the very thought of her loved existence, made all things beautiful and lovely to the companion of her life.

In the spring we revisited Sorrento and Amalfi, and then went to Courmayeur, at the foot of Mont Blanc, on its magnificent Italian side. As we passed through Florence we paid a last visit to Landor, then in extreme old age, looking most patriarchal in his white hair and beard. His mind was clouding, and he scarcely recollected us at first, but he remembered the family, and repeated over and over again the familiar names, 'Francis, Julius, Augustus, I miei tre Imperatori! I have never known any family I loved so much as yours. I loved Francis most, then Julius, then Augustus—but I loved them all. Francis was the dearest friend I ever had.' A few weeks after, his great spirit passed away. Towards the end of June we returned to Holmhurst, where my mother spent the whole of the summer.

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*Holmhurst, Nov.* 22, 1864.—Sixty-six! Yes, so many have been the years of my pilgrimage, and surely they are drawing near to their close. What a solemn thought, yet how difficult to realise it! The last year has added another to the blanks made in my heart's treasures; in losing my loved Esther from this world I have lost one who, for twenty-seven years, has been a most loving friend, and for seventeen years a dear sister. Her calm wisdom and loving sympathy has made her ever the most precious of my friends, and I have been so closely bound up with her in her Hurstmonceaux life, that I feel no one can share in the recollections of the past as she did. She is—

'Gone, gone, but gone before,
Silent the name
Upon the lips where once
The music came.'

Like a gentle river she has passed away and been translated whither so many of her beloved ones had gone before, and now they are all members of the heavenly host awaiting the fuller and more perfect bliss of the glorified saints.

"May I, in my few remaining years, be fitted to join them, being clothed upon with the wedding garment of Christ's Righteousness. There is no other that can cover one's emptiness. Oh, in spite of all the discipline of this life, how poor and wretched are my attainments in the heavenly life! how slothful and dead to spiritual interests! May the Lord himself quicken me to greater earnestness in running the race set before me, to more faithfulness in the duties of my life, and more submission in the trials of this troublesome world, its anxieties, and its contrarieties. O Lord my Saviour, do Thou come and fill my heart, and enable me, forgetting what is behind, to press forward to the prize of my high calling in Thee. Then shall I awake and be satisfied in Thy likeness, and be united with the loved and lost ones, and with them join in praises to the Lamb that was slain, who is alone worthy to receive honour and blessing for ever and ever."

The winter of 1864-65 was a terribly anxious one. My mother's powers failed with the approach of winter, and she became daily more and more ill. Gradually the consciousness came that there was no chance of her recovery but through going abroad, and then came the difficulty of how to go, and where. We turned towards Pau or Biarritz because easier of access than Cannes, and because the journeys were shorter; and then there was the constant driving down to look at the sea, and the discovery that when it was calm enough my mother was too ill to be moved, and when she was better the sea was too rough.

At last, on the 21st of January, we left home in the evening, and crossed to Calais the next day. The passage was unfortunate, for as the steamer was coming into Calais a thick sea-mist came on and everything was shrouded. Bells rang, cannons fired, blue lights went up, but the steamer could not find the entrance of the harbour. At last a light-ship was sent out to guide it in, and on reaching the pier my mother was unable to stand from exhaustion and fatigue. It was a question if we could go on, but at last we decided to do so, and had a terrible journey across the frozen plains of France to Paris, where she was alarmingly ill for several days. Then we reached Tours, where we were again detained for some days in dismal rooms looking out on a damp, leafless avenue. At Arcachon she had a temporary revival, and sate out in the broad balcony of the little inn near the sea, enjoying the unwonted sunshine and the glimpses of the arbutus forest.

Then we reached Pau, and established ourselves in the Hotel Victoria, in the Basse Plante. We had not been there long when my mother became much worse, and soon quite unconscious. She said she thought she could sleep, but while she slept I was struck by a strange look in her face, and touched her. Her hands were quite cold. In terror I moved her arm, it fell lifeless. I raised her head, it fell forwards.

When our kind cousin, Sir Alexander Taylor, arrived, she was apparently lifeless, and we were chafing her limbs. Very soon her expression became radiant, one smile succeeding another. Complete beatitude lasted with the same entire unconsciousness for sixty hours. I felt the more certain it was the end, because she seemed already in spirit to have passed the everlasting gates. After sixty hours she spoke, but her mind still wandered amid green pastures, where she was still gathering the loveliest flowers, and where she heard the angels singing to her. She said that her brother and sister, who had 'gone before,' had been with her while she was absent from us.

Soon she fell into a second and deeper trance, which lasted a hundred and twelve hours, and was succeeded by delirium, and then by a third trance, which lasted twenty-six hours—of absolute rigidity, icy coldness, neither the pulse or the heart beating, or any breath—an entire appearance of death. Then, from the gates of the grave, God gave my mother back to me.

Then we went to the Pyrenees, to Argelez, with its green valley of rushing waters, its splashing fountain, and its inn with the overhanging balconies; and afterwards to Biarritz, invigorating and delightful, with its rainbow-hued sea, and rocks amid which the waves either roar or grumble, as the wind wills them.

And we came home by St. Emilion, and Poitiers, and Amboise, with its castled height and primitive cottage-inn, which my mother so much enjoyed, and where I picture her sitting in the low whitewashed room, looking out on the broad river, ebbing slowly by in the golden summer sunset.

It was in this spring, just when my mother was restored to us, that another deeply felt blank was made in the narrow-ing circle of her beloved ones by the removal, in the fulness of faith and hope, of Emma Leycester, a tenderly loved cousin, who had been almost a younger sister to her.

A. J. C. H. *to* A. F. M. L. HARE.*

"*Pau*, *Feb.* 15, 1865.—My two last letters will have prepared you for the sad news of my darling mother's state. She is indeed, I can no longer conceal from myself, fast fading away, and, with her, all the sunshine is fading out of my life. All Sunday she suffered terribly from her head; yesterday and to-day she has been almost unconscious. Lea and I have been up for the last two nights, and every minute of the day has been one of anxious watching. The frail earthly tabernacle is perishing, but one glance tells that her spirit, glorious and sanctified, has almost entered upon her perfected state. Her lovely smile, the heaven-light in her eyes, her angel-sweetness, who can describe?

" . . . All last night, as I sate in the red firelight watching every movement, and it seemed to me as if the end was coming, I thought of her hymn, so awfully solemn and real:—

'It may be when the midnight
  Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
  Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
  Beside the bed:

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* The opinion of a friend from whose judgment I feel there is no appeal, has urged the insertion of these fragments of letters as giving the truest picture of my mother's strange illness.

Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.'

When the Master *does* come, she is always waiting. Has not my darling kept her lamp burning all her life long? Surely when the Bridegroom cometh she will enter into the kingdom.

"I cannot tell how soon it will be. I have no hope now of her most precious life being given back to me. It is a solemn waiting. . . . .

"*Feb.* 21.—My mother has been restored to me for a few days' breathing space, but I have not been able to count upon this; I cannot dwell upon hope. The feeble frame is so *very* frail, I cannot think she is given to me for long; but I glean and store up the blessings of each day now, against the long, desolate future.

"Last Sunday week she fell into her first trance. It lasted between sixty and seventy hours. During this time she seemed conscious of my presence when very near her, smiled sweetly, and even once murmured 'Dear;' but she was totally unconscious of all else around her, of day or night, of the sorrow and anxiety of the watchers, or of any pain or trouble. A serene peace overshadowed her; a heavenly sweetness filled her face, and never varied, except to dimple into smiles of angelic beauty, as if she were already in the company of the angels; and, indeed, perhaps she was, for—'I have not been alone,' were her first words on awaking; 'your Uncle Penrhyn and Aunt K. have been with me.'

"For the last sixteen hours she was in a death-like stupor. Then the doctor said:—'If the pulse does not sink, and if she wakes naturally, she may rally. This seemed granted;

at eight A.M. the next day she gently awoke. This was Thursday. There were three days' respite; but this morning, while her doctor was in the room, the stupor came on again. For some time her pulse seemed entirely to have ceased beating: since then, she has lain in a trance as before, not suffering, quite happy, scarcely here, yet not gone, *between* heaven and earth. I cannot describe the solemnity of the watching in the strange silence,—none of the usual outward phases of an illness; and as I watch, snatches from the hymns she has been wont constantly to read or repeat come to me so forcibly. Now these verses are in my mind:—

'Have we not caught that smiling,
  On some beloved face,
As if a heavenly sound were wiling
  The soul from our earthly place?
The distant sound, and sweet,
Of the Master's coming feet.

'We may clasp the loved one faster,
  And plead for a little while,
But who can resist the Master?
  And we read by that brightening smile
That the tread we may not hear,
Is drawing surely near.'

"In the long watches of the night all the golden past comes back to me—how as a little child I played around my darling in Lime Wood—how the flowers were our only friends and companions—how we lived in and for one another in the bright Lime garden—of her patient forbearance of all injustice—of her sweet forgiveness of all injuries—of her loving gratitude for all blessings—of her ever-sure upward seeking of the will and glory of God,—and then my eye wanders to the beloved face, lined and worn, but glowing with the glory of another world; and in giving thanks for thirty years of present blessing, should I not also give thanks, that not through the dark valley, but through the sunshine of God, my darling is entering upon her rest? . . .

"*Feb.* 26.—It is still the same; we are still watching. In the hundred and twelfth hour of her second trance, during which she had taken no nourishment whatever, mother spoke again, but it was only for a time. You will imagine what the long watchings of this death-like slumber have been, what the strange visions of the past which have risen to my mind in the long, silent nights, as, with locked doors (as the French would insist that all was over), I have hovered over the pillow on which she lies as if bound by enchantment. Now comes before me the death-bed scene of St. Vincent de Paul, when, to the watchers lamenting together over his perpetual stupor, his voice suddenly said, 'It is but the brother that goes before the sister.' Then, as the shadows lighten into morning, Norman Macleod's story of how he was watching by the death-bed of his beloved one in an old German city, and grief was sinking into despair, —when, loud and solemn, at three in the morning, echoed forth the voice of the old German watchman giving the hours in the patriarchal way:—'Put your trust in the *Divine Three*, for after the darkest night cometh the break of day.'

"Two P.M.—My darling has been sitting up in bed listening to sweet voices, which have been singing to her; but they were no earthly voices which she heard.

"Ten P.M.—She has just declared that she sees Ruth Harmer (a good, sweet girl she used to visit, who died at Hurstmonceaux) standing by her bedside. 'It is Ruth Harmer—look at Ruth Harmer,' she said. But it was not a voice of terror, it was rather like the apostolic question,— 'Who are these who are arrayed in white robes, and whence come they?'"

"*Feb.* 27.—She has fallen into a third stupor, deeper than the others, and lies perfectly rigid. The shadows are closing around us, yet I feel that we are in the immediate presence of the unseen, and that the good Ruth Harmer is only one of the many angels watching over my sweetest one. Years ago she told me that when dying she wished her favourite hymn,—

'How bright those glorious spirits shine,'—

to be sung by her bedside; was it these words which she heard the angels singing to her? How strange that the scene I have so often imagined should be in a strange country, the only relations near having been strangers before; yet the simple people here are very sad, and there is much sympathy for us."

"*March* 10.—I think I may now write with comparatively less fear of a relapse; I believe that she is really being given back to us from the portals of the other world on which she was so long resting. The nurse went away, saying that fatal symptoms had set in, and that all *must* be over in three hours, when she returned; but in that time the dead limbs revived, the lips opened, the eyes began to see, the hands to feel. It had been a death-like trance of one hundred and ninety-six hours altogether. She remembers nothing of it now, and nothing of the illness which preceded it; but all her powers are gradually reviving and awaking. Throughout it has been less painful to her than any one, and it is so still."

"*March* 27.—My sweet mother continues in a most fragile and harassing state of health. Some days she is better, and almost well enough to enjoy reading a little, or being read to. On others, as to-day, her trembling increases to such a degree, as to prevent her occupying herself in any way. I need scarcely say how beautiful are her love and patience, how increasing the beatitude of her inner—

her heavenly life. 'Oh, how long it is since I have been at church!' she said last night. 'But you are always at church in your soul, darling,' I said. 'Yes,' she answered, 'that is the greater part of my day, meditation and prayer, and in the night I have all my hymns and texts to say.' On my birthday she gave me a most solemn blessing."

"*Biarritz, May* 12.—We have greatly enjoyed this delightful place, and the mother has quite recovered in its bracing air, though she had an adventure which nearly ended very seriously. We had heard much of the dangers of walking in the Bay of Bidart (about three miles from hence), but never really believed in a single wave flowing in unexpectedly for half a mile. Yesterday Miss E. Blommart went to draw with us in this very bay, and she and I stayed with our sketch-books near a ruined bridge, while mother and Lea walked on farther to the sands, which looked quite dry and very tempting, with the sea at an immense distance. Suddenly, while they were alone on the sands, one of these tremendous waves rushed in with great violence, and, almost before they perceived it coming, my mother was swept off her feet, and would have been carried out to sea if her companion had not planted herself as firmly and deeply as she could into the sand, and held her tight till the water receded. As it was they were completely drenched, but very thankful it was no worse. We have since heard of many instances in which people have been swept away and lost altogether on this spot."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*May* 31, 1865.—Lately you have been so near me in my dreams, which you know to me are quite a living reality, that I have never felt far off, and though I knew nothing of your movements, I felt all was well. . . . And now comes a letter from my own restored Mia, as if she had never been ill or from home.

"To think of you at your own dear home again—in that little church, among your flowers—to receive once more your dear letters is comfort enough. You can tell what it is, but I cannot write it. Only in constant prayer have I found comfort during your illness, and in thinking that we should not long be separated, but that the call to one would be the message to the other to be ready. . . . Each birthday reminds us how near the end may be. In three years we shall both have attained the allotted age of man, and may then take on our *souls' house* day by day, till called away to enter on our blessed inheritance."

"*August* 17, 1865.—In thinking of you, I am often made aware of one of the characteristics of old age. I hardly ever think or dream of you in your present home,—it is always Lime; I find myself there continually. I see the old trees, every spot both there and at the Rectory, and on Sundays sometimes it is almost as if I were at my little window watching the people come from church,—or, I am walking with you through your field, and turning into the lane from your wicket gate,—or it is Alton, still farther back,—or older days still on the lawn at Winnington and the hill at Alderley."

"*Abbots-Kerswell, Sept.* 30—Often, as I sit in my wood, I talk, or rather think, of you, and often perhaps our thoughts are meeting; but as for writing, it is not as in one's young days, when one came in from a long day as fresh as one went out, ready to sit up and write till twelve. Now I feel sensibly the infirmities of age, and when I come in, perhaps only from sitting out and walking a little, I am too tired to do anything; but as we enjoyed youth together, so now we can sympathize in old age, and feel how it also has its moon, and even sunshine—and, as Baxter says, the communion of saints is now an article of belief, but believing will soon end in seeing and enjoying.

"This place is looking beautiful. We hope to get into our new house next year. In building it, I never feel I am preparing for *my* home, but for the dear M., and it is pleasant to feel that here I may now end my journey. As I sate to-day looking around, there was the brown beech, my own husband planted, grown into a large tree. Shall we ever sit together here, you and I—who can say? Here or elsewhere we shall be once more together, never more to be separated."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Holmhurst, Nov.* 6, 1865.—Once more do I bid farewell to this peaceful home. After the trials and illness of the last winter and spring, it seems needful to spare others the anxiety on my account they suffered in the past,—and Rome, lovely Rome, is to be our portion. The summer and autumn have passed away in much outward beauty and inward comfort, and the rest to body and mind has done me good, and I trust fitted me to go on my way trusting in Him whose goodness and mercy have followed me in the past. May I be enabled to glorify Him more in the time to come, and wheresoever we go, be strengthened in faith to cast all my cares on the Lord who careth for us.

"In setting forth again I entreat Thy protection, my Lord and Saviour, for myself and my Augustus, that we may cheerfully accomplish all that Thou wouldst have us do. Keep us from all evil, accident, and illness, and, if it be Thy good pleasure, restore us to our home again. And to Thee, O Lord, do I commend this house and all in it while we are absent. 'Whether we live or die may it be to the Lord,' and may our earthly journey to the so-called 'Eternal City' be a type of our journey to the Celestial City, where with the spirits of the justified we may rejoice in joy unspeakable in the presence of our God."

In November, 1865, we went out again to Rome by Genoa and the Riviera road, and then by the Maremma railway to Nunziatella, whence we had to proceed through the night in diligences, accompanied by mounted patrols as a defence against the brigands. The winter was passed in the upper floor of the beautiful Tempietto ("Claude's House"), looking down over the whole expanse of the city with its domes and towers. On leaving Rome we passed some days very pleasantly at Narni and Perugia, and then proceeded to Bellaggio, and crossed the Splugen in sledges, to visit the Bunsens at Carlsruhe.

The only variety to my mother's peaceful summer (1866) was a visit to Shropshire, and to Alton, where her poor friends welcomed her with a wealth of ever-green love, and where she gave a supper to forty of the older people in a barn, where the owls hissed overhead in the oak rafters. After the feast was over, she made the people a sweet little speech, praying that all present there might meet her at the Supper of the Lamb. It was her last sight of these old friends.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Alton-Barnes, August* 14, 1866.- You can see me in this dear old home, for even now, though it is thirty-two years since I left it, there is little of change beyond one or two new cottages. There are the Downs, the White Horse, the primitive people, the tiny church and the rectory, still the same. You perhaps would think there were few now left who remembered those old days, but though on each visit I find some gaps made, we gathered forty old friends to supper last night in the barn. On Saturday the school-children, seventy in number, had their treat.

"How surely does time heal all anguish! The sight of this place now causes no pain. It seems to bring back a dream of a former life—a paradisaical life, when an Adam and his Eve were walking together in that garden, and for a very few brief years were permitted to tread the path of life side by side. And as I cross the fields, go down the lane, and see John Brown still in his cottage, with head bent over his Bible, I could live over again those past days. Then there is still the now venerable white head of that grand old man William Pontin, who has so much to tell of God's goodness that he 'cannot satisfy himself with thanksgiving.' The golden sheaves cover the vast plains and sides of the Downs, and the peaceful hamlets are, as ever, lying in the valley."

M. H. *to* MRS. ALEXANDER.*

"*Holmhurst, June* 7, 1866.—Dearest Ma-man. . . . . My pen lingers in my hand as I write these words! The dear familiar old address to one who for the last three years has been to me a friend of the past, ever dear, but passed out of sight, mute and often unheard of. Yet so long as the frail earthly tabernacle incloses that beloved spirit, I must from time to time make an effort to come into its presence, and at least to find a place in the meditations and prayers of one whose heart is doubtless chiefly resting in the heavenly places, where so many beloved ones are gathered together, and awaiting her coming up thither. . . . .

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* Mrs. Alexander ("Ma-man"), for so many years an honoured inmate of Hurstmonceaux Rectory, resided at Clifton after Archdeacon Hare's death. She died there in July, 1870.

"Cold winds, and now rain and damp, have kept up a cough I brought home with me, and till more genial weather is granted us I cannot quite get rid of it. Otherwise I am 'as common' (according to Hurstmonceaux phrase) at this season, restored to a certain portion of health and strength for the summer. One does not get younger at sixty-seven, and perhaps each year takes away a little slice of the powers of other days which still remain. Feeble, 'silly,'—one must be content to be,—in our weakness, seeking the more for strength and grace from above.

"How wonderful an example and encouragement is to be found in the 'Words of Comfort and Hope'* which *we* know were indeed wrought out, word by word, line by line, in and through bitter suffering! *There* was a triumph of faith, and you, dearest friend, were a help in time of need to accomplish and perfect it. May you also find the like consolation and hope in your own sufferings, and be made ready to enter into the presence of the Lord."

On the journey south in the autumn of 1866 we stayed to visit Ars, for the sake of its venerable Curé, who died seven years before, and of whose life so much has since been written.

A. J. C. H. *to* A. F. M. L. Hare.

"*Cannes, Nov.* 11, 1866.—On the night after leaving Paris we slept at Villefranche, near Lyons, and the next morning found a nice little carriage to take us to Ars.

"It was a pretty and peculiar drive: first wooded lanes, then high open country, from whence you descend abruptly upon the village, which, with its picturesque old church and the handsome modern one behind it, quite fills the little hollow in the hills. The village itself is almost made up of hotels for the pilgrims, but is picturesque at this season, with masses of golden vine falling over all the high walls. We left the carriage at the foot of the church steps, and ascended through a little square crowded with beggars, as in the time of the Curé. The old church is exceedingly interesting. In the middle of the floor is the grave of the Curé, once surrounded by a balustrade hung with immortelles, which are now in the room where he died. At the sides are all the little chapels he built at the different marked points of his life, that of Santa Philomena being quite filled with crutches, left by lame persons who have gone away cured. Beyond the old church opens out the handsome but less interesting modern building, erected by the Empress and the bishops, with a grand baldacchino on red granite pillars, and on the altar a beautiful bas-relief of the Curé carried to heaven by angels. In the old church a missionary was giving the pilgrims (who kept flocking in the whole time) a very beautiful and simple exposition on the life of Christ as a loving Saviour—quite carrying on the teaching of the Curé.

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* A collection of the letters of Mrs. Julius Hare was printed after her death under this title.

"At twelve o'clock a sister of charity came to show the Curé's room. It is railed off, because the pilgrims would have carried everything away, as they have almost undermined the thick walls in their eagerness to possess themselves of the bits of stone and plaster; but you see the narrow bed, the poor broken floor, his chair, his table, his pewter spoon and earthenware pot, the picture which was defiled by the demon, the door at which 'the Grappin' knocked, the narrow staircase from which he shouted 'Mangeur de Truffes,' the still poorer room down-stairs where the beloved Curé lay when all his people passed by to see him in his last sleep, the court shaded by ancient elder-trees, in which he gave his incessant charities, and close by, the little house of his servant Catherine. She herself is the sweetest old woman, seeming to live, in her primitive life, upon the gleanings and the teaching of the past. She sate on a low stool at mother's feet, and talked in the most touching way of her dear Curé. When mother said something about the crowds that came to him, she said, 'I have always heard that when the dear Saviour was on earth, He was so sweet and loving that people liked to be near Him; and I suppose that now, when men are sweet and loving, and so a little like the dear Saviour, people like to be near them too.' In a small chapel of the school he founded, they showed some blood of the Curé in a bottle—'encore coulant.' Many other people we saw who talked of him—'Comme il était gai,' 'toujours gai,' &c. The whole place seemed cut out of the world, in an atmosphere of peace and prayer, like a little heaven. No wonder Roman Catholics like to go into 'retreat' there.

"We have been fortunate in finding a house at Cannes exactly suited to our quiet ways. It is a primitive cottage, on the way to the Croix des Gardes, quite high up in woods of pine and myrtle, upon the mountain side, far out of the town, and dreadfully desolate at night; but for the daytime there are exquisite views through the woods of the sea and mountains, and a charming terraced garden of oranges and cassia—the vegetation quite tropical."

"*Jan.* 8.—I have not known mother so well for years as this year in her hermitage amid the juniper and rosemary. She is so brisk and active, and the life is just what she likes, as she is able to sit out in the woods for five or six hours daily, and till the new year we have really had no winter, but glorious summer sunshine."

M. H.'s Journal.

"*Nov.* 9, 1866.—We have found exactly what we wanted in a cottage in a lovely situation. We mounted by the

Bellevue Hotel to the heathy hillside, and there, down a pathway, came to the garden of this house, to which a little shrine on the wall gives the name of S. François. At the turn of the road is a pergola of vines, cassia-terraces below lead to groves of orange-trees, and from the front of the house is a view of the castle and church of Cannes rising up against the sea, with the Isle $S_{te.}$ Marguerite beyond. The companions of our hillside solitude are characteristic of the place, our maid Margarite who carols over her work in joyous Provençal ditties, in a free loud voice that is pleasant to hear, and Madame Bœuf, the mistress of the place, a hard-working woman, dressed in the broad hat of the country, who comes up two or three times a week with her two servants to gather the cassia-flowers."

"*Nov.* 30.—We have splendid weather: the bluest of skies and of sea and a fresh (not cold) air. The walks up the hills are easy and very pleasant, and I take my stick to help me up any rocks, and can sit there and look out on the scene below me, and think—oh there seems too much to think of at the end of life—of the past—of the future. I feel a great difficulty in fixing my thoughts where I would, on Him in whom all is centred, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' But He needs not our poor words or thoughts: in heart one can say, 'Thou knowest, Lord, that I love Thee.'"

"*Feb.* 12.—Throughout November and December the weather was most lovely, a very hot sun with occasionally a cold mistral day intervening, but usually I was able to sit out, and begin sketching again. Within a short walk were many small subjects fitted for my powers, and useful as practice. A charming terrace crossing the hillside leads to the cottage of Madame Addison and her boy Marius, and as we often passed her, we soon made acquaintance, and she was very friendly, sending us flowers, &c. Another path leads to a fine old pine, with a little bastide near it. Higher up, a terrace walk leads down to an orange garden and the bastide of Madame Œillet,—a very picturesque spot with a lovely view of the Estrelles and of Cannes. Amongst the walks, however, none are equal to the one up to the Cross. On a sunny morning it is truly delightsome to ramble up the forest road overlooking the snow mountains beyond Cannet and Grasse, and then on to the platform where the road divides into two and the Bay of Napoule appears on the opposite side with a foreground of heath and myrtle and pines, especially when, as I have just seen it, a picturesque shepherdess is tending a flock af goats in the wood with knitting in her hand and a little child playing at her feet. If we mount a little higher still, we reach the Croix des Gardes, a small iron cross planted in a large rock, from whence the view is more extensive still, and one can descend by a different path. In taking this round we daily fall in with Lord Mount Edgecumbe's children, the the three little girls walking and the baby-boy in a perambulator. These mountain rambles are most enjoyable, the glistening road where the granite and mica sparkle like diamonds being a sign of the extreme dryness, and the views around most lovely, especially at sunset, when the evening glow behind the Estrelles is like fire, with varied colours."

"*March* 12.—The most delightful of our excursions has been a day spent at Antibes with M. and Madame Goldschmidt. . . . . And now the almond-trees have exchanged their blossoms for green leaves, and the garden begins to look gay with tulips, wall-flowers, and anemones blue and red,—and the wild heath is covered with white blossoms."

"*April* 1.—Dean Alford has been here with us for a week, which has been a great delight, and since then I have had the comfort of having Charlotte Leycester near me. . . . ."

"*May* 27.—We left Cannes on April 26, and have since been at Arles, and at Le Puy, with its picturesque streets and singular basaltic rocks. Hence by a wild forest road we went to the Chaise Dieu, where there is a grand majestic church like an English cathedral, and rejoined the railway at Brioude. We then passed several days at the lovely Baths of Royat, near Clermont, and reached home on the 18th. Oh! is there a day in the year more truly happy than this annual one."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Abbots-Kerswell, Nov.* 16, 1866.—You seem to have a very pretty resting-place (at Cannes), but you must not suppose we are in winter here. At this minute when I raise my eyes, the wood, no longer plantation, looks almost, I think, more beautiful than in summer with its bright red and yellow tints and dark fir mingling with the soft colouring of the fading larches and beech. . . . . You may well believe what the comfort is to feel here is my nest till I am called away to the home beyond. I do not envy you your southern skies, though I like to think of my beloved one there; only there are moments when a yearning after my dear Switzerland comes over me, but it soon passes, as I bound onwards in almost visible foresight of the coming day when not only all the loved spots of earth, but the whole extended creation, will open on our waking eyes.

"Of my life there is little to tell. You know just how the days glide by, hours like minutes, though I think as a home this is even more peaceful and delightful than I should ever have thought it could be without one's children. They never seem far off, and there is some interest or other every day in our little village,—none of our homes, not even Corsley or Rockend, have been so all I could desire—uniting so much."

"*Feb.* 23, 1867.—There is hardly a day on which I do not feel near you. Whenever any fresh glow comes over my spirit, I fancy it echoed back by her who for so many years has gone along with me, and now as we are approaching the banks of that river which alone divides us from our heavenly home, I feel as if we were more than ever one. While you are reading Pressensé's 'Life of Christ,' I am reading Lange's, of whom I never tire: I always rise from it as if I had been living with our Lord and His disciples. I read no other books, for no others possess any interest for me, only the *one* Thing, the *one* Hope, the one true loving Friend of our souls. I cannot bear to be away from Him for a moment. I carry every care, every trouble, however small, straight to Him, and come away with such blessed answers of peace and rest,—not often actual joy, but as you feel—*peace*, not in oneself, but in Him."

"*April* 26.—If it had not been for the burden of the old man, which we must bear about with us to the end, I could say I had never been so happy as in the last few months; I have had such glimpses of the joy before us, such a sense of nearness to the unseen life, it has been at times almost too strong. I could hardly dare to think, all seemed so overwhelming, so far beyond anything we poor sinful creatures could dare imagine to be *ours*."

"*June* 6.—How many truths now seem clear as day to one, which we have been years in arriving at, sometimes almost thinking it was heresy, as the world would say, to believe such. And *now*, oh the blessed peace and rest in the full conviction that *God is love*, and not (as Macdonald says) only a great King on a grand throne, wielding the bolts of a Jupiter against those that take His name in vain; but that when we look for *our* King we shall find Him blessing little children,—at table, with a fisherman's head on His bosom, and somewhat heavy at heart, that even he, the beloved disciple, cannot yet understand Him. If there is one thing more than another I can rest on and find never failing when in the poorest and lowest moods, it is the deep certainty of Christ's *love* for us, for us all. We so often look on His love, as we can see it reflected in our own, which is so far nearer allied to selfishness, that we do indeed see through a glass dimly. We can now only love what is lovable, but *then* we shall see what infinite love was given us when there was nothing to love but what He himself gave."

"*Oct.* 15.—Did you see in the *Times* the other day about old age? when real decadence begins—and it said at seventy. And so I feel it. Every year now seems to tell more and more. New chinks appear in the poor mud cottage. May more and more glad warm daylight be let in, and I do hope I can say it is so; sometimes the bits of blue sky that appear look so blue, so bright, and the depths beyond so dazzling and pure, the dim eye of nature closes, only to make way for that of faith. I do not think an aged Christian ought ever to be sad, it is not merely that they may dwell on what is preparing for them, but what is preparing for *all*—for the whole groaning creation, and that even sin and wickedness and devils will be subject to the mighty power of the coming King, and find their proper place, and know and feel it could not be otherwise."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Holmhurst, June* 11, 1867.—'What joy, what peace can be like this, to feel that we are not our own but Christ's? that we are become members of His holy body, and that our life has been swallowed up in His? that we can rest in His love with the same undoubting confidence with which a child rests in the arms of its mother? that if we believe in Him, we have nothing to fear about the feebleness and falling short of our services? for that He will work out our salvation for us—yea, that He has wrought it out. Who then is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died for us, to take away our sins, and is risen again for us, to clothe us in His righteousness, and sitteth at the right hand of God, ever making intercession for us, that we may be supported under every trial and danger, and strengthened against every temptation, and delivered from the sin of unbelief and all other sins, and girded with the righteousness of faith, and crowned with all the graces that spring from faith, and at length may be received into the presence of that Father into which our elder Brother has entered before us.'

"So speaks dear Julius to the beloved Luce.

"'It is only when love springs from the only pure source, as the love of God and of Christ, that it is thoroughly disinterested. For even the natural man desires to be loved by his brethren, and will love them for the sake of gaining their love; but when the natural man finds that his love is only met by thanklessness, it fades and dies. Christian love, on the other hand, in its outward workings is like God's love—it embraces the thankless as well as the thankful. This then, if we love Christ, is what we must strive to do for Christ.

"'In the day when He makes up His jewels, in that day will the souls of all those He has redeemed be gathered into a crown of glory around His eternal head.'

"So says the beloved Augustus to his dear Luce."

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*Holmhurst, July* 14, 1867.—A year and a half have passed since I last wrote in this book, a time in which great troubles and illness have come to us, no less than much mercy and comfort. . . . . In the quiet of our home I hope I may record more of spiritual life. I am able here to dwell more on the unseen, to seek more light and love, and to search the Holy Scriptures with greater attention. It is not indeed by 'frames and feelings' that one's Christian state can be tested, yet these and all other fruits of the Spirit do suffer and vary according to the inward communion with the Holy Spirit of our God. . . . . Let me endeavour then more and more to arm myself against all the temptations around by the Word of God and by His Spirit. Never was it more needful to 'watch and pray,' to be 'steadfast and unmovable,' to 'hold fast the sound words,' than now, when on every side errors abound and controversy embitters. Every shade of false doctrine in turn comes forth to do battle with the simple 'truth as it is in Jesus,' and then how hard it is 'to speak the truth in love,' to be uncompromising and faithful, and at the same time bearing and forbearing with the opinions of others, and to bring forth the truth believed in with loving gentleness. For this, one must seek to possess more of the mind of Christ, and be filled with His Spirit, to endure what is contrary, and testify to the blessed truths He has revealed. And faith too is wanted, not to despond, though heavy clouds may cover the sky. The sun will shine forth unto the perfect day; though for a time it may be hidden, we know 'the Lord reigneth,' and in this firm persuasion let me not doubt, or fear that sin, or error, or hatred can ever shake the Church of Christ founded on the Rock. Only let it be my aim and prayer to be built upon it myself, so will not the great water-floods prevail, and fixed and immovable I may hope to stand when the Lord shall come and I am called to His presence, where all mystery will be unveiled and we shall know as we are known."

M. H. *to* MRS. ALEXANDER.

"*Holmhurst*, *Oct.* 26, 1867.—My dearest Ma-man must have a few parting words. I say parting ones, for one feels it to be so in crossing the Channel, although, alas, westward and eastward part us equally now; our union can only be in spirit, there where no sickness or sorrow even now can separate those who are 'one in Christ Jesus,' and we are advancing closer and closer to that perfect union, where all that is mysterious here, and trying to faith and patience, will be cleared up, and shine forth in the glory of the Saviour's love.

"We are very busy packing up again, regretting the necessity of leaving the comforts and beauty of this home for foreign travel and strange places; but the fogs and damp come to warn me of the needs be.

". . . . I linger over the close. So much of tender memory crowds on me as I turn towards the beloved friend of those blessed days when we were side by side with those who now 'inherit the promises.' May we, dear Ma-man, follow them, and may all our suffering prepare and fashion us to be meet for that inheritance of glory."

A. J. C. H. *to* A. F. M. L. HARE.

"*Oct.* 27, 1867.—Our summer is ended, and the time is come to flit to the south, and leave our pretty Holmhurst again for seven months.

"All summer mother has been well. My worldly thought opposed her going to visit those who had wronged her in the last three years, but her forgiving spirit looked beyond mine, and she took her own way and went. She playfully called her journey 'a voyage in the Pacific Ocean.'

"When I returned from Northumberland in September she was still well, able to walk in her garden, to drive, to interest and amuse her many guests, to enter into every subject of conversation. I often wonder whether I value these blessed hours of her well life enough. I cannot value them too much—the times when she is able to tell me so much of her past life and of the thoughts and feelings of other days—when, in answer to my murmurings at the ingratitude she has often received, she has always some noble answer of sweet forgiveness—when her heart, amidst all the troubles of the world, seems to cling in such perfect repose to the breast of her Saviour.

"She sits much apart in her own room now, and reads more. She realises in her Bible the sentence of St. Chrysostom, which says, 'All holy Scriptures are a garden full of the sweetest flowers—a paradise always refreshed with gentle winds and delightful rain.'

"Three weeks ago came a sudden and severe bit of cold weather, and she was grievously affected by it. The ailment from which she suffered when we were in London increased, and she has often been sadly trembling and helpless. It is then, in her weakness, that my sweet mother is even far more precious, far more touching to me, than in her health. There is a simplicity in the gentleness with which she adopts all the means proposed for her recovery which goes to one's heart; there is a childlike smile on her face when the mind is not quite able to *apprehend* any idea newly presented which is far more affecting than the quickest or the cleverest answer could be; and then the gleams of recovery are so unspeakably precious.

"All evening I have been sitting at her feet. You can picture her, in her large arm-chair, with her little table by her side with candles and her spectacles and books—Lea coming in and out occasionally to bring things, or see how she is getting on. She talked of old Mrs. Piper, the village schoolmistress at Hurstmonceaux, who had left her that chair, how she, good old woman, had often said her prayers in it,—how, when perplexed by troubles without, or wicked neighbours around her, she used to go up to her room, and in that chair tell all her sorrows to God. Then I read to her, out of Goulburn's 'Personal Religion,' a chapter on 'When thou art old another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.' The very text seemed so applicable to her being taken abroad just now. She was able to listen to it with pleasure, but was obliged to go to bed directly afterwards, when her 'good-night, my dearie,' was more than usually loving and lovable.

"You can see our evening—only one out of so many quiet evenings of our solitary life with each other, in which no one else has a share. We are to go to-morrow if we can, first to Paris and then if possible to Rome; but it is terrible to be setting out when she seems just on the verge of a serious illness, and I do so pray that when we walk for the *last* time together through the valley of the shadow of death, it may be in her quiet room at Holmhurst, surrounded by all the associations of her sacred past—*not* in a foreign journey, *not* in a strange inn. . . . ."

Our journey out to Rome was marked by a terrible accident, our horses taking fright at some navvies emerging with torches at night from a half-completed tunnel near Sestri, dashing up a bank, and throwing the carriage over from the rocks by the side of the road. The carriage was broken to pieces, but its three inmates escaped without serious injury. The shock, however, naturally increased my mother's feebleness; and though she arrived in safety at Rome, before February she was too weak to move from one chair to another. Her cousin, Miss Leycester had joined us before her illness assumed an apparently hopeless aspect.

A. J. C. H. *to* A. M. F. L. HARE.

"*Feb.* 9.—There is no improvement in my dearest mother's state. If there is a temporary rally, it is always followed by a worse attack, and intense fits of exhaustion. On Tuesday, Lea and I took her to the Monte Mario, and she sate in the carriage while we got out and gathered flowers in the Villa Mellini. That day she was certainly better, and able to enjoy the drive to a certain extent, and to admire the silver foam of the fountains at St. Peter's as we passed them. I often think how doubly touching these and many other beautiful sights may become to me, if I should be left here, when she, with whom I have so often enjoyed them, has passed away from us to the sight of other and more glorious scenes.

"It is in these other scenes, not *here*, that I often think her mind is already wandering. When she sits in her great weakness, doing nothing, yet so quiet, and with her loving, gentle, beautiful smile, ever on her revered countenance—it is surely of no earthly scenes that my darling is thinking. In the night now I am often seized with such an irresistible longing to know how she is—and then I steal quietly in through the softly-opening doors, and watch her asleep by the light of the night-lamp. Even then the face, in its entire repose, wears the same sweet expression of childlike confidence and peace."

"*Feb.* 10.—Mother is better and up again—bright and smiling. Last week when poor Mrs. C. died, Mrs. R., not knowing it, sent to inquire after her. 'E andata in Paradiso,' the servant Francesco said quite simply when he came back."

"*Feb.* 25.—My dearest mother has gained very little ground for the last fortnight, and continues very weak and ailing. Yesterday, for the first time for ten days, she went out; she was carried down in a chair by Benedetto and Louisa, and went with C. L. to the Villa Doria. In the evening her breathing became difficult, and she had all the symptoms of violent bronchitis: to-day she is much worse."

"*March* 5.—It was just after I wrote last that her two doctors declared her lungs were paralyzed, and recovery impossible; and since then eight days have elapsed, in which night and day I have never left her side, constantly expecting the end. Mrs. Woodward and Miss Simpkinson have been here in turn, her most devoted nurses. On Saturday morning we all knelt round the bed, feeling that every instant must be the last. 'It is the Valley of the Shadow of Death,' she said; 'it has come to that at last. I have always tried to be ready for it. . . . It is a very dark valley, but there is light at the end. . . . No more pain. . . . The Rock of Ages, that is my rock!'

"'The Lord comfort you and bless you, my child,' she said to me; 'don't fret too much. *He* will give you comfort. Be reconciled to all the family, darling; love them all, this is my great wish. Love, love, love—oh! I have tried to live for love—oh, love one another; that is the great thing—love, love, love.' And then after she had sent messages and her blessing to all her own nephews and nieces, and after a long pause, she said, 'Tell your sister that we shall meet where there is no more controversy, and where we shall know thoroughly as we are known.'*

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* My sister really went before. On May 25, 1868, with the same faith and courage which had sustained her through a sad and stormy life, she passed, by a sudden and terrible death, to the many mansions of an all-reconciling world. We found this sad news awaiting us on the day of our return to Holmhurst, having had no warning of any previous illness. (My sister had joined the Roman Catholic Church in the spring of 1854.)

"All through that night, and the two following days and nights, the state continued much the same, her strength gradually sinking, but whenever she was conscious, the most loving words, the most beautiful forethought for all. On the night of the 2nd of March she rambled gently about 'going home,' and asked if 'Death was always so long in coming;' then 'My health will all come back to me soon, no infirmities and no pains any more.' On the 3rd she suffered so much that I felt if God called her I could only be lost in thankfulness that the pain was over—but I could not leave her for a moment. Could I afford to lose one look of those beloved eyes, one passing expression of those revered features? So I sit beside her constantly through the long hours, moistening her lips, giving her water from a spoon, &c.

"Yesterday morning her face altered and fell. It seemed like the last change, but her expression was one of transcendent happiness. Then in broken accents she said:—'I am going to glory. . . . I see the light. . . . I have no pain now. . . . Oh, I am so happy . . . no more trouble or sorrow or sin . . . so extremely happy. . . . May you all meet me there, not one of you be wanting.' As I leant over and asked if she knew me, she said, 'Yes, I know and bless you, my dearest son . . . peace and love . . . all sin and infirmities purged away . . . rest . . . love . . . glory . . . *see* Christ . . . glory everlasting.'

"'Oh be ready.'

"'Let peace and love remain with you always. . . . That is my great wish, that strife may cease from among you . . . peace and love . . . peace and love.'

After saying this, she solemnly folded her hands together upon her breast, and, looking up to heaven, said, 'O Lord Jesus, come quickly, and let all these meet me again in Thy kingdom.' . . . As she said this her eyes seemed fixed on another world. Soon after, when I was alone with her, she said to me, 'Yes, darling, our love for one another on earth is coming to an end now. We have loved one another very deeply. I don't know how far communion will still be possible, but I soon *shall* know, and, if it be possible, I shall still be always near you; I shall so love to see and know all you are doing, and to watch over you; and when you hear a little breeze go rustling by, you must think it's the dear old mother still near you.' She drew Lea's head down to her and kissed her, and said, 'You've done too much for me. I cannot reward you now, but the Lord will. Tell J. and all the servants that I was sorry to leave them, but I'm quite worn out; it was all for the best. You and Augustus will stay together and comfort one another when I am gone; and you'll bear with one another's infirmities and help one another. The great thing of all is to be able to confess one has been in the wrong. . . . . Oh peace and love, peace and love, these are the great things.'

"Soon after, in a pause of suffering, she said, 'It's very difficult to *realise* that when you are absent from the body you are present with the Lord.' Then, turning to Mrs. Woodward, she said, 'You have been very good and kind to me, dear Mrs. Woodward. I'm going fast now to my heavenly home. You will comfort Augustus when he is left desolate. You know what sorrow is; you have gone through the dark valley. . . . . It seems so much worse for others than for me.'

"In the night, when a little wandering, she said to me, 'Oh, it is quite beautiful. Good-bye, my own dearest; I can scarcely believe you will look up into the clouds, and only think of me as there . . . but you must also see me in the flowers, and in my friends, and in all I have loved. . . . I shall always think of you, and you will think of me. I shall spring up again like the little violets, and shall put on an incorruptible body. . . . I shall always be floating over you, and watching over you somehow. We shall never be separated. . . . I am quite worn out. I thought I should not get better after my last illness, and I was only given back to you for a little while. I have always felt very weak, but I shall be quite *well* now.'

"On the morning of the 4th, her doctors left her, saying that the case was now utterly hopeless, that the strongest medicines could now have no more effect than water—that there was in fact nothing more that could be done. She still spoke at intervals.

"'I am all straight now—no more crookedness.'

"'Rest now.... but work, work for God in life.'

"'Don't expect too much good upon earth.'

"'Don't expect too much perfection from one another.'

"'Oh how happy I am! I have all I want here and hereafter;' and, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, 'The Lamb—the Lamb is the *life*.'

"She said much else at this time, in her slow and difficult utterance. All through those days and nights it is she who has comforted and exhorted us, and not we her. Every power of mind, of intellect, and memory, has been given back, lighted from another world. She has seemed to read all hearts and thoughts. 'God,' she said, 'had opened her mouth to speak to us.' And though I can tell the words she said, I can never give—no description can—an idea of the unearthly beauty of her face, of her uplifted eyes, of her trembling hands clasped solemnly in prayer or raised in blessing. It was in that last night, that in a moment of inexpressible glory, in which all we who were watching seemed carried up with her in spirit to the very gates of God, that she seemed to see the heavens opened, and spoke with rapture of a beautiful white dove that floated down towards her.

"From that time her pain has all gone. She remains with us, she struggles for breath, but she only says, 'I am so happy—oh *so* happy—all I wish for on earth and all I wish for in heaven;' and since Tuesday morning she has scarcely ceased praying, generally aloud, and cheering and blessing us with wise and holy words. Several times she has since seen beautiful gardens of the flowers which never fade—last night the white dove hovering over her. It has been a passing from one rapture to another, from one holy vision to another. She says I will not let her go; but I would not call my darling, my blessing, back to me, when she is so happy. I write all this now, because I feel I cannot write when it is over."

I insert these fragments of a journal letter written at the time, because otherwise I feel it would be quite impossible to give any idea of all that this illness was, an illness in which those who loved and watched her always feel that my mother's "last words" were spoken, though for two years and a half more her precious life was given back to us. On the 10th of March she began to rally, and on May 3rd was able to be moved from Rome to Spoleto, and afterwards to Este, in the beautiful luxuriance of the Euganean hills, whence, after a short visit to Berchtesgaden, we returned to Holmhurst.

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*March* 20, 1868.—I feel as if you were hardly come back again. I have been taken up with you so far on your heavenward journey, all common-place expressions seem powerless to say what I am feeling now, on hearing you are sent back again for a time,—only I know it must be for some blessed purpose of love to us who are left. May that purpose be answered, and may all who love you and felt alike in losing you, be drawn nearer to each other in the joyful thanksgiving of receiving you again."

"*June* 22.—You can see me now, my own Mia, when I tell you I am sitting in my bedroom window with the balcony full of flowers. It is near eight in the evening, and after most refreshing rain, everything looks revived. The parting rays of the setting sun are shining over the distant fields, and lighting up some grand clouds which look—as I love to think they sometimes do—a fitting throne for the King of Glory when He comes, and oh that the hour was come. Often at night I get up and look out with a vague hope and feeling that I may see some strange sign in the heavens, and, though I know it is only a vain feeling, the thought, the hope of that coming is so constantly in my mind's eye and such overflowing joy to rest on, I love to think that what now would be called a visionary hope, *will* before long be a glorious reality, and somehow I cannot feel as if there would be any terror. I think, though it may not be so then, as if my one heart's cry would be, 'This is our Lord. We have looked to Him, waited for Him, and lo! He comes.' And I do so love to think of you, my sister-friend, a sharer of almost every thought for so many years, now once more near, as if we were really side by side. I could not feel you nearer, everything I am enjoying I know you are, that is, God's beautiful creation—the flowers, the birds, the rippling brook; it is the only thing in which we do not grow old. I feel in all else the full weight of seventy years, daily increasing infirmities knocking at the door of the old house, and telling me that the walls are shaking and I must be ready.

"Oh, at this moment if you could see the view—the bright glow over the nunnery*—the dark cloud and then the roseate ones behind—such an evening as you and I have often enjoyed together, but never, perhaps, as truly as we do now. All that is sad is past, all that is glad and beautiful lies before us. Sometimes, as memory glides over the past, and scenes come back, almost with startling reality of presence, I feel for the moment a shame, a shrinking from self, as if I had been so undeserving—so wretchedly undeserving of all the mercies given ; and then I feel as if I could never have loved with such an intensity of gratitude the Saviour *from* sin, if I had not sinned and in some measure learnt to hate the sin. Now a thought or imagination only, which is of Satan, or the World, or the Flesh, is like a deadly sting, and I turn from it as though it were abhorrent to my nature. Does it not show there is a *new* nature, and yet, *till* we leave the flesh, the old man will still be alive.

"I think I can say now with truth that I am miserable if I leave go of that guiding Hand one moment ; there is such an indescribable sense of rest, of confidence and peace, when walking with Him ; and does any word describe the life of faith more than that—'walking with God?' our will His—only happy when doing what is His will.

"Now the sun has nearly departed, and there is that grey, sepulchral opal colouring which at once carries one to the view of Mont Blanc from Geneva, as I have watched it so often. My Paradise on earth, in thought, is Switzerland ; and for the heavenly one it is to me so material a place. I never am weary of going through all the imagery given us to dwell on ; I think, as Milton says, 'what if earth be but the shadow of heaven?' and things therein 'each to the other like, more than on earth we think.'

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* There is a Roman Catholic convent on the hillside opposite Abbots-Kerswell.

"Now good-night; my window is still open, and I can hear the murmur of the brook as I stand at it; the birds are going to roost, and my grey owl is setting up a solitary hoot preparatory to his evening ramble."

"*July* 1.—My seventieth birth-day was a very calm and peaceful one, in June weather as bright as one looks back to in *Prison-bar* days, when one so eagerly looked out in the morning to see what the weather was. But oh, as you say, would we go back? I cannot tell you the secret *joy* with which I felt and feel the age of man is attained; and now I may reasonably prepare and watch for the call, though most glad to receive and enjoy all earthly blessings. *But*, while there is sin within and without, I cannot imagine any aged Christian can ever *wish* to remain, though we must be patient; but the thought of all we are going to, of all we are for *ever* leaving behind of sin, and infirmity, and weakness, sometimes fills my eyes and heart to overflowing."

Those who knew her in her solitary spiritual life, apart from the world, dwelling more upon the invisible than the visible, will feel that the last lines are a fitting close to the extracts from the letters of Mrs. Marcus Hare (L. A. H.) A very few months after (March 15, 1869), she entered beyond the veil. Her illness was very short and painless; and, as she had wished, alone with the faithful maid who had been the constant companion of her widowhood, in her home at Abbots-Kerswell; and in that churchyard she is buried, in the shadow of its grey church-tower. In this beloved sister-friend, my mother, with one exception, lost the last of that loving circle who had grown up around her, and had shared her interests and sorrows through life.

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*Sept.* 13, 1868.—How much was this day rejoiced in years ago! a day which gave us our beloved Julius, and was therefore one of united praise to our Esther and myself! Now it is a thing of past history. Some scattered ones look back, and regret their lost ones, and recall past scenes; but all goes on as if no Hurstmonceaux Rectory had ever belonged to us, no such loving days been ours.

"So does this world carry away on its waves one after another of life's fondest visions, and other scenes and persons take the place of the departed ones. But in our heart of hearts surely they still lie deep, until again they shall rise into living communion when the Lord shall come, and call us forth to meet Him."

M. H. *to* MRS. ALEXANDER.

"*Holmhurst, Oct.* 2, 1868.—. . . The tidings which I receive of my beloved friend seem at least to convince me of the renewed fact which I last year saw with my own eyes, that dearest Ma-man, the precious companion of so many past years, the sharer in its joys and sorrows, the preserver of its blessed memories, still lives and in heart and mind remains unchanged. A brief but dear vision that was of you, dear friend, when I, last autumn, sate by your sofa and seemed once more to be restored to the thoughts of the Rectory-life. So little of that favoured time now is left to me, that it has a dream-like character, when the clouds open, and manifest that which has passed from sight though not from remembrance. And I doubt not that to you too, the sight of any fellow-traveller of those former days recalls them vividly to mind. Your restful life, unvaried as mine is by changes of scene and society, affords you more leisure for retrospection than I find, to whom the fatigues and duties of every present day are too much to allow strength for great thought on things not immediately present.

"But I am rambling on as if we were side by side, while you may like to know more of these present things which surround me. Alas! I am sorry to say this month is come with its warning note of departure. The summer is past and autumnal gales are preparing for winter's cold. So before I am set fast, and the usual collapse of power comes, we must take flight southwards, where a prolongation of warmth may keep up the strength that has been so wonderfully restored.

"I fear the unusual heat of the summer will have been less favourable to you than to me. While I revelled in the Italian climate, and enjoyed my garden—its flowers, its shade, and its sea-breezes—you, probably, were panting under the heat and longing for cooler days. I never found it too hot, and the delightful repose in one's own home, after foreign life, was doubly welcome, when troubles and anxieties crowded on me, and one needed so much to cast one's cares upon Him 'who judgeth *righteously*.' Truly I can say now as ever, that He did not forsake me in time of need, and has upheld me when most tried. And so we must believe it will be to the end. Sickness and sorrow will endure, perhaps increase, but is He not faithful who has given Himself for us, the same now as yesterday? To cling to His love, to rise above the mists of earth—its controversies, errors, falsehoods, and even our poor and imperfect attempts at holiness—into the pure and perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, this, dearest friend, is my desire as I know it is yours, and may God bless it to each of us through our divers paths, and in the end unite us where all will be clear, all holy, and all peace.

"This, our Holmhurst Hotel, has been full all summer.

Now it is 'closed for the season,' and Mrs. Gidman (Mary Lea) will again have to exchange her kitchen activities for travelling ones. The time is short for unpacking what remains from the returned boxes of May, and re-packing them for our approaching migration, for we are intending to start, weather permitting, about the 12th, that we may cross the Alps before snow and frost beset us.

"Of public affairs, how much we should have to discuss were we together! Of the downfall of the Bourbons in Spain, of the advance of Romanism in England, and of various other matters. As it is, these must be left, and summed up in one prayer—'Thy kingdom come'—one of righteousness and peace.

"I seem to have told you nothing in these pages—nothing of my doings or thinkings—nothing of the past or present; yet, by piecing even these fragments with your knowledge of the old friend, you may arrive at some additional hints of the reality. On the 22nd of November next, if I arrive at that day, you may think of my threescore and ten as completed, and 'surely goodness and mercy' have followed all these years of my life. For you, what can I wish more than that so long as you continue here, 'joy and peace in believing' may be your portion, and your 'rest be glorious' when it is so appointed. You have my truest love, and my prayers that we may meet in 'His presence where there is fulness of joy.'"

To the same (after our return from another winter
at Rome).

"*Holmhurst, May* 27, 1869.—I have been longing to send my beloved friend a visible proof of my existence ever since we returned home. We found all well here, and Augustus is now recovered from his severe illness—a fever of three months. I was kept well till the late spring, and we have much cause to be thankful.

"You will know how great is the fresh sorrow that has befallen me. Since my other two dear sisters have passed away, scarcely any loss could have so deeply grieved me. A life-long friendship is broken, as far as this world is concerned, and, after all, we *reason* about past and future, we *live* and *feel* in the present. The blank is so great of her dear letters. But I must not grudge her the gain. She longed to depart, and be with Jesus, and her last letter was one of rejoicing.

"Well, we are nearing our haven more and more, dearest Ma-man . . . and now I must close my letter, though I would fain linger over the many recollections that crowd upon me, as I turn to you, dearest friend, the partner of so many joys and sorrows. What can we say, but that they are all swallowed up in the one great whole of God's love in Christ Jesus, and we have but a short time now before faith will be changed to sight, and prayer to praise."

M. H. ("The Green Book." The last entry.)

"*July* 25, 1869, *St. James's Day.*—Another day of fond remembrance is here! The Rectory scenes rise before my eyes—its master's loving thankfulness as he looks upon the comfort of his life, given to him as on this day—'the ladye's' kind words of wisdom and encouragement—and the mistress in grateful and humble reception of all tokens of love bestowed.

"Yes, it was a happy, united fellowship, now severed by the hand of God, who has taken from evil to come those who were then so precious, and who are now released from the toils and troubles here, to enjoy the fulness of joy in His presence. Shall we grudge them such a birthday of gladness? No; rather may we press onward where they are, to be, like them, ever with the Lord!

'So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.'"

XX.

THE SUNSET BEFORE THE DAWN.

> "No smile is like the smile of death,
> When all good musings past
> Rise wafted with the parting breath,
> The sweetest thought the last."
>
> *Christian Year.*

WE left England for Italy for the last time on the 21st of October, 1869, after a pleasant little visit to Archdeacon Harrison at Canterbury. In order to evade the early snows on Mont Cenis, we took the longer route through Germany, and spent several days at Carlsruhe with our old and kind friend Madame de Bunsen. At Verona my mother was well enough to walk in the beautiful Giusti Gardens, which we had so often enjoyed together, and at Vicenza she found almost equal enjoyment in the gardens of the Marchese Salvi, to which we had admittance, and which were close to our hotel. We spent a week at Vicenza, finding in its lovely neighbourhood quite the ideal Italy—rich foregrounds of vines trailed from tree to tree, and terraces of roses, with the background of the peaked and snow-tipped Alps. My mother was so unequal to long journeys, and so much enjoyed the few sights she was still able to see, that the end of November only found us arrived at Pisa. Though already much affected by the cold, she was still so far well that I was able to be absent from her for two days at Siena and S. Gemignano. It was during this time that I received her last precious little letter.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Nov.* 30, *half-past eight* A.M.—The sparrow in its nest with blinking eyes tells its young one that she has had a better night, only a few croaks and much sleep. The parent bird hopes the dark sky will like yesterday change to a bright one, and that the absent bird will fly about to its heart's content and then return to the shadow of her wings."

Soon after I had rejoined her at Pisa, and when she was increasingly ill and suffering, a catastrophe occurred which forcibly detained us for many weeks afterwards.

A. J. C. H. *to* MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Hôtel de Londres, Pisa, Dec.* 11, 1869.—How little you will be able to imagine all we have been going through in the last twenty-four hours. We have had a number of adventures in our different travels, but this is by far the worst that has ever befallen us. However, I must tell our story consecutively.

"For the last three days mother has been very ill. On Thursday morning she had an attack of fainting, and grew worse throughout the day. Yesterday morning she was rather better, but still in bed and very feeble indeed.

"The rain, which has lasted for so many weeks, has lately continued to fall day and night in torrents. The Arno was much swollen. I saw it on Thursday, very curious—quite up to the top of the arches of the bridge.

"Yesterday, Friday, Madame Victoire * came to dine with Lea, and afterwards she came in to see us, and then Flora's children came in to be shown pictures. I think it must have been half-past three P.M. when they took leave of us; Lea went with them down the passage. Soon she came in saying that little Anna said there was 'such an odd water coming down the street, would I come and see;' and from the passage window I saw a volume of muddy water slowly pouring down the street, not from the Arno, but from towards the railway-station, the part of the street towards Lung' Arno (our street ends at the beautiful Spina Chapel) remaining quite dry. The children were delighted and clapped their hands. I was going out to see what had happened, but before I reached the foot of the staircase the great heavy waves of the yellow flood were pouring into the courtyard, and stealing under the door of the entrance-hall.

"The scene for the next half hour baffles all description. Flora and her mother stood on the principal staircase crying and wringing their hands, the servants rushed about in distraction, and all the time the heavy yellow waters rose and rose, covering first the wheels of the omnibus, the vases, the statues in the garden, then high up into the trees. ..... Inside the carpets were rising, swaying on the water, and in five minutes the large pieces of furniture were beginning to crash one against the other. I ran at the first minute to the Garde Meuble, and dragged our great box up the stairs; it was the only piece of luggage saved. Then I rushed to the salle à manger, and calling to Flora to save her money from the bureau, swept all the silver laid out for dinner into a table-cloth and got it safe off. From that moment it was a *sauve qui peut*. P. and I handed rows of jugs, tea-pots, sugar-basons, &c., to the maids, who carried them away in lapfuls. In this way we saved all the glass; but before we could begin upon the other side of the salle, where the best china was, the water was up to our waists, and we were obliged to retreat, carrying off the tea-urns as a last spoil. The whole family, with Amabile and all the old servants, were now down in the water; but a great deal of time was lost in the belief that a poor half-witted Russian lady was locked up drowning in her room on the ground-floor, and in breaking in her door; though when at last the lower panel of the door was dashed in, the room was full of water, and all the furniture swimming about, but the lady had gone out for a walk!

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* Victoire Ackermann, for forty years a faithful servant and friend of the Hare family. "Flora" (Madame Limozin) was her daughter.

"As I was coming up from the lower rooms with a load of looking-glasses to the stairs, a boat crashed in through the principal entrance, bringing home the poor lady, and two others, English, who had been caught in the flood at the end of the street, and had been in the greatest peril. The boatmen refused to bring them the few steps necessary until they had paid twenty francs, and then refused altogether to bring a poor Italian gentleman, who had no money to give them. Victoire insisted upon taking advantage of this chance boat to return to her own house; it was a dreadful scene, all the women in the house crying and imploring her to stay, but she would not be dissuaded from embarking. She arrived after several hairbreadth escapes. When she reached her own house the current was so strong, and the boat was dashed so violently against the walls, that it was impossible for her to land; but at length the boat was driven under her larger house, which is let to Marchese Guadagna of Florence. Sheets were let down from the upper windows, and she was fastened to them, and those above began to draw her up; but when she reached the grille of the first floor, and was suspended in mid-air, the current carried away the boat, and at the same moment the great wall in front, opposite S. Antonio, fell with an awful crash. The Guadagna family, however, held tight to the sheets, and she was raised at last, but, when landed in the upper room, fell upon the floor insensible. However, this morning the Marchese has passed in a boat and announced her safety.

"The walls were by this time falling in every direction, with a dull roar, into the yellow waters. The noise was dreadful; the cries of the drowning animals, the shrieks of the women, especially of a mother whose children were in the country, wringing her hands at the window of the opposite house. The water indoors was rising so rapidly that it was impossible to remain any longer on the side nearest the principal staircase, and we fled to the other end, where Pilotto, a poor boy in the service who had been dangerously ill of ophthalmia, was roused from his bed, and, ill as he was, was more use than any one else in receiving the clocks, bedding, and all small movable articles which I could rescue from the rooms on that side. We had saved the greater part of the china, when, just as I was descending upon one of the washing-stands, a huge wave swept it off with a crash before my eyes; after which I jumped upon a sofa to cut down poor old Felix's portrait, and the sofa floated away with me like a boat. The great difficulty in reaching things was always caused by the carpets rising, and making it almost impossible to get out of the room again. The last thing I carried off was the 'Travellers' Book,' all the other books were lost. (I have been obliged to follow my own especial history, because I do not know what happened on the other staircase.) It was above half-past five P.M., I think, when we were finally obliged to come out of the water, which was then icily cold.

"Meantime the scene in the street was terrible. The missing children of the woman opposite were brought in a boat, and drawn up in sheets, and the street, now a deep river, was crowded with boats, torches flashing on the water, and lights gleaming in every window. All the poor hens (thirty) in the henhouse at the end of the balcony were making a terrible noise as they were being slowly drowned, and even the pigeons and ducks were so frightened they could not escape, and several floated dead past the window. The garden was covered with cushions, tables, chairs, books, and ladies' dresses, floating out of the lower rooms. There was great fear that the omnibus horse and driver were drowned, and the Limozins were crying dreadfully about it, but the man was drawn up late at night from a boat, whose crew had found him on a wall, and the horse still exists on the terrace you will remember at the bottom of the garden, where it is nearly out of the water. The street was covered with furniture, carved armoires, &c., floating down into the great current of the Arno. The cries of the drowning animals were quite human.

"Meantime, my poor mother had lain perfectly still and patient; but about six P.M. as the water had reached the last step of the lower staircase, and was mounting higher, we had our luggage carried up to the third floor, secured a few valuables in case of sudden flight, as they would have allowed us to take no luggage in a boat, and began to get mother dressed. There was no immediate danger, but if another embankment broke there might be at any moment, and it was well to be prepared. Night closed in terribly—a heavy black sky, and waters swelling round the house, every now and then the roar of a wall falling in the neighbourhood, and beneath us the crashing of the floors and the furniture breaking up in the lower rooms. Mother lay down dressed; most of the visitors walked the passages to watch the danger-marks made above water on the staircase, and to try to comfort the unhappy family in what seems likely to be their total ruin. It seemed as if daylight would never come; but at six A.M., though only seven steps of the staircase were uncovered, the water was certainly an inch lower.

"It was strange to come back to daylight in our besieged fortress, with nothing but water beneath us and all around. There had been no time to save any food, so there was only one loaf and some cheese, which was dealt out in equal and very minute rations, and every one had to economize the water in their jugs (no chance of any other) and the candles in their bedroom candlesticks. A saucepan had been brought up to our room, and this was the only cooking utensil saved. As the morning wore on, all the visitors, armed with the iron rods of their beds, were placed at the windows overhanging the great balcony, because it was observed that the wooden hen-house would not bear the force of the waves much longer. At last the grand moment came, the hen-house broke up, the thirty corpses of the drowned hens floated by, and were all hooked up in turn. Then at eleven o'clock the corpse of a drowned hen was boiled down in the saucepan, and we all partook of it with the most intense enjoyment, and at two P.M. another drowned hen, and so on. Happily all the guests are perfectly good-tempered and accommodating, and no one makes any difficulties.

"This morning I spent chiefly on the stairs at the water's edge hooking what I could; sometimes a chair was washed by, sometimes a jug, a basin, or a piece of clothing. This afternoon the Vicomte de Vauriol, with a boat, has broken into one of the rooms towards the garden and saved some valuable boxes of money, &c., which we have all been guiding with sheets let down from the balcony to the stairs where they are landed as at a wharf. Madame de Vauriol herself had a narrow escape from a sitting-room on the ground-floor. She was lately married, and the whole of her magnificent trousseau has floated away over the country.

"The alarm had so far subsided that we were able to put the mother really to bed this morning. We shall hope to be delivered soon, but when we cannot imagine, as the railways to Leghorn, Spezia, and Florence must be under water, and besides, just now (four P.M.) comes news that the Government have cut the railways to let the water pass through from the town (which they surround like a wall) into the country."

"*Dec.* 19.—Mother has been so ill ever since the catastrophe, that there is no chance yet of our being able to move, though now the waters are subsiding, the smell of the mud is quite overwhelming. Seventy persons have been found drowned near this, including a mother and seven children who had shut their door against the waves, and not being able to open it again, perished together in one room."

"*Dec.* 27.—Mother is slightly better, but neither her health nor the weather allow of our moving. Rain still falls in incessant torrents both day and night, mingled with snow, thunder, and lightning, and it is almost dark at midday."

M. H. *to* MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Rome*, *Jan.* 12.—Oh, with what thankfulness did I quit Pisa, most especially to be delivered from the terrors of a renewed flood, for up to the last the constant cry was 'L'Arno è sbordato—L'aqua viene!' &c. All the way to Leghorn the rails were only just above the vast expanse of waters, but the bridge was not broken down, as it had been twice before. And when we reached the neighbourhood of the Tiber, it was almost equally frightful, the water above the hedges, &c. It was midnight when we arrived here."

We found a delightful apartment at Rome in No. 33, Via Gregoriana, but only two days after our arrival my mother had a terrible fall, which stunned her at the time, and from which she never entirely recovered. On the 7th of February she had a slight paralytic seizure, and a more severe one on the 13th of March, after which she was in the greatest danger for some time, and she was never able to walk or to use her left side or arm again.

A. J. C. H. *to* MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Feb.* 19.—The mother has rallied again to a certain degree of power, but is able to do very, very little—a very few verses in the Bible is the most she can read. Our lovely view is a perpetual enjoyment to her, the town beneath us so picturesque in the blue indistinctness of the morning, and St. Peter's so grand against the golden sunsets."

M. H. *to* MISS LEYCESTER.

"*March* 7.—After going down to the bottom I am slowly creeping up again, but it seems as if I should never end this long winter's illness, and my weakness gets more and more. Mrs. Woodward is, as ever, most kind to me."

A. J. C. H. *to* MISS LEYCESTER.

"*March* 26.—My darling mother is now in a very peaceful, happy state—no longer one of suffering, which is, oh such a rest to us! She is now able to articulate, so that I always, and others often, can understand her. She feels painfully the great weight of the useless limbs, but we are a little able to relieve this by making tiny pillows of cotton wool, which support them in different places. We have plenty of kind help. Mrs. Woodward comes and goes constantly, and on Monday night we were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of Amabile from Pisa, who is quite a tower of strength to us, as Lea's intense devotion and motherly tenderness for her poor helpless mistress, could not have kept her up under the ever-increasing fatigue. I sleep on the floor by mother's side, and scarcely ever leave her."

"*May* 15.—The weather has been absolutely perfect. I never remember such weeks of hot sunshine, and yet never oppressive, such a delicious bracing air always. The flowers are quite glorious, and our poor people—grateful as Italians always are—keep the sick-room constantly supplied with the loveliest roses ever seen.

"But, alas, it has been a very sad week nevertheless, and if I ever allowed myself to think of it, my heart would sink within me. My dearest mother has been so very, very suffering, in fact there have been few hours free from really acute pain, and in spite of her sweet patience, and her natural leaning only towards thanksgiving, her wails have been most piteous, and the flesh indeed a burden. . . . Dr. Grigor told Lea it was the most suffering phase of paralysis, and that it usually produced such dreadful impatience, that he wondered at her power of self-control, but from my sweetest mother we never hear one word which is not of perfect patience and faith and thanksgiving, though her prayers aloud for patience are sometimes almost too touching for us to bear. She thinks with interest of the story of the centurion's servant—'grievously tormented.' She is constantly repeating hymns, and her memory for them is wonderful, indeed they are her chief occupation."

"*May* 26.—Terrible as the gulf seems between us and England, we hope to set out on Monday. Each day now is a farewell. Mother has been able to go several drives, and has used each of them to see some favourite place for the last time,—the Coliseum, the Parco di San Gregorio—the

Lateran—and, last of all, the grave at the cemetery of Caius Cestius. The sentinel allowed her little carriage to pass along the turf, and so she reached it and took leave of it, knowing she could never see it again. Many former servants and poor women we have known here have begged to see her once more,—they all kiss her hands with tears on taking leave, and are most of all affected by her helpless state and sweet face of patience."

"*Florence, June* 1.—Monday was a terribly fatiguing day, but mother remained in bed and was very composed, only most anxious that nothing should occur to delay the departure, and to prove that she was quite well enough for it. At five P.M. Mrs. Woodward came and sate by her while we were occupied with last preparations, and at six Miss F. came. At seven mother was carried down, and went off in a little low carriage with Mrs. Woodward and Lea, I following in a large carriage with Miss F. and the luggage. There was quite a collection of our humbler friends to see her off and kiss hands. At the railway the poor Maria de Bonis was waiting, and she and Mrs. Woodward remained with mother, and had her carried straight through by the side entrance to the railway coupé which was secured for us. We felt deeply having then to take leave of the kindest of friends, who has been such a comfort and blessing to us—certainly, next to you, the chief support of mother's later years. 'Oh how beautiful it will be when the gates which are now ajar are quite open!' were her last words to mother.

"The carriage was most luxuriously comfortable, little sofas to let down, and so much room, every appliance for an invalid—nothing like it in England. Mother slept a little, and though she wailed occasionally, it was no worse than an ordinary night. The dawn was lovely over the rich Tuscan valleys, so bright with vines and corn, tall cypresses, and high villa roofs; she quite enjoyed it. She was carried straight through to a carriage on arriving here, and so to the hotel."

The remainder of the journey to England was managed by slow stages and several days' rest in the reviving air of Macon, and at last, on the 16th of June, with almost as great surprise as thankfulness, we found ourselves at Holmhurst.

For some time my mother continued in such a state of utter prostration from the effort she had made, that she was scarcely able to notice the fact of her having arrived safely in her beloved home, but then she regained a certain portion of strength, and for four precious months she was restored to be our joy and blessing. She never recovered the lost power of her limbs, but she was able almost every day to be carried down to her garden, and to sit for hours amongst her flowers. In her great helplessness she seemed to find each hour too short for her outpouring of thanksgiving, and as if she was unable to see anything *but* the silver lining of all her clouds, so incessantly did she dwell upon the abundance of her mercies, so unfailingly did she rejoice in the love and beauty which surrounded her. Her dear cousin, Miss Leycester, passed the whole of September with her, and many loving friends and nieces came in turn to cheer and comfort, and went away feeling that they themselves instead were cheered and comforted. Her memory seemed not only unimpaired but intensified. She could repeat the whole of the Psalms and innumerable hymns, and they seemed to soothe and help her whenever her pains returned.

A. J. C. H.'s JOURNAL.

"*July* 21.—The mother often *talks* to me in her hymns. To-night when I left her, she said, with her lovely sweetness, 'Good-night, darling,

'Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven your morn will bless.

'I never *wish* to leave you,' she said one day. 'I never wish for death—always remember that. I should like to stay with you as long as ever I can.... I try so not to groan when you are here; you must not grudge me a few groans when you go out of the room.'"

"*July* 18.—'I had such a sweet dream of your aunt Lucy last night. I thought we were together again, so that I could speak to her, and I said, "How I *do* miss you," and she said she was near me. I do not know if I had been thinking of—

'Saints in glory perfect made
Wait thine escort through the shade.

I think, perhaps, I had been thinking of that.'"

"*July* 19.—'Yes, I know the Psalms, many in your uncle Julius' version too. Many a time it keeps me quiet for hours to know and repeat them. I should never have got through my journey if I had not had so many to repeat, to still the impatience.'"

"*August* 7.—'Read me the end of the Pilgrim's Progress, about the entering upon the Land of Beulah; that is what I like to dwell upon.'"

"*Oct.* 20.—'I always think that walking through one of the Roman picture galleries is like walking through the Old and New Testament, with the blessed company of apostles and martyrs by one's side.'"

"*Nov.* 4.—My mother has been almost free from pain for two months, with many hours of real pleasure in the flowers and sunshine. She has been up in her chair daily from two to five P.M. Sometimes she has even been able to write down some of her 'Ricordi.' After tea I have generally read to her, concluding with a chapter and some hymns. Last night I read Luke xvi. and a hymn on 'Rest,' which she asked for. When I was going to wish her good-night, she said, 'I do hope, darling, I am not like the ungrateful lepers. I try to be *always* praising God, but I know that I never can praise Him enough for His many, many mercies to me.' I could not but feel in the alarm which so soon followed, if my dearest one never spoke to me again, what beautiful last words those would have been, and how characteristic of *her;* for at two P.M. that night I was awaked by the dreadful sound which has haunted me ever since the night of March 12 in the Via Gregoriana. It was another paralytic seizure. . . ."

"*Nov.* 9.—There is no great change—a happy, painless state, the mind very feeble, all its power gone, but peaceful, loving, full of patience, faith, and thankfulness."

"*Nov.* 16.—And since I wrote last, the great, the unutterable desolation, so long looked for, so often warded off, has come to me.

"On Thursday, the 10th, my mother was much better, though her mind was a little feeble. I felt then, as I feel a thousand times more now, how strangely mistaken people were who spoke of the trial her mental feebleness might be to me. It only endeared her to me a thousandfold—her gentle confidence, her sweet clinging to supply the words and ideas which no longer came as quickly as they used,—made her only more unspeakably lovable. On this day I remember that she mentioned several times that she heard beautiful music: this made no impression on me *then*.

"Friday, the 11th, was one of her brightest days. I forget whether it was that morning or the next that my darling told me she had had such a beautiful dream of her childhood and of Adderley, 'and old Lady Corbet, who first taught me to know what was beautiful.'

"At two P.M. she was helped up, and partly dressed, and sate in her large arm-chair by the fire, with her pretty old-fashioned cap on, and a nice little scarlet cloak which Miss Wright had given her. She wrote a little letter, and then I read to her. After her tea at four o'clock, I sate at her feet, and she talked to me most sweetly of all the places she had admired most in the different stages of her life—of Llangollen, in her childhood, and Capel Curig, and the beech-wood at Alderley—of Rhianva, and of many places abroad, especially Narni, and Villar in the Vaudois, of which I had been making a drawing. Then she asked to have one of her old journals read, and I read one of Rome, and she spoke of how much happiness she had enjoyed there—though she had endured much suffering. She spoke of the pines in the Pamfili Doria. She was especially bright and sunny. I remember saying to her playfully, as I sate at her feet, 'Take a little notice of me, darling; you do not take enough notice of me,' and her stroking my head and saying, 'Oh, you dear child!' and laughing.

"At six o'clock she was put to bed. Afterwards I read to her a chapter in St. Luke—'Let this cup pass from me'—and sate in the room till half-past nine; and except her own tender 'good-night,' when I went down-stairs then, I cannot recollect that she spoke. I remember looking back as I opened the door, and seeing my sweet mother lying upon her side, as she always did, and her dear eyes following me with a more than usually tender expression as I left the room.

"When I went back again in an hour she was very ill.

. . . . She scarcely spoke again; and, as for all those thirty-six hours which followed I never left her, they all seem to me like one long terrible night. I remember nothing distinctly. . . . Each hour of Saturday night I became more alarmed. Towards dawn, kneeling on the bed, I said the hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' and some of the short prayers in the Visitation of the Sick, but she was then fading rapidly, and at last I said the hymn, 'How bright those glorious spirits shine,' which we had agreed should only be used as the sign that I *knew* that the solemn hour of our parting was surely come. I think that then my darling knew this too. About half-past nine A.M. all suffering ceased. My mother, whose eyes were fast closing then, fixed them upon me with a long, long farewell look of her own unfathomable, unsurpassable love; then turned to Lea, then again to me, and then, as I rang the bell at my elbow, and her other faithful servants, in answer, passed sobbing into the room, and stood at the foot of the bed, my darling, my most precious mother, just when the first stroke of the church bell sounded for morning-prayers, gently, very gently, with a lovely expression of intense beatitude fixed on something *beyond* us,—gently sighed away her spirit in my arms.

"When the sweet eyes closed, and the dear face lost its last shadow of colour, I came away. As I passed the window I saw the first snow-flakes fall. But she is beyond the reach of winter *now*—snow and frost can never signify any more.

* * * * *

"And since then her precious earthly form has been lying, with her hands folded on her breast as if she were praying—the dear lame hand quite supple now, and softly folded upon the other. Her face has lost every sign of suffering, and even of age, and her features are smooth and white, as if they were chiselled in marble. Her closed eyelids and sweetly curving mouth express the most perfect restfulness. The room is draped with white and filled with flowers. Two large camellias stand at the head of the bed, making a kind of bower, beneath which she lies. On the table, draped with white, are all her own especial objects—her now sacred relics—her bronze wolf, her little gold tray with her spectacles, smelling-bottle, &c., and all her special hymn-books.

"At first I went in often in my great agony, but I did not draw down the sheet, but now I draw it down and look at my dearest one in her solemn, unearthly repose. . . . This wonderful beauty is God's merciful gift to comfort me."

* * * * *

I have copied these fragments from my journal at the time. I could not go over that time again afresh. Perhaps to others they will be of no interest . . . . but I will just leave them.

The funeral was on Nov. 21, at Hurstmonceaux. For her, with whom every association was sunshine, all the usual signs of a funeral seemed out of place. There was no gloomy hearse, no 'panoply' of grief; but her coffin, wreathed with flowers, lay in the drawing-room at Hurstmonceaux Place, and thither those who loved her most—the children of her brother and sister, with their husbands and wives, and many old friends—came to follow her to the grave. Through the well-known lanes the precious burden was carried by eighteen bearers in white smock-frocks, looking (said one who saw them from a distance) "like a great band of choristers," to the old church on the hill-top, connected with so many sacred memories. Many of the poor, who so tenderly loved her, were present in the church —many who had wept with and for her by the graves of her lost and loved ones gone before, and laid in that churchyard.

There—not far from the ancient storm-beaten yew-tree, beneath which Julius and Marcus are buried, but more in the sunshine, on the terraced edge of the churchyard, looking down upon the Level, which she used to delight in as like the Roman Campagna—is our sacred resting-place. A white marble cross marks it now. It is only inscribed—

MARIA HARE.

Nov. 22, 1798; Nov. 13, 1870.
Until the Daybreak.

These family Memorials are ended now. Nearly all those who shared my mother's gentle companionship have passed away from earth, and we may believe that with her they "inherit the promises."

The story of their quiet life is one which tells how they were led heavenwards by no strange turning, but through a straight path leading through various scenes, and thickly fraught, as most earthly paths are, with alternate joys and sorrows. If this story shall help, guide, and comfort any after pilgrims in the same common way, it will have fulfilled the wishes of her who, in that hope, permitted it to be written, as well as those of the writer—her most desolate son.

"Day after day, we think what she is doing,
In the bright realms of air;
Year after year, her gentle steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

"Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives;
Thinking that our remembrance, tho' unspoken,
May reach her where she lives."

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THE END.

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